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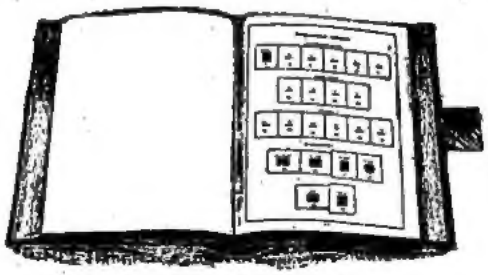

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30 Holland		4	15 Finland		5	10 Newfoundland		6
20 Honduras		8	20 Servia		6	10 Labuan		9
13 Ecuador.. ..		6	50 Spain		9	14 Mauritius ..	1	0
70 Austria	1	4	10 Siam	1	8	17 Newfoundland	2	0
24 Chili	1	2	50 Cuba	1	6	10 Orange Colony	1	0
10 China	1	0	16 Philippine ..		8	9 Seychelles ..	1	6
30 Ecuador	1	3	20 Uruguay		7	20 Straits	1	[illegible]
24 Egypt	1	8	12 Jamaica		6	10 Transvaal		[illegible]
40 Japan		6	30 India		6	20 Victoria	1	0
50 Nicaragua ..	1	0	10 Labuan		10	10 West Australia		10
12 Paraguay ..	1	0	20 India			10 Johore	1	3
45 Salvador ..	1	0	Native States	1	0			

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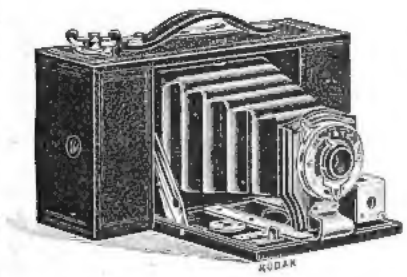

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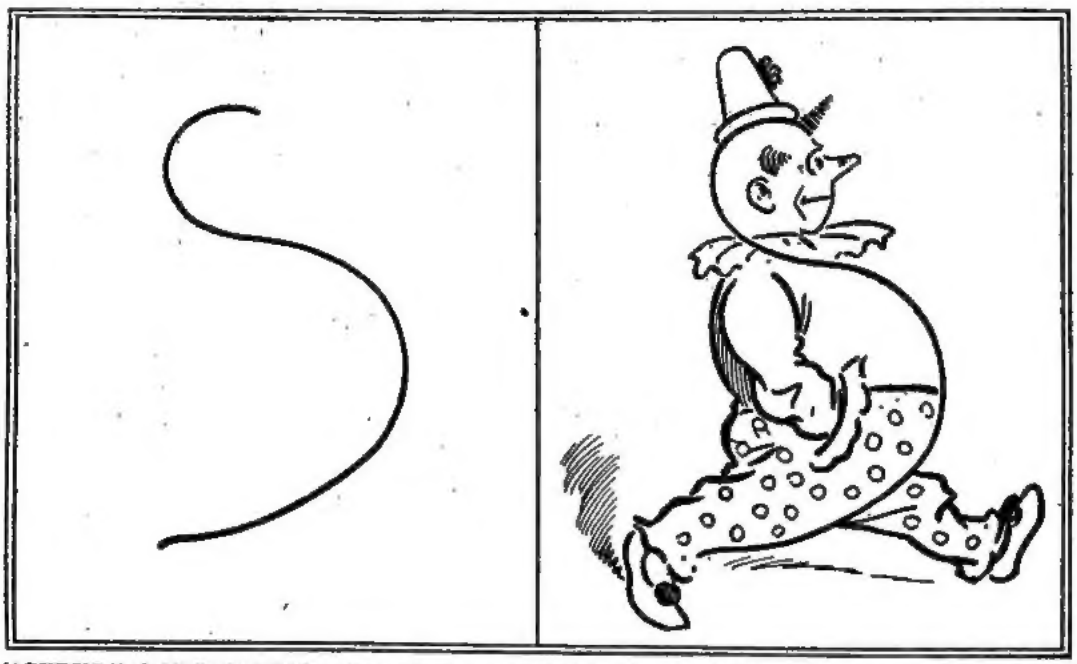

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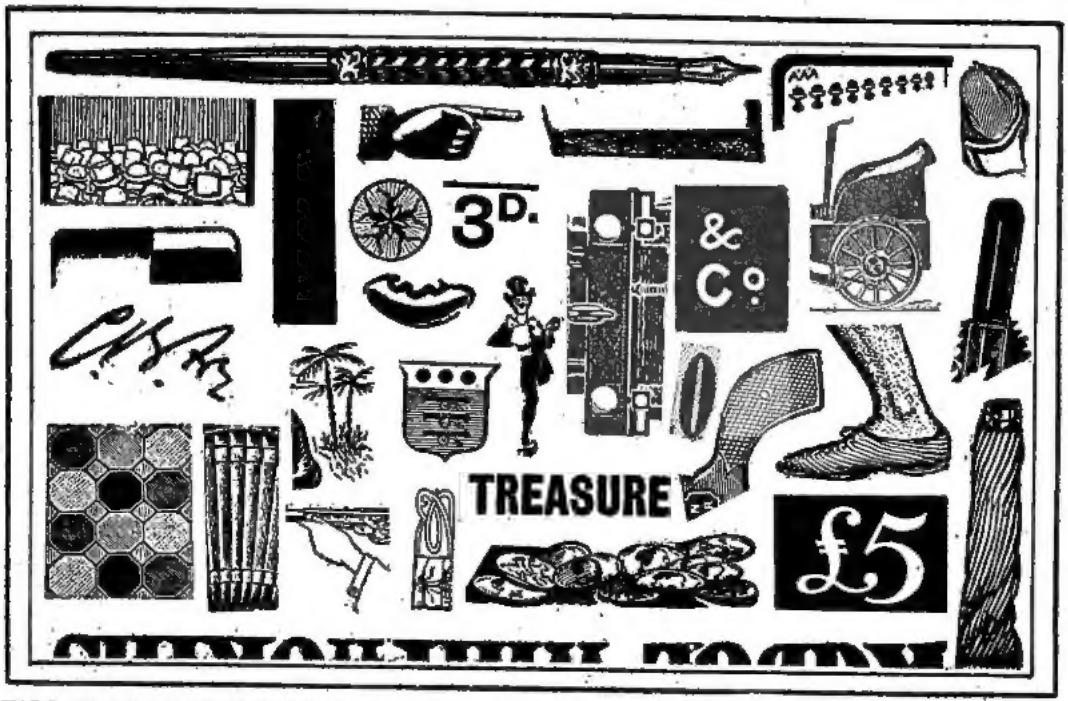

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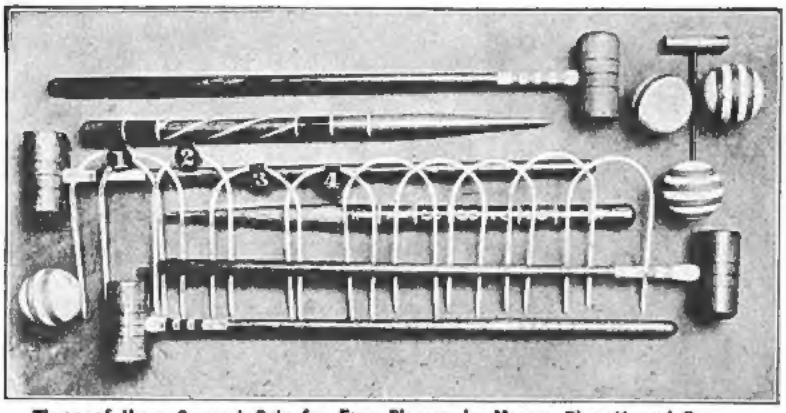

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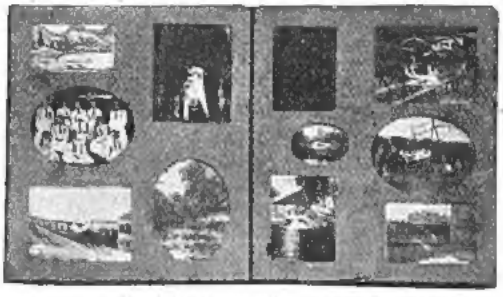

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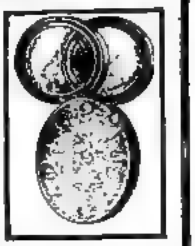

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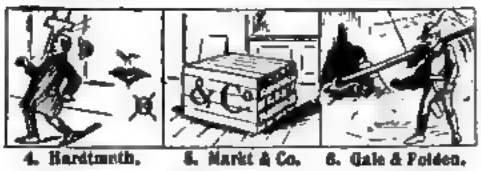

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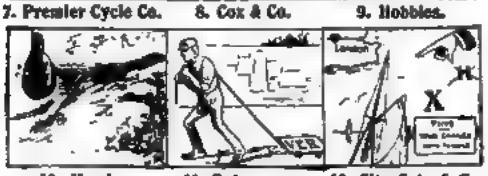

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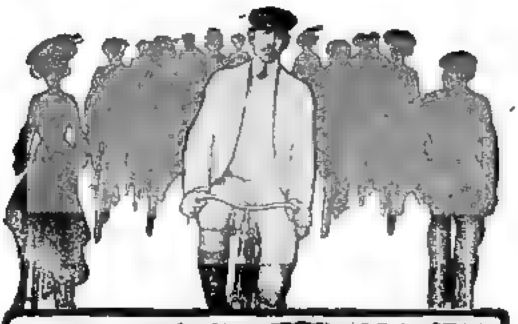

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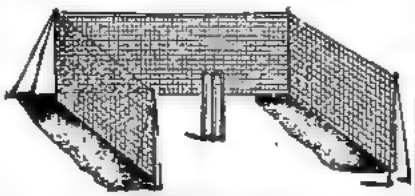

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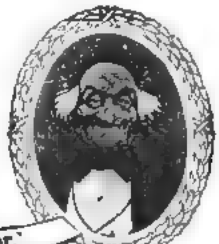

Editor, The Old Fag

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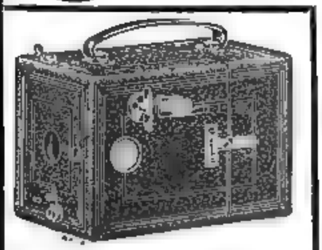

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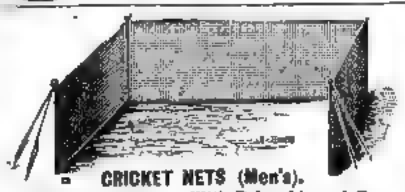

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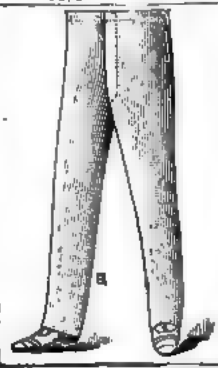

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VOL. XIII.

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Natural History Editor.

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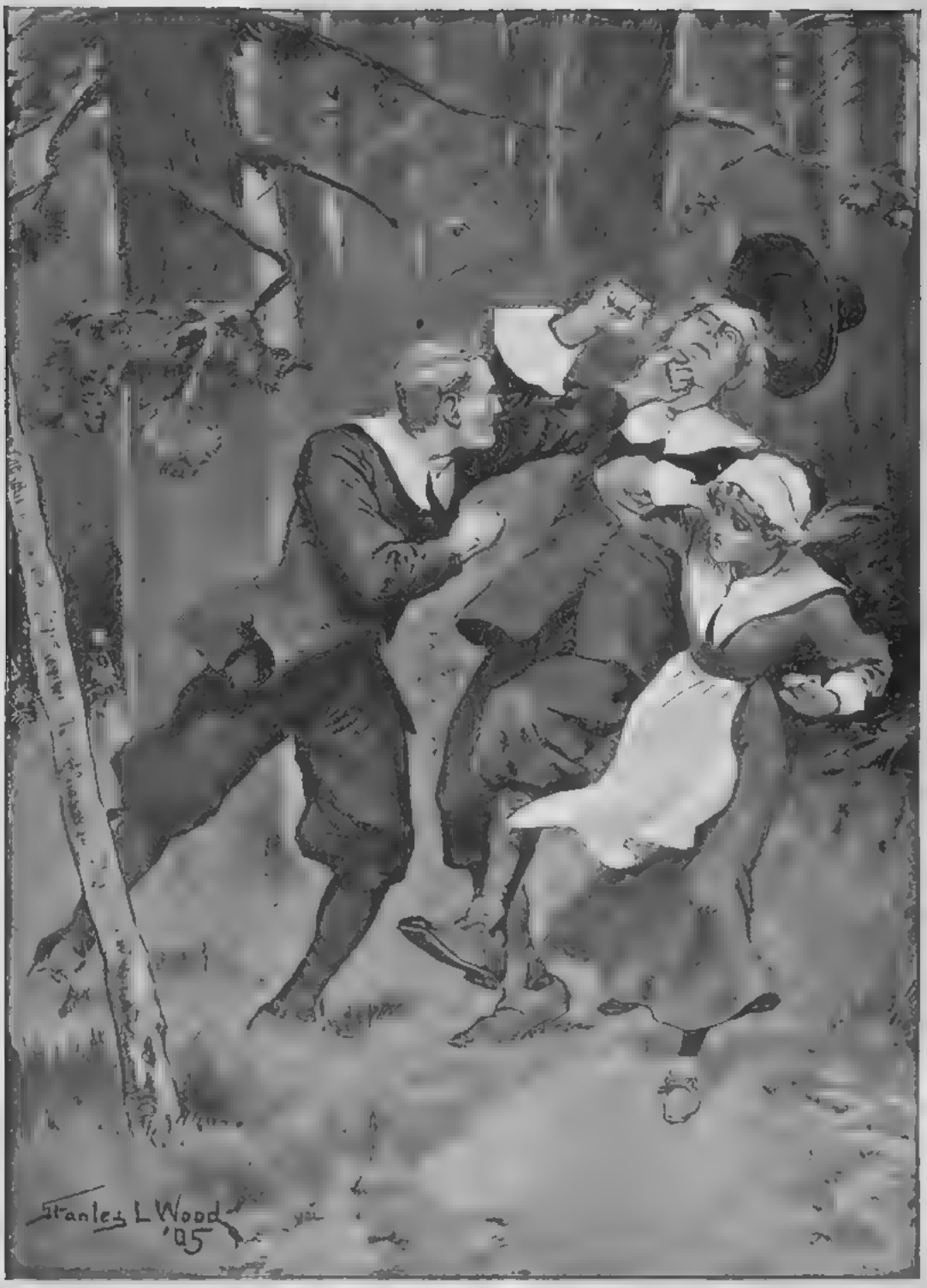

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THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND "OLD BOYS"

VOL. XIII. APRIL, 1905 No. 73

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN BAYWOOD

By H. C. CROSFIELD

Illustrated by STANLEY L. WOOD

CHAPTER I.

CONCERNING VERITY'S WAIST.

I WAS born in the year 1620, on May 23rd, in the Town of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster. My father, William Baywood, was a man of some consideration in the town, having filled the offices both of bailiff and mayor; and he and my mother were of those people who called themselves the godly, or scrupulous, sort. In the year 1631 my father conceived it impossible to remain longer in a land where (as he said) there was no liberty for tender consciences, and he therefore prepared to transplant his household and family to the shores of America, in whose fruitful soil all manner of political and religious phantasies could flourish without fear of Bishops or Court of High Commission. He sold his house and some parcels of land which he had within the Borough, likewise such parts of his household stuff as he could not readily transport across the ocean; and we crossed the Atlantic to the newly-founded settlement of Boston, so called after the town of that name in Lincolnshire.

There were in our family my father and mother, myself, then of the age of eleven years, my sister Prudence, who was four years younger, and a young man who had been in my father's employ as shopman, and whom I loved not. His name was Zephaniah Eccles; he had long, straight hair, a thin, pinched face, and a red nose, and he would be for ever telling tales to my father of small matters of mischief committed by me, and often of matters which I had not committed, by reason whereof I received frequent chastisement.

At the time when I first remember Boston, my home for eleven years, it consisted only of a small collection of wooden houses, or rather huts, scattered along the sea-shore. The settlement had been founded only in the year previous to our arrival, and the inhabitants were as yet few, and in somewhat sorry case. Round the collection of huts was a stockade or palisado, with a ditch, to protect the settlement from the attacks of unfriendly natives, and in the forest a little place had been cleared for the planting of crops. Well-nigh everything remained to be done for the comfort, and even security, of the people. The religious belief of these people was, in my judgment, a mistaken one, yet I cannot but admire the courage and faith with which they left homes and friends in England, and at what they esteemed a call from God launched themselves and their fortunes into the howling wilderness.

Of the eight or nine years which followed our arrival at Boston I recollect little which would entertain the reader. It was a busy life of felling and building, of digging and planting, of sowing and reaping, and mingled with all I have the memory of continual prayings and preachings, which to me became exceedingly, and at last unbearably, wearisome. As I grew older I would groan and snuffle with the best, but (with shame I say it) my groans and snufflings proceeded not from piety, but from a desire not to appear singular. In the winter there was much hunting to be done, to eke out the stores of salted provisions; and occasionally an expedition was undertaken to beat off or punish an attack by Indians. But for the most part the stream of our life flowed on smoothly enough.

About three years after we reached Boston I had the grief of losing my dear mother. This was a sore loss to me and my sister Prudence, for she was a tender parent, while my father was always stern, and often severe. She died of an inflammation of the lungs, brought on by exposure to the cold on the occasion of a visit to a sick neighbour.

Amongst those who dwelt in the settlement were a certain Widow Whalley and her daughter Verity. They had come over in the same ship that brought us, and being near neighbours, we saw much of each other. Madam Whalley was left a widow within two years of her first coming to the settlement, her husband having been slain in an encounter with a band of natives. Verity Whalley was within a year or two of my own age, and so long as we were children she was a constant playmate of Prudence and myself. As she grew older Verity became a very sweet damsel. I cannot say that we ever fell in love with each other, for such a thing as love between a young man and maiden was unheard of, or spoken of with horror, in our strict little community; but I will say this, that as years went on I felt a strong concern in my mind to ask Verity to be my wife as soon as I could muster courage to risk a refusal, and, as she hath since confessed to me, Verity felt an equally strong concern to say "yes" as soon as the question was forthcoming. But before I could screw up my manhood sufficiently to ask her, I was forestalled, by Zephaniah Eccles of all people in the world.

Zephaniah had by this time become a prosperous man. He had separated himself from my father's service, and opened a store, before we had been long in the settlement. Every year the ships from England brought him supplies of cloth, guns, powder, salt, hardware—in short, all manner of goods that could be turned to account in the colony; and these he sold to the settlers and Indians, taking payment in cash when he could get it, or else in skins of beasts, Indian curiosities, and the produce of the land. Soon Zephaniah began to grow rich, and the richer he grew, the longer was his hair, the thinner and sourer his face, and the redder his nose. At length the time came when he desired a wife, and he cast sheep's eyes upon my sweet little Verity.

He laid the matter before Madam Whalley, and she sent him to Verity. Verity would have none of him, for she disliked the man nearly as much as I did. For all his piety Zephaniah was exceedingly angry, and he blamed me, not wholly without cause, for his rejection. One summer's evening, not long afterwards, I chanced to be walking in the woods, not far from the town, when I heard a woman scream, and running forwards I saw Zephaniah with his arm round Verity's waist, striving to touch her lips with his own, which were perfumed with Geneva. Before he knew that I was on him I had the satisfaction of striking him twice in the face, upon which he immediately ran away, and Verity fell trembling into my arms. It was my duty to report at once what had happened; but Verity, for very shame at having been encircled by the arms of a man, entreated me to say nought of it; moreover, I had grave doubt whether my word, even backed by Verity's, would be accepted against Zephaniah's. He, for his own sake, held his peace, and explained the bruises on his face by saying that he had run against a tree whilst in an ecstasy of pious meditation. I had much ado to keep from laughing when I heard him gravely repeat this tale to my father.

About this time Zephaniah was appointed to be parish constable. This office was a new one, and, indeed, the duties were small. Such as they were, as, for example, whipping Indians for petty thefts, Zephaniah carried them out with faithfulness and zeal. Occasionally there would be a drunken sailor to put in the stocks, or an anabaptist in the pillory, and Zephaniah enjoyed these opportunities of usefulness to the full.

Zephaniah's rude conduct towards Verity moved me to consider why I should not carry out my concern with regard to her. I had now reached man's estate. I was strong and well able to work to maintain a wife and such family as it should please Providence to send us, and I saw no reason why I should not ask Verity to share my fortunes, such as they were.

Now, if I had been wise I should have gone to work, like a prudent engineer before a fortress, by gradual approaches. I ought first to have laid the matter before my father, informing him that I considered it to be from the Lord; having gained his approval, I should next have laid siege to Madam Whalley; possibly I might have asked a word of counsel from Master Longwynd, the minister; the outworks being thus carried, I could have captured the citadel with drums beating and colours flying. But I was headstrong, and loved my own way. One evening, therefore, as daylight was fading, I watched Verity leave her mother's house and wander forth alone into the woods, as she often did, for there was no danger in the summer-time, either from savage men or wild beasts. I followed the track she took, and no sooner were we beyond view of the town than I stole to her side and, so nearly as I can recollect, this conversation took place between us:

"Good-evening, Verity."

"Good-evening, John. Dear me, I wish you

would not come running up behind me like that. You quite startled me. I thought for an instant that it was Zephaniah Eccles."

"Would you rather it was me than Zephaniah, Verity?" I said this with a glance that I designed to be very tender and alluring, having practised it in a mirror.

"John, if you are going to glare at me in that fashion, like some dreadful wolf or bear, I shall be just as much afraid of you as of Zephaniah himself. Of course I would rather be with you than him."

"Would you like to spend your lifetime with me, Verity?"

"My lifetime?"

"Yes, to be with me every day, to——"

"It seems to me, John, that I see you every day as it is."

"Yes, but I mean to be always with me. In short, dear Verity——"

"*Dear* Verity. You use very loving talk, John."

"Yes, Verity, I do, because I love you. Verity, do you love me?"

"Of course I do, John. Are not we commanded to love all men?"

"But not to love them all the same. Dear Verity, do you love me differently from all others? Do you feel, as I do, that—that——" Here my eloquence unfortunately gave out, and to fill up the gap thus created I placed my arm about her. She did not offer any objection, and I was about to begin again with more effectual words, when through the twilight we heard a loud sneeze, close at hand. I quickly released Verity, and she fled away towards her home, whilst I looked round for the intruder, and next moment I was face to face with the parish constable.

CHAPTER II.

WHY I WAS SET IN THE STOCKS.

ZEPHANIAH ECCLES looked me in the face for a moment or two, and I looked back at him.

"So I have caught thee at last," said he.

"Speak civilly to thine old master's son, Zephaniah," said I. "Dost thou think that I have forgotten the time when thou wert a dirty-faced apprentice, sweeping out the shop in Liverpool?"

"Thou wretched brat, dost thou speak like this to me, *me*, Master Zephaniah Eccles, the parish constable?"

"Thou swindling, sour-faced apprentice, I speak of my father's old servant-of-all-work as I choose. If thou hast no more to say, let me pass and go home."

"John, this evening's work is a whipping matter for thee. Be very sure that I will not forget thy language to me when it comes to laying on the lash."

This sobered me somewhat, for at a time when married people were fined for kissing each other too often, a young unmarried man could hardly hope to escape with less than a whipping for embracing a maiden.

"Now, John, tell me who was the damsel thou wert embracing, and perchance the lash may fall a little more lightly," went on the constable.

"Damsel—embracing?" said I. "Constable, thou dreamest. Zephaniah, 'tis an evil habit to swallow Geneva before supper."

"This is no time to play the fool, John," said Zephaniah. "Is it not written—I think it is in Ecclesiastes three and five—'There is a time to play the fool, and a time to refrain from playing the fool'? This is a time when thou shouldst refrain therefrom. Now, John," he went on, in a brisk, busy tone, very different from his usual drawling snuffle, "thou art a brave lad, and a lad of spirit, and I am minded to speak to thee as one man of spirit to another. I believe that if thou wert away, Mrs. Verity Whalley would even marry me. I will make thee a fair offer; let naught be said of this evening's doings, and thou shalt have passage in the next ship that sails for England. I will fit thee out for the voyage, and I will so work upon thy father that he shall freely consent to thy leaving Boston. Ere long, if what my correspondents tell me be true, there will be brave doings in England for fine young men like thee who would see somewhat of war, real war, not like the skirmishes we have with these miserable, naked savages. Now what dost thou say?"

"What I say, Zephaniah, is, that thou wilt ruin thyself if thou art so prodigal of kind offers, and thy kindness I will not accept, not if I were to be hanged instead of whipt. And if thou sayest a word of anything which thou believest thyself to have seen this evening, I will tell the true story of the black eyes which thou caughtest when thou wert in a pious ecstasy."

"Pooh, silly boy! Who will listen to thee? Thy complaint should have been laid a month ago, and even then my word would have prevailed against thine. Well, John, consider of my offer until to-morrow. If I hear not from thee by ten of the clock, I shall lay my charge

against thee, and so a good-evening to thee." And Zephaniah strode off.

Now at this time my father was headborough, or mayor, of Boston, and as such it was his duty to sit in judgment on all offenders. I knew how stern he was, and how little likely he was to spare his own son more than another. I crept home, and as I knelt before him (as the good custom was) to beg his blessing, I had nearly caught him by the knees and told him of my trouble, but pride and self-will held me back, and I tossed and tumbled all night long in dismal apprehension of the morrow. Yet I did not for an instant think of purchasing present ease by selling dear Verity to that villain Zephaniah; and I made a firm resolve that nothing should make me say who had been in the woods with me that night. She would have shared my punishment, whatever it might be, and the thought of her pretty little back running down with blood, drawn by Zephaniah's whip, roused me to a fury.

As soon as it was daylight I arose, and softly called to my sister Prudence to come out to me in the garden. Prudence was then about seventeen years old, a good girl, and fond of her brother. To her therefore I called, and when she came forth I related what had befallen the night before, and bade her go to Verity, and to assure the dear maid in my name of two things: *imprimis*, that I loved her, and desired naught so much as her love in return; item, that I would never say that it was she who had been with me when the constable came upon us; and further, Prudence was to warn her to use the like caution, for by speaking she could not mend my case—nay, might make it worse, while she would put herself in very sorry plight. Prudence promised obedience and kissed me, weeping to think on the punishment I must receive. Then I went forth of the garden and came to Master Eccles's store, and knocked loudly. Zephaniah himself peeped forth from an upper window, and when he saw that it was I that knocked he bade me wait, and came down presently and opened the door.

I said, very civilly,

"If it please you, dear Master Eccles, I have been thinking on what you said to me last night."

"Yes, John, yes, and what have you been thinking?"

"I have been thinking that a whipping is a very dreadful thing."

"Truly, John, it is, more especially when the parish constable of Boston is wielding the whip. So you have come early to agree to my terms. Wise young man, wise young man!"

"Nay, constable, you are too quick. I have come early to say that, dreadful as it is, it is yet better to suffer it and have done with it rather than enter into an unholy contract with such a snuffling, white-livered thief as thou."

"Thou vile whelp," said Zephaniah, in a rage, "hast thou pulled me from my warm bed to mock me thus? Now, if I do not split thy back to ribbons, if I do not hew thee in pieces, as Samuel hewed Agag in pieces—see First Samuel, fifteenth and thirty-third——"

"Nay, but hear me, dear Master Eccles," said I, very humbly; "you said somewhat of letting the lash fall light if I would tell you the name of a damsel you thought you saw with me."

"Yes, John, yes, who was she? Tell me but that, and the whip shall fall soft."

"Why, as to that, thou mayest find out her name for thyself—if thou canst. Good-day to thee, constable." And I ran off, leaving the constable choking with anger.

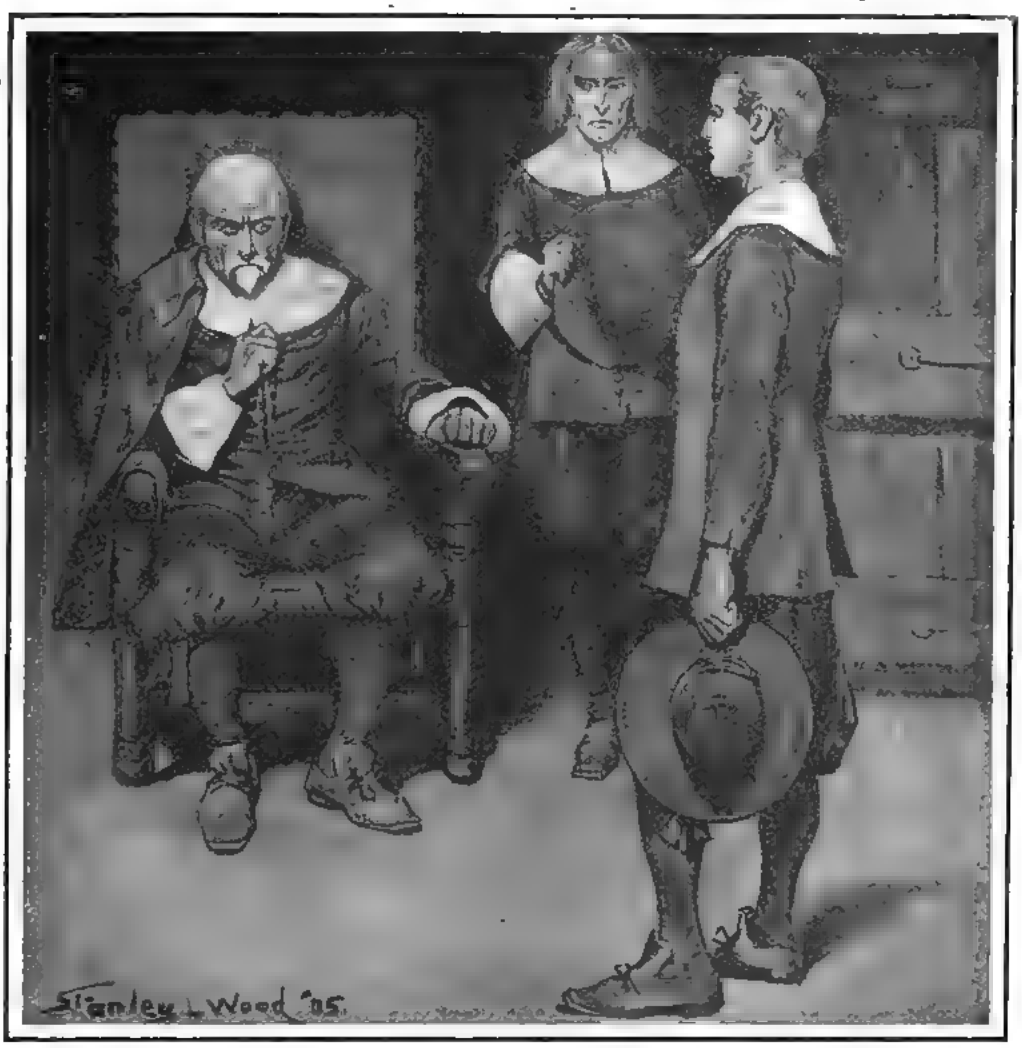
About nine of the clock my heart began to hammer in my ears, for I saw the parish constable come to our door and knock. My father was within doors, and Zephaniah had not been admitted to him for more than five minutes when Prudence came unto me and said that my father desired my attendance. She added in a whisper, "John, I have seen Verity; she sends you her love and says that she will observe your wishes." With this message to hearten me I went to my doom.

"Son John," said my father, sitting in his great chair in the room called the justice-room, "the worthy constable hath laid a heavy matter to thy charge. What hast thou to say to it?"

"May I hear the charge, sir?" said I.

"Surely, son, surely. Constable, rehearse the charge."

So Zephaniah related that he had been walking in the woods in the cool of the evening, for the convenience of meditating on a chapter he had just read, when his meditations were disturbed by the profane and light behaviour of two persons, a man and a woman, who had their arms round each other, and were kissing and hugging. Before he could come at the guilty pair (so he described us) he had the misfortune to sneeze, upon which the damsel had fled into the wood before he could see her face (I believe the rascal knew it to be Verity, but would not say so, in order to compel me to be the one to put her to shame); but he caught



"MAY I HEAR THE CHARGE, SIR?" SAID I.

the man and found him to be me, young John Baywood.

"Son, thou hearest the charge; what hast thou to say to it?"

"I am sorry, sir, to cause you pain. It is true that I did put my arm around a young maiden, but there was no kissing and hugging, such as the constable hath mentioned."

My father covered his face with his hands and turned aside, and my heart smote me as I saw tears struggling through his fingers. Yet surely my sin was not a great one. As I now look back I can see that the sin was theirs that made it so, that saddled acts which were no more than witnesses of a pure and honest affection, with punishments which, in wiser communities, are reserved for shop-lifters, clippers, and footpads.

When my father's face was turned toward me again it bore no trace of tears. He said sternly,

"Son, who was the maiden?"

"With respect, sir, that I will not say, and I crave that you will ask me no more. The fault was mine, not hers."

My father looked at me between sorrow and anger, and in his face I read what I had not known before, that he loved me. His rule had been a stern and even harsh one, and there had never been any tenderness between us, yet now I knew that he was suffering more than I was.

"Well," said my father, after a time, "this is a matter in which I will not be judge. It is a task beyond me, to hold the scales so evenly that I might not err on the one side through tenderness to my own flesh and blood, or on the other through fear of being thought to show favour to my son. I will, therefore, appoint a deputy. Constable, go to Master Maples, and beg that for this turn he will be my deputy. If he will attend the Court-room in an hour's time, I will be there with the deputation signed and sealed."

"And the prisoner?" said the constable.

"Begone about thy business, Zephaniah," said my father, sharply. "I will answer for my son's safe keeping."

After Zephaniah had departed, my father said no more to me than this:

"Son John, see that thou art at the Court-room in an hour's time from now." And so he left me to my own devices.

At the due hour I went to the Court-room, which was a plain room under one roof with the meeting-house, and there Master Maples was already installed in the chair of office. I need not weary the reader with the proceedings which took place before him; it is enough to recite my sentence, which was more favourable to me and more disappointing to the constable than either of us had expected. Perhaps Master Maples shrank from awarding a severe punishment to the son of a man so justly esteemed as my father, or perhaps there stirred in his mind a dim memory of far-off days when he, too, in some golden cornfield or daisied meadow of the old country, which we still called home, had walked of summer's evenings with *his* arm about some young maiden. I cannot tell.

My sentence was that I must sit that same afternoon in the stocks for the space of six hours, without meat or drink; and further, that on each of the three Lord's days following I should stand up in the meeting-house and own my sin and my repentance in the face of the congregation.

Zephaniah had been oiling his whip during the morning, and he complained loudly of Master Maples' mildness, calling him a Gallio and a lukewarm Laodicean, but Master Maples was a man of known uprightness and none gave ear to Zephaniah. I sat in the stocks that day from noon until six of the clock. It is a terrible punishment, and I will say that if anyone desires to know how great a torture the human frame will bear he need not search out the prisons of the Inquisition, whereof we hear so much. Let him but go to the next village green, and get a friend to make his hands and feet fast for him in the stocks, and this with a summer sun beating upon his skull and all manner of drink forbidden.

The day was long remembered in Boston, for it beheld an act of liberality on Zephaniah's part, the first he had been known to perform. It so chanced that he had by him a large basket of eggs, which, owing to the plenty of the season, had spoiled, and become putrid on his hands before he could find a market for them. In a case of this sort his usual practice was to sell his eggs at a good price to the skipper of the next ship that touched at the port, sending them on board at the latest moment before the ship sailed, and trusting to the short memories and unrefined tastes of sea-folk for his escape from censure. But on this day Zephaniah distributed his bad eggs freely amongst the boys of the neighbourhood, knowing the fondness of these urchins for pelting any unfortunate person who chanced to be in the stocks. Happily, I was well-liked by the boys, and but few of the eggs were discharged at me, and those ill-aimed. Some good-natured soul, while Zephaniah's duty called him to attend me in the stocks, drew with chalk upon the door of his store the figure of a man, designed to represent Zephaniah himself. This made an excellent mark for the boys, and it possessed the advantage that, if an egg missed the mark, it struck the adjacent wall or window, so that when Zephaniah returned home his eyes and nose were greatly offended. Moreover, as Zephaniah walked abroad that evening a well-directed egg caught him full in the ear, and again disturbed his pious musings; so that, upon the whole, it had been better for the parish constable had he kept his eggs in their basket, particularly seeing that the very next morning a Bristol ship, the *Good Hope*, sailed into the bay, her crew hungry as wolves, having been on half-rations for the previous three weeks, and they would not have grumbled at the eggs had they been brought over in the *Mayflower* twenty years before.

Now, although I stood my punishment in the stocks like a man, it is not to be supposed that the pain and the disgrace did not touch me deeply, and as I sat there I came to a resolution not to submit myself to the shame of the other part of my penalty—that is to say, open confession in the face of the congregation. At best it would be an empty, hypocritical confession, for I was by no means sorry for anything I had done. This was on Tuesday, so that before next Lord's Day I had four days in

which to make some plan, by means whereof I might escape this disgrace.

As I have said, on the Wednesday the *Good Hope*, of Bristol, sailed into the Bay, and at the sight of her the thought crossed me that here was a way of escape ready to hand. I was greatly tossed to and fro with many doubts and fears, between my resolve not to undergo my penance and my reluctance to cut myself off from my family and friends; above all from my dear Verity. There was no one to whom I could open the matter, not even to Verity herself. Indeed, I judged it best not to be seen with her during these days, lest I should bring suspicion on her, and I had to content myself with sending and receiving loving messages through Prudence. Though she had never answered the question which I had put to her when Zephaniah interrupted us, yet the messages which Prudence brought me reassured me, and I knew that Verity's heart was all my own.

CHAPTER III.

MY FIRST MEETING WITH BARNABAS SKEFFINGTON.

THURSDAY came, and Friday, and I was still tormented with doubt. Must I stay and be put to open shame, or go forth and become a wanderer on the face of the earth?

On the Friday evening—it was in the month of August, in the year of Salvation 1642, and the 23rd of my age—I was standing alone on the shore, gazing at the *Good Hope* lying off the land. As the darkness gathered, I could see, on the one hand, the lights coming in the windows of the settlement, and on the other the riding-light on board the ship. The air was very still, and I could hear the lowing of kine, and now and again a human voice coming from the houses. It was a peaceful scene enough, and I alone seemed to be gloomy and ill at ease; and there was the Bristol ship ready to sail on the morrow.

Ere it was quite dark I heard the sound of oars, and I perceived a shallop coming from the ship towards the land. I became so intent on watching the boat that, until he was close upon me, I did not observe the approach of a man walking from the direction of the town. Then I heard his footsteps crunching the shingle, and turning about I saw a man short of stature, whom I knew to be the skipper of the Bristol ship, coming to meet his boat, and so go on board.

"Good even, friend," said he, when he saw me standing there.

"A good evening to you, Captain," I said, for so by courtesy we were used to call the masters of merchant ships.

"The weather promises fair," said he, "an agreeable sight to one who, like your humble servant, Barnabas Skeffington, Master of the *Good Hope* yonder, hath been tossed by tempests these three weeks, and who must, moreover, set sail again to-morrow, short-handed, and with rotten rigging."

"When do you sail, Captain?"

"At the first of to-morrow's ebb, which will be towards three o'clock in the afternoon. Harkye, friend, you seem a stout young man; have you a mind for a voyage to the Barbadoes and back? A pleasant sail in fine weather, a heavy bag of Spanish dollars at the end, and home again ere winter sets in; and you may sit snug in the chimney corner, and tell your friends of your travels. What say you?"

Now here was a way, could I but take it, of deliverance from my trouble. But I knew my father would never give his consent.

"If my father would but agree——" I began.

"Who is your father?"

"My father is Master William Baywood."

"What, are you that young John Baywood who, they tell me, sat in the stocks no longer ago than Tuesday last? and who next Sunday must get shrift by standing up in Church clad in naught but a white sheet, with a lighted candle? What a town is this, where they put a man in the stocks for kissing his sweetheart! Come with me, my lad; thou art too great for such doings as that."

It was a sore temptation, yet I still muttered somewhat of my father, and the Captain, in a moment, said,

"Nay, I press no man against his will. Here is my boat, so God go with you," and he made as if to enter his boat. Then, as if he bethought him of something fresh, he turned and said, "Come you on board with me, Master Baywood, and see what the *Good Hope* is like. I will send you on shore again ere it be bedtime, and to-morrow, if you like it, you and I will take our hats in our hands and will go together to your worshipful father, and will entreat permission for you to make the voyage with me."

Now I loved the sea, and would always go on board a ship when I had a chance. I took Captain Skeffington at his word, and stepped into his boat, and in a very few minutes we were alongside, and the men helped me into the gangway.

"It is full dark to see the decks," said the Captain; "do me but the favour to step below

I THREW MYSELF AGAINST IT IN HOPES TO BURST IT FROM ITS FASTENINGS.

into my cabin, and taste a can of flip which my steward shall presently bring us, and then, young sir, you shall survey as much of the ship as can be seen by candle-light."

Now the Captain's cabin was in a round-house on deck, but of this I was ignorant, and by the dim light of a lanthorn I descended a companion-ladder, and passed among boxes, barrels, and bales of merchandise, the Captain close at my heels, until we came to a little dark place or cell, with a door to it. Into this hole the Captain pushed me, saying,

"Wait here while I bid my steward light up my cabin."

He shut to the door and took away the lanthorn, and as I heard him turn the key in the lock I knew that he had craftily taken me in a trap, and that I was to make the voyage to Barbadoes with him whether I would or no. I called and shouted after him, but I heard his steps die away. I beat upon the door with hands and feet, I threw myself against it in hopes to burst it from its fastenings, I bawled for help, I threatened and wept by turns. My temper rose into a manner of frenzy; I prayed and blasphemed, I laughed and wept, I beat myself against my prison until I was bruised all over, and at length I sank upon the floor well-nigh fainting with passion. I was in darkness, for I had no means of striking fire. Thus

I stayed for some six hours, while the treacherous Captain gave orders for the sails to be silently loosed, so that all might be in readiness; and at the first of the morning's ebb, which would be towards two of the clock in the morning, the anchor was got up quietly, and without any song such as sailors use when they are pulling and hauling, and the wind being fair, the vessel stood out to sea.

Not long after daylight my prison was unlocked, and I was conducted to the deck. The Captain was sitting on a little chair, set in front of the round-house, and was smoking a pipe of tobacco.

"Well, Master John Baywood," said he, "and how do you do this fine morning?"

I answered not, but cast my eyes around for some chance of escape. Surely, I thought, I could make such signals of distress as would be seen from the shore. But alas! although the green shores of New England were still in view, they were already far away, and were fast sinking out of sight.

"Sullen, art thou, John?" said the Captain. "We must mend that, we must mend that; a smart rope's end, applied with judgment, hath been known to work wonders. Come, John," he went on, in a friendly tone, "bear no malice for the little trick I played thee. I knew that thou wast minded to escape from thy trouble if so it were that thou couldest make the matter square with thy worthy father's judgment, and I have but spared thee the pains of speaking with him upon it, to say nothing of the agonies that one of thy affectionate nature must needs have suffered in bidding farewell to thy friends. And I deny not that I am very short-handed, and that thy strong arms will be useful. Say now, wilt thou turn to, and work with a will, or must I thrash thee into it?"

"Mr. Skeffington," said I, "you have it in your power to make me work whether I will or no. But, if I am not misinformed, the King's writ runs in Barbadoes as well as in Westminster Hall itself, and there be justices there, and you shall answer for it there. Kidnapping is a hanging matter, Captain."

"Tush, lad," said the Captain; "long ere we reach the West Indies thou wilt love me too well to deliver me to Jack Ketch. As thou sayest, I can make thee work; the difference lieth here—if thou workest with a good will I will pay thee at the rate of ten Spanish dollars by the month; but if thou workest without good-will thou wilt also work without pay. Thou shalt breakfast with me in my cabin, and after that thou shalt tell me thy mind."

Before breakfast was ended Captain Skeffington had so worked upon me that I made up my mind to endure what could not be cured, to take his dollars, and to sign articles as an ordinary seaman. Indeed, he almost made me believe that in kidnapping of me he had acted from pure regard for me, knowing what a sorry plight I was in. He promised to set me free when the ship reached Barbadoes, and to use his best endeavours to find me a passage home to Boston again. This done, we shook hands, and to cement our treaty the Captain made me a present of some garments more suited to life on ship-board than my steeple-crowned hat, sad-coloured doublet and hose, and falling band. For these I expressed myself beholden to him, but I not long after learned that the clothing he had given me had belonged to one of four mariners who had been washed overboard during a gale in the Atlantic Ocean, and that the Captain should rightfully have sold them and accounted for the proceeds to the dead man's friends. But a Captain is king on his own ship, and there be many things that happen daily on the high seas which would hardly endure to be looked closely into.

Thus I set forth on my travels. What more befell me the reader shall learn if he has patience to read further.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TREACHERY OF ZEPHANIAH ECCLES.

ALTHOUGH my first acquaintance with Captain Skeffington was made in so scurvy a fashion, yet he spoke no more than the truth when he said that I should soon love him. He fills so great a space in these my memories that it is only right for me to give a more particular account of him.

Barnabas Skeffington was the younger son of a good family in Leicestershire. His parents designed that he should take Holy Orders, and he, therefore, having learned grammar at a school in Loughborough, proceeded to the University of Cambridge. Here he got into some sort of trouble with the Dean of his College, which ended in his being banished from the University. Ashamed to present himself at home under such disgrace, he made his way on foot to Harwich, and found means to smuggle himself, under the hatches of a packet-boat, from thence to Flushing, and from Flushing to Amsterdam. Here he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company as a common seaman, and made three voyages to the East Indies before the mast, during which

time he suffered incredible hardships, more from cruelty of his officers than from perils of the sea, though of these also he had his share. He rose at last to the rank of third mate, and through some service rendered to a savage king in the East Indies, he acquired a considerable fortune. With this he left the Dutch service and returned to his native country, and finding his father and mother dead, and receiving but a cold welcome from his elder brother Leonard, who had succeeded to the paternal estates, he went to London, and there spent two or three years very merrily. His wealth, which was reputed greater than in truth it was, made him welcome in all companies, and many a tale did he tell me of the gaieties of the Court, which was then, to all appearance, at the height of its influence and prosperity, though so soon to crumble away.

The greater part of his fortune melted away in London, and with what was left of it he purchased a share in the *Good Hope*, a ship belonging to a company of merchants in the town of Bristol. He was given the command of her, and, being a bold and experienced navigator, he made many successful and profitable voyages. It only remains to add that at the time when I first knew him he was about his fortieth year, not great in stature, but bold as a lion, and well-nigh as strong, of a quick temper, yet easily pacified, warm and faithful in friendship, and a man of strict honour according to his lights, though I could never agree with him in thinking the trap he laid for me an honourable one. He had a hearty hatred for Dutchmen and Spaniards, and for Papists and Puritans as well. He still kept much of his early learning in theological matters, and was fond of disputing thereon, and many a long hour have he and I solaced with discussions upon election, free-will, predestination, final perseverance, and the like barren themes.

The *Good Hope* was a barque of some three hundred tons, and the voyage in which she was engaged when I joined her was an unfortunate one from the beginning to the end. Whilst she was in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean on her voyage from Bristol to Boston, a great storm arose suddenly from the west, and four of the crew were washed overboard, and were seen no more. When the storm abated, the winds continued westwardly, and became light and baffling, so that, instead of the ship's making the port of Boston within six weeks, the voyage took over three months, and the provisions were well-nigh spent, though there were so few to eat them. At Boston Captain Skeffington re-victualled the ship, but was unable to procure the needful repairs to be done, nor could he obtain any fresh hands. Hence his anxiety to obtain my services, landsman though I was.

I must mention here one circumstance which puts a somewhat less heinous complexion on his kidnapping of me, although it did not come to my knowledge for many months afterwards. One day, after I had become well acquainted with the true nature of the man, I said to him—

"Captain, now that I know thee well, if any person were to tell me that thou wert a kidnapper of men I should straightway give him the lie. How was it that thou tookest me out of Boston?"

"Is that still rankling, Jack? I thought that thou hadst forgiven me."

"And so I have, Captain. But it seems foreign to thy nature."

"Well, I will expound it to thee. Whilst I was in Boston I had dealings, as most skippers have, with one Zephaniah Eccles."

"I know him but too well, Captain. 'Twas he that got me my term in the stocks."

"When we had finished our business, this Eccles said to me—

"'Captain, are you minded to do a good turn to a youth who is in sore trouble, and to yourself as well?'

"'Let me first hear what it may be,' says I: for this Eccles is not a man to be trusted further than one might heave a bull by the tail.

"Thereupon he tells me the history of how thou wert set in the stocks, and how there was public penance awaiting thee.

"'Now,' says he, 'this young John Baywood is a friend of mine, and he hath secretly told me that he would fain go away on board your ship, but he must as it were be forced, for he fears his father's anger. Yet if he could be trepanned on board, so as to save appearances—well, Captain, need I say more? He is a stout youth, and you are short of hands.'

"Well, perhaps I was not over-curious to inquire into Eccles's good faith, being at my wits' end to obtain men; but I must tell thee, Jack, that I was fully persuaded thou wert going willingly, until thou camest on deck next morning, and it was then too late to put the ship about."

"I would that thou hadst told me all this sooner, Captain. It would have saved me many a hard thought of thee."

"Well, Jack, I wish I had told thee ere now. But I was never one to cast the blame of my

misdoings upon others, and I thought perhaps that the least said the soonest mended. As for this Eccles, if ever we should get back to Boston we will concert means for his downfall."

But this was later. For the present I was a seaman, or rather a landsman at sea, on board the *Good Hope*, of Bristol, and was cuffed and rope's-ended about the decks by Captain Skeffington, who would not, however, permit others of the crew to take like liberty. There was a sour, elderly seaman who acted as master's mate, and who had a grudge against me because, as it seemed, my father had once, when Mayor of Liverpool, caused him to be set in the stocks for being drunk on the Lord's Day in High-street.

"Therefore, young man," said he, "since I cannot hope to tan thy father's sinful old hide, I will e'en tan that of his son," and he was about to beat me with a rope's end; but I twisted it out of his hand, and tanned his skin instead. He was very angry, and wished the Captain to hang me for mutiny, as he called it; but the Captain, on hearing the quarrel, said that I had the right of it, and threatened to send the mate back into the forecastle.

I speedily became reconciled to my life on board of the *Good Hope*, and began to think that all was for the best, for I was of slender judgment in those days, and it did not occur to my mind that my friends would think that I had run away of my own will. I should be back ere winter, I thought, and I should go back a man instead of a boy, and should claim Verity openly before all the world. Meanwhile, the weather was fine and warm, the provisions fresh and plentiful, and I came to believe that the stories I had heard of the hardships of the seas were no more than mariners' tales.

I had heard much of the ungodly behaviour of seamen, and I was therefore much surprised when, on the day after we sailed from Boston, being Lord's Day, during the morning the Captain himself tolled the ship's bell for a minute or two, and then roared out, "Tumble aft for family prayer." Except the man at the tiller the whole ship's company knelt in a row in front of the round-house, whilst the Captain very solemnly read several collects and other portions of the Book of Common Prayer, which I then heard for the first time since my childhood, and which brought into my mind strange memories of St. Nicholas' Chapel in Liverpool, or in summer-time the walk across the sweet English meadow-land to the parish church at Walton-on-the-Hill. So long as I was on board ship with him, Captain Skeffington never failed to pay this reverence to the Lord's Day.

Captain Skeffington told me that should the weather hold fair we might look to make Barbadoes in about the space of three weeks, or four at the furthest. Before a fortnight was over I ran about the decks as nimbly as any, but I ventured not as yet to go much aloft—indeed, the Captain would not suffer me to do so, except with great caution, until, as he said, I had my sea-legs. "For," said he, "I had so great trouble to catch thee, Jack, that I have no mind to lose thee again if I can help it."

For full three weeks the weather held fine, and we were already approaching the latitude of the West Indies. The talk in the forecastle was of nought but the delights of a spell on shore after the long cruise. I was assured by the older hands that Barbadoes was nothing short of an earthly paradise, where fragrant rivers of rum meandered amidst hills and dales of sugar. But our hopes were in no long time to be wholly dashed to the ground.

CHAPTER V.

THE WRECK OF THE "GOOD HOPE."

THROUGHOUT the voyage the wind had kept very steady in the west, never veering more than a few points to northward or southward. One afternoon, still coming from the west, the wind grew suddenly from being no more than a light breeze to almost half a gale, and in the course of half-an-hour died away as suddenly, leaving the sails hanging heavily from the yards, and flapping to and fro as the ship rolled in the swell. The air became hot, and oppressed our spirits. Thus we remained for several hours, without change, until dark. The night brought no refreshing coolness with it, and the skies were heavily overcast.

Suddenly, without an instant's warning, the most awful flash of lightning I ever saw, followed by an appalling burst of thunder, rent the heavens close above our heads. The bolt struck our mainmast and shivered it, setting it on fire, but, fortunately, the rain came forthwith, pouring down in such volume that it quickly extinguished the flames. The ship was not struck again, although the storm raged round about us for some hours, whilst we lay becalmed, a fair mark for all the arrows of heaven.

But the worst was still to come. The thunder and lightning seemed to be abating, and the Captain had given orders for the crew to take some refreshment, when, after no more warning

HE GRASPING A ROPE WITH ONE ARM, THE OTHER BEING THROWN ABOUT ME TIGHTLY.

than we had had of the thunderstorm, a furious gale from the north struck us full on the beam, for though our course had been south-easterly, yet during the calm we had been slewing all round the compass. Some sail had been taken in, yet not enough, it seemed, for no sooner had the blast struck the ship than the shattered mainmast went over the side, and was followed, in a few moments, by the mizzen. The foremast held, though its topmast was blown clean away, and by the aid of some little rag of sail that by good fortune held fast, the ship came round, and ran before the wind. Well was it for us that she did so, for almost immediately a great sea rose, and where but a few minutes before was nothing but a smooth, oily swell, the ocean now rose in great billows, and had we been caught with our broadside to the waves, the ship must have gone clean to the bottom with man and mouse. With much pains and danger we cut the wreck of the masts clear, and saw it float away astern, and then I had leisure to think upon my sins, and to repent of them. I had no difficulty in remembering very many acts, both of omission and commission whereof I had been guilty, and it is needless to say that I felt bitter repentance for them; but I fear that, like many repentances, mine was due, not to contrition, but to suffering of mind and body, and fear of immediate death. I say suffering of body, because the blast blew bitterly cold, as if it came straight from the frozen pole, and it cut me through and through, clad as I was only in

thin garments suited to the recent heat, and in no long time the chill seemed to eat through to my very marrow.

Meanwhile, there was nought to be done but to hang on to the tiller, in order to keep the ship from broaching-to, and for this duty the whole ship's company were too few, for the tiller struggled and strained in our grasp like some wild beast taken in a net. The sea rose higher and higher, and at length one wave, more mighty than the rest, came rushing on us with a roar. Like a great wall it towered above the stern, and it slowly slanted forwards and fell with a crash on the deck. I felt myself carried off my feet, and gave myself up for lost, and all became as a dream to me. When I recovered my senses the ship was rolling helpless in the trough of the sea, the foremast gone, and Captain Skeffington and I alone on the deck, he grasping a rope with one arm, the other being thrown about me tightly. I put my mouth close to his ear, and bellowed—

"Where are the others?"

"Where we shall be directly, lad," he bawled in reply, "and that's at the bottom of the sea."

That great wave had in one moment smashed our rudder, and, tearing us away from the tiller, had washed our messmates bodily overboard. I should have shared their fate had not the Captain caught a rope with one arm and me with the other, and so, by aid of his great strength, saved us both.

"Can we do nothing?" said I.

"Nothing, lad. If God in His mercy should spare our lives 'twill be nought short of a miracle. Jack, I ask pardon of thee for snatching thee from thy home and friends to such a death as this."

"I do pardon you, most gladly," said I. "This is no time to bear a grudge against any man. Captain, if I should perish, and thou shouldst escape, wilt thou go to Boston, and bear my love and farewell to my family, and tell them of my death? And do thou especially seek out my sister Prudence, and bid her bear my love to the young maiden of whom she knows."

"That will I, Jack—happy lad, for whom some will mourn and weep when news comes of his death! As for me, when they hear of my death, well, 'tis but one drunken skipper the less in the world. Now, Jack, await the end in silence, and if thou canst, pray for our souls. Our bodies, I fear me, are past praying for."

We crouched together in the darkness under the bulwarks, every wave washing over the ship and drenching us. It was a marvel that the ship kept afloat, for there was a hatch open, and water must have been pouring down into the hold. How long we sat there, awaiting death, I have no knowledge, but it cannot have been a great time, for the night must have been already far spent ere the great wave struck us. At last the daylight came suddenly, for in those southern latitudes there is no twilight either at morn or in the evening, and Captain Skeffington drew himself with caution to his feet, and gazed round the horizon. He looked for a long time over the lee side of the ship, and when he sat down again by me he said—

"Jack, hast thou had dangers enough for one night?"

"Captain, I have had enough for any man's lifetime."

"Well, our dangers will be at an end one way or the other in a little time, an hour or thereabouts, I judge. We are drifting straight towards a line of breakers not half a league away. This may be our safety or it may be our ruin: our safety if it be the shore of some island, and we have the luck to strike in a soft place; our ruin if, as I think probable, the breakers show only some outlying reef. For the present I can see no land—nought but the breakers bursting high into the air. We can only wait."

We waited, the Captain now and then arising and peering over the sea. At last he said—

"Now pray Heaven we do but strike soft, and we are saved. 'Tis land; I see the trees. Let us find two handy coops, or spars, if we can, lest it come to swimming."

I ventured to get upon my feet, and to look over the bulwarks. Within a cable's length of the ship I saw the great foaming line of breakers; beyond was a stretch of still water, and then—a blessed sight—the green shore with tall palms bowing down their heads before the wind. There was probably some shore current aiding the wind, for we drifted fast towards the breakers, and of a sudden the ship struck with a great crash which shook us from our feet, and then again, as if she must be broken to pieces, and then once more, and she stuck fast. Her last voyage was done, and on that West Indian reef her timbers of good old English oak were torn asunder by the waves.

"Now, Jack," said the Captain, "here we are fast and snug, and safe enough if we can get away before she breaks up, for yonder shore is not a hundred fathoms away, and the water between us and it is as still as any mill-pond. The boats are gone, and we must build a raft."

We collected together spars, hatchway covers, gratings, anything that would float, and that the waves had spared to us, and in a couple of

"THEY BE BLOODHOUNDS," SAID THE CAPTAIN.

hours had fashioned a raft, frail indeed, yet serviceable, and had embarked on it a keg of brandy, another of water, and such provisions as we could get at, and as were unspoiled by the sea. The Captain stepped a spar which he had provided by way of mast, and hoisted a small sail; we shoved off from the ship, and the wind wafted us towards the shore.

A little way ahead of our raft a line crossed the smooth water. The Captain said—

"Thou canst swim, Jack?"

"Ay," I said, "like any fish."

"And so can I," said he; "but now thou seest why I could not venture on swimming ashore. That mark there shows the back fin of a shark, beasts which swarm around these shores, and after escaping the perils of the seas I should be loth to find a grave in the belly of a filthy brute like that."

Our voyage shorewards was slow but sure, and we came safely to land; and we hauled our raft as far up the shore as we could, so as to be safe in case we should have need of it again. As we looked seawards we saw the ship crumble away beneath a billow mightier than the rest, and there was an end of the *Good Hope*.

The firm ground was delightful to our feet, and we fell on our knees and returned hearty thanks to Heaven for preserving us from the dangers of the deep. The shore on which we had landed was rocky and stony, with but little vegetation; there were few trees, and of those few several had been overthrown by the violence of the tempest. We were without knowledge of the country, not knowing indeed whether it were mainland or island, desert or cultivated, whether or no it had inhabitants, and, if so, whether savage; for aught we knew, our dangers might be but beginning instead of being at an end. We walked cautiously inland, and in a short time we came upon a wooden hut.

"Whatever this barren land may be," said the Captain, "the inhabitants are not so savage as to have no knowledge of carpentry. White men have built yonder hut, Jack, and we must risk their being Spaniards (who, if they find us, will probably slay us out of hand), and occupy it for our night's shelter."

We entered the hut, the door being open. It was bare of furniture, save that in one corner stood a couple of berths, or standing bed-places, with bedding of dried palm-leaves, while in another was a chimney of brick, with ashes of a recent fire. We returned to the beach, and in two or three journeys carried all our goods up into this little abode.

"Jack," said the Captain, "I know not, and I am very sure that thou knowest not, what dangers from savages or wild beasts attend us in this solitude. We must keep watch and watch. Do thou keep the first watch, while it is still day, and awake me at sundown; and then I will watch while thou sleepest. Do not spare to rouse me if aught approacheth."

He rolled into one of the bed-places, and was asleep in a moment, while I ascended to a little knoll beside the house, and sat down there to keep my watch. I was very weary, and little by little my head began to droop, and then I began to dream. I was at home again in Boston; it was evening, and I must drive in the kine from their pasture to the milking-shed. I thought I went forth to call them, and their lowing was pleasant in my ears after the howling of the tempest. Louder and louder grew the lowing, until it awakened me with a start, and looking round me I saw a large herd of cattle, bulls and heifers together, gazing at me, while one or two of the bulls pawed the earth and shook their tails. When I moved and stood up, the whole herd made off at a gallop. This awakened me for the time, and I sat on my knoll until I saw the sun getting low down on the horizon, when I returned to the hut. The Captain was sleeping peacefully, and I would not awaken him before the sun had disappeared; yet I was very weary, and it could do no harm if I lay down in the other bed-place until it was time to rouse him. I lay down, and no sooner had I stretched my limbs on the palm-leaves than I too slept, and slept soundly without dreaming.

I was awakened by one that shook my arm and called softly in my ear. The sun was shining in at the open door of the hut, and Captain Skeffington was bending over me with a countenance somewhat grim.

"So this is how you stand watch, John!" said he. "No thanks to you that we have not been eaten alive by land-crabs, or murdered in our beds by savage men."

"Captain, I am sorry. How long have I slept?" said I.

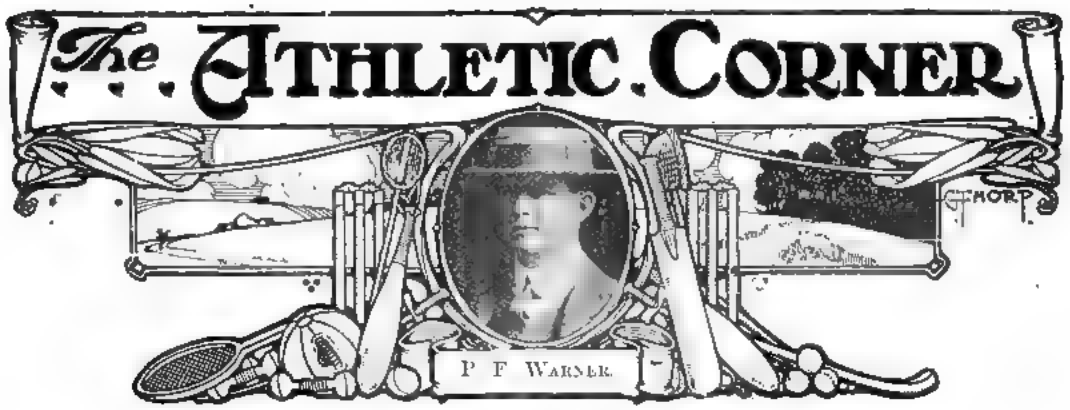
"That I cannot say, seeing that I know not at what hour thou wentest off duty, but this much I do know: that, whereas thou wert to call me at sundown, sundown has passed near twelve hours ago, for the sun is now rising. But no harm is done. Listen! I hear dogs."

I listened, and heard a sound afar off like unto the tolling of some great bell.

"They be bloodhounds," said the Captain, "and where bloodhounds are, there are also Spaniards. Now, Jack, we must take our weapons, and sell our lives dearly: for show me a Don, and I will show thee a son of Satan, straight from the bottomless pit."

(To be continued.)

MONTAGUE ALFRED NOBLE.
Captain of the Australian team, 1905.
From a photo.



THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

I.—Their Batting Strength.

WHEN one comes to think of it, it really does seem strange that Australia, which has a total population of less than that of London, should be able to meet—and defeat—England on equal terms at the game which we make it a point of honour to proclaim as our national pastime. But that aptitude for all manly sports and exercises, which our kinsmen have always displayed, has more than counterbalanced our greater numerical resources, and, of the seventy-one test matches which have been played, England has won thirty-one and Australia twenty-eight, while twelve have been drawn—a majority of three only in our favour.

In considering the cricket of the two countries, one or two facts must be borne in mind. First, when the Australians come over here they are practically always able to bring their best eleven, for a tour in England is the Mecca of every Australian cricketer's ambition, and, moreover, a successful tour may mean anything between £500 and £600 clear profit to each member of the combination. On the other hand, the best possible English eleven for Australia has never been chosen, and, as far as I can see, never will be; for, though it may be possible to obtain the services of the best professionals, it is absolutely certain that a great many of the leading amateurs will never be able to spare the time which the trip involves. F. S. Jackson and C. B. Fry, for instance, have never been to Australia.

Secondly, all test matches in Australia are played to a finish, so a side either wins or is beaten, and this has acted very hardly on us on several occasions. Indeed, our record of wins would be considerably greater than it is if test matches had been played to a finish in England. In this country, up to the present time, a match has been limited to three days, and lately there has been

J. J. Darling.
A tough fighter.
Photo. T. S. Foster, Brighton.

VICTOR TRUMPER.
The "W. G." of Australia.

much discussion as to whether there should be five test matches played to a finish, or three played to a finish, or whether the old plan should continue. The result has been a compromise, and in future, if the rubber has not been decided one way or the other, after four matches of three days each have been played, the fifth game will be fought to a finish. This seems to me a move which will, for the time being, satisfy both the advocates of a fight to the death, and the adherents of the old system; but it is the thin edge of the wedge, and that the day will come when test matches in England will be fought out to the bitter end, is as certain as anything can be.

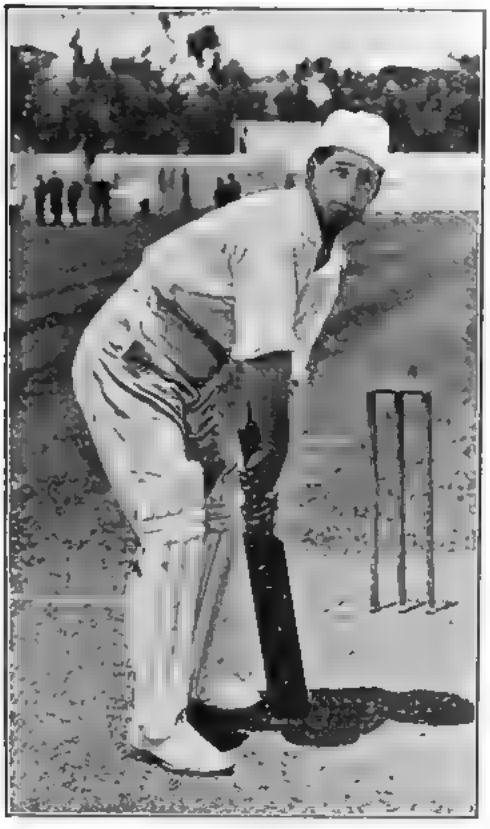
And now let me approach the real subject of this article—the batting strength of the coming team. Well, Australia has made up her mind who shall be her representatives, and so far as I can judge from my own experience of the cricketers who have been selected, I am inclined to think that they will be one of the strongest batting sides Australia has ever sent us—sound and reliable on good wickets, and with several men who will not be afraid to go for the bowling when pitches are sticky. There are no less than three left-handed batsmen on the side—Hill, Darling, and Howell—and every captain knows what a nuisance left-handed batsmen are to a fielding side. It does not matter so much if two left-handers are in together, except that few bowlers like bowling to a left-hander; but when you have, say, Trumper in at one end and Darling or Hill at the other, the amount of changing over that has to be done, and the alteration of the field to suit the different style, entail a great deal of unprofitable exercise.

The selection of Darling came as a surprise, as we had been led to suppose that he had retired from international cricket. Many people regard him as a "veteran," but he is exactly the same age as F. S. Jackson, and who would ever dream of placing the great Yorkshire cricketer in the veteran class? Darling is one of the

R. A. DUFF.
Trumper's partner in many a long stand.

greatest of Australian batsmen. When he was fifteen years old he made 252 runs in a school match, the South Australian equivalent of Eton *v.* Harrow. Soon after, he was sent to manage a farm in one of the back blocks, and he was not seen again in good cricket until he was twenty-three. Very strong in the arms and shoulders—*audax viribus*—he can play both games. I have seen him defend like a Barlow, when the crowd in the covered stand at Lord's became so annoyed with him that they whistled "Poor Old Joe," and then I have seen him hit as hard and as clean as a Jessop. With an iron nerve, and that cool, indomitable determination which is never flurried or upset, however the game may be going, he is an ideal man for a test match. This will be his fourth visit to England. He was here in 1896, in 1899, and 1902, and as Captain of the last two teams gained much fame.

What W. G. Grace was to England, so is



C. HILL,
Who has made more runs in test matches than any other cricketer in the world.

S. E. GREGORY,
Who has played in more test matches than any other cricketer in the world.

Trumper to Australia. He shines among the cricketers of the day—with all the lustre of a star of the first magnitude. He is like no one, and no one is like him. As he stands to receive the ball he is not exactly a stylist, for there is an ungainly bending of his right knee; but the moment he gets into position to make his stroke, he becomes the most brilliant and fascinating batsman I have ever seen. It is somewhat disconcerting to your best bowler to find three fours knocked off the first over of the match, each four in all probability a different stroke, and each one rushing to the boundary as with the speed of thought. There is not a stroke in the game that he does not play to perfection, and he is extraordinarily quick on his feet, often jumping out to hit, and as often jumping out, and then, finding the ball too short to drive, getting quickly back and cutting it. He is the idol of the Australian crowd, and to hear him talk one would imagine he had never made a run in his life.

Duff, Trumper's companion in many a

A. R GEHRS,
Who might turn out another Trumper.

W. W. ARMSTRONG.
The best batsman in Victoria.

long stand, is a different figure. Trumper is slight and fairly tall, Duff is thick-set and rather short. But if he does not strike the eye in quite the same degree as Trumper, there is a brilliancy about Duff's batting which has led many critics to class him as Trumper's equal. He is, on his day, quite as fast a scorer as Trumper, and between them they have a knack of taking the best of bowling by the scruff of the neck, and knocking up sixty runs in half-an-hour. Duff is particularly strong on the off side, and it is just as well to have a deep square leg, for he is very fond of hooking anything like a short ball round in this direction.

Hill is undoubtedly the finest left-handed batsman there has ever been, and, at his best, the equal of Trumper. His record in test matches is better than that of any other Australian cricketer, and only slightly inferior to that of F. S. Jackson, K. S. Ranjitsinjhi, and R. E. Foster, all of whom have, however, played in far fewer test matches than Hill. Before he was twenty-one he had made hundreds against the best bowling in England, and he is still as good as ever. Perhaps there is just a tendency every now and again to gamble with fortune, but when he does make up his mind to be got out and not to get himself out, there is no one harder to bowl at. Thick-set and of medium height, he is very quick on his feet, and an excellent judge of a run. Besides scoring over a century three times for Australia *v.* England, he has also made scores of 99, 98, 97, 96, and 88.

What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers is in an important pass, so is Noble in the crisis of a match. Nothing goes by him; and for coolness and nerve I have never seen quite his equal. Then, apart from a temperament typically suited to the strain

and struggle of an England *v.* Australia match, he is so remarkably safe a player, with such an easy and accomplished style. He plays the best bowling almost better than Trumper or Hill. He has not Trumper's brilliancy or magnetism, but no match is ever won until Noble is out. At the present time he is the finest all-round cricketer in the world.

I was a little surprised to find Gregory chosen, but from all accounts he has been batting in something like the form of the days when he was second to none amongst Australian batsmen. He is so small that the crowd call him "Little Tich," but he has played in more test matches than any other cricketer, and has made more runs in them than anyone except Hill. He is a bad starter, but, when once set, has a great variety of strokes. This will be his sixth visit to England.

Gehrs is one of the three men who will be new to England. He is a South Australian, and came out in the season of 1902—1903, at the end of which he scored a brilliant 100 against Lord Hawke's team, who were then on their way home from a tour in New Zealand. His pose at the wicket is rather ungainly, but he hits hard, has a straight bat, and plays back very well. A splendid 159 *v.* New South Wales gained him a place in the fifth Test match at Melbourne last March, so he will not be new to international cricket.

Armstrong is the best batsman in Victoria. Very tall and strong, and with a thoroughly sound style, he ought to make a great many runs if the summer should be a fine one. At present he is not a great bat on a sticky wicket, but he has such hitting powers and such a long reach, that there is no reason why he should not be successful under difficult conditions. Perhaps he is too cautious, and does not let himself go quite enough; a man of his build ought to be always on the look-out to hit the ball over the ring. However, from what I have heard of his play this winter in Australia, he has adopted a freer style than formerly, with conspicuous success. He played a beautiful innings of 48 in the first test match at Sydney in December, 1903, and is so fine a player naturally that I shall expect him to be one of the most prominent batsmen in the team.

Hopkins is a free, dashing bat, rather of the slap-bang order, but he makes beautiful strokes on the off side, and can drive a long ball. I have seen him hit Bosanquet twice

A. J. HOPKINS.
One of Australia's finest all-round cricketers.

in one over out of the Melbourne ground with no apparent effort. He is very quick on his feet, and when he gets runs is well worth watching. Supposing, for argument's sake, that Gregory, Howell, and Newland were left out of a particular match, no bowlers in the world would venture on an encounter with Trumper, Duff, Hill, Noble, Darling, Gehrs, Armstrong, Hopkins, McLeod, Kelly, and Cotter without at least some misgivings as to the result of that encounter. Hopkins, it will be seen, is No. 8 in the order of going in, and McLeod, Kelly, and Cotter made a great many runs during the last Australian season.

[*Next month Mr. Warner will deal with the bowling, fielding, and wicket-keeping strength of the Australian team.*—Ed. Captain.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Walter F. Feltham.—Many thanks for your kind letter and good wishes. The best way to keep a cricket bat in the winter is to oil it about

once a month, and keep it in a dry room. Linseed and olive oil mixed is better than linseed alone. Not too much oil, and rub it in well. If your bat is very hard, it is sometimes advisable to leave a little oil on the surface and let it dry in, but as a general rule rub it in either with a stump or with another bat.

F. H. M. Winowen.—In reply to your questions:—(1) One point for a win; one deducted for each loss; drawn games ignored. (2) I am strongly opposed to time limit matches, as they put a premium on the slogger. We all like to see nice free cricket, but at the same time the suggestion to penalise batsmen unless they make a certain number of runs in a given time would, in my opinion, quite spoil the real character of cricket, and might lead to all sorts of undesirable artifices on the part of the bowler. (3) Catching in the long-field is to a large extent a matter of practice. "*Keep cool*" *comes first.* Get right under the ball, and catch it close in to your body. Read the chapter on fielding in Ranjitsinhji's book.

G. A. Selkirk.—Presently you will find that the ball will go for four. As long as you have cultivated the right method the rest is only a matter of time.

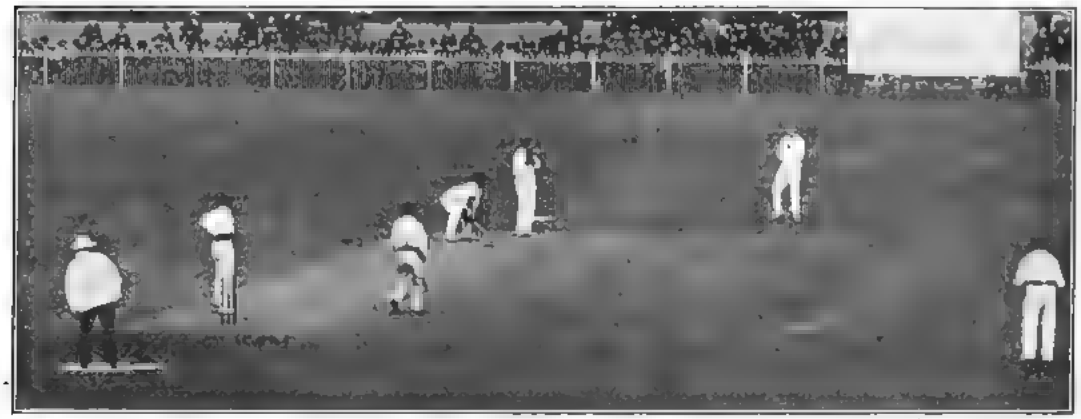
Half-Crocked.—I am rather surprised to hear that your doctor allows you to play football at all, as your ankle seems extremely weak. I should advise a good rest, and when you do begin to play again try an elastic sock, but take care that it fits tight enough.

Faulty Limb.—I should advise you to see a doctor, as your case seems rather a peculiar one.

Steeplechase.—Write to Gamage for a pair of ordinary cross-country shoes. If you find these too hard on the feet for road work, you should get a pair of stout running shoes and put transverse bars across the soles exactly as you would with football boots.

THE THIRD TEST MATCH, ADELAIDE, JANUARY, 1904.—THE TOSS.

Enquirer.—Lord Hawke, J. A. Dixon, and P. F. Warner are the three men appointed to select the English elevens for the Test matches. They have the power to take into counsel the captain of the England team, and any other cricketer they may choose.



AN INCIDENT IN THE LAST TEST MATCH.—BRAUND CATCHES HILL AT SLIP, OFF RHODES' BOWLING.—MELBOURNE, MARCH, 1904.

AT HICKSON'S.

BY F. L. MORGAN.

Illustrated by ALFRED PEARSE.

No. 7.—FLORENCE LOUISE.

I.

JIM CHALDWICK, the generous, the popular, the cricketer—was leaving.

"Look here, you chaps," he said to a select few, on the eve of his departure; "I'm beastly sorry to go, but I can't help it. A cousin of mine is coming to the Coll. next term, so you'll have something to remember me by. She's a girl—about fourteen. Comes from Chicago just now, I believe, but she's been to England an' that, with her people. She's shockin' green." He paused, but, seeing the subject was not without interest to his listeners, continued—

"You see, her people have tried to bring her up sort of English. No offence, Ron, old chap—but they seem to have made rather a hash of it. No school—all governess. *You* know."

Two or three of Bowen's looked their contempt of the governess system, and Mary Baker said—

"We'll take her in hand for your sake, Jim, and turn her out a credit to your family."

"Um—m," responded Chaldwick, doubtfully, remembering sundry little peculiarities belonging to his cousin. "Well, I hope she'll get on all right. Her name is Florence Louise——" he paused, apparently lost in memories of an amusing nature, for he smiled.

"Is that all, feller?" asked Robert Parleby.

"Eh? All—no, of course not. Tillotson—Florence Louise Tillotson. The Coll. will be the making of her—if she settles down all right."

"Oh, she'll settle down right enough," said Stan Lawson; "now remember, fellers, Florence Louise is to receive our protection and encouragement. And we'll take turns sending you weekly bulletins as to her health and progress, if it'll ease you any, old man," he added, turning to Jim.

There was a general laugh, and Chaldwick's cousin gave place to the more absorbing topic of Chaldwick himself, whose sudden and unexpected departure would leave a gap at Hickson's—especially in the field.

* * * * * *

It was the first day of the next term. A lower fourth boy, Edmund Vanderbylt by name, stood at Hickson's gates, gazing skywards, and thinking what a howling discord was Hickson's—especially on the first day. Behind him, Stanborough, Mary Baker, Robert Parleby, and two or three more seniors, stood together, comparing holiday notes.

Vanderbylt's attention was suddenly withdrawn from the heavens by the sound of a regular "tap-tap" coming towards the gates. He turned, and before his astonished eyes there appeared a Vision.

She was round and plump, with rosy cheeks, wide blue eyes, and flying waves of yellow hair. Her pretty little face was screwed into an expression of elaborate indifference—and her feet into patent shoes with very high heels. She rustled as she walked, with the unmistakable and irritating "swish" of silk; and on her head was set jauntily a hat that to the initiated would speak eloquently of London's Westest End. Bangles decorated her wrists, and from one white-kid-gloved hand there dangled a silk sunshade.

Vanderbylt, amazed and round-eyed, opened the gate; and the Vision, with her pink cheeks pinkier than ever, bestowed upon him a brilliant smile, and said, "Thank you very much!" in a pretty, studied little voice. She walked on towards the College, glancing half shyly, half defiantly, at the group of seniors as she passed them.

There was a pronounced and eloquent silence, until the tapping of the high-heeled shoes had grown faint in the distance.

Then Parleby spoke.

"THANK YOU VERY MUCH!"

"And her name," he said, dreamily, "is Florence Louise."

"Is *that* it—is that old Jim's cousin?" Mary Baker's voice was agitated

"I should say so. Didn't you notice his expression when he spoke of her?"

"I believe she's in my dormitory," said Meg Bolton, of Boston, walking Collegewards with an air of stern determination; "I'll go and see after her."

"Remember she's Chaldwick's cousin," called Mary Baker. "Oh, my brothers and sisters, there *will* be trouble!" she prophesied.

And there was.

The Vision, who, as Parleby had rightly guessed, was none other than Chaldwick's cousin, Miss Florence Louise Tillotson, encountered glances of cold wonder as she entered Bowen's doorway. Instead of being properly impressed by her charming manners and general appearance, the Hicksonians appeared to regard her as a freak. Then Meg Bolton, that austere and unsympathetic prefect, came upon her suddenly, and literally drove her upstairs into a dormitory; whereupon there ensued a metaphorical battle, with bitter strife and much bloodshed.

Half an hour later, a revised version of Florence Louise descended the staircase, and came face to face with Edmund Vanderbylt. Gone were the waving curls, carefully arranged fringe, and dainty shoes. Silk attire, bangles, and picture-hat had disappeared—the Vision was no more!

Instead, it was a plainly-dressed Hicksonian, with an unpractised pig-tail, and wearing a heavy frown in place of the fringe, that met once more our Vanderbylt.

He smiled.

It was a smile meant to be of an encouraging nature; but Miss Tillotson saw in it amusement, contempt, triumph, and many other unendurable sentiments. Therefore she drew aside her skirts, and passed the offending Vanderbylt with a regality worthy of Stanborough himself; and immediately registered the unfortunate Edmund in her blackest book.

For the sake of the departed Chaldwick, the Hicksonians were prepared to deal gently with Florence, and to teach her many things. They explained that Carr's House had not been founded entirely for her personal benefit; and that it would not lower her dignity to do a small service for one of the seniors, should he or she desire it. They also forgave her many things, amongst which were considerable affectations of speech, and an irritating tendency to look

in mirrors, and to "do" her hair more often than was necessary.

They could not imbue her with the spirit of athleticism. In vain Mary Baker, for Chaldwick's sake, took Florence to the gym. She only bumped her head, flew into a passion of infantile fury, and refused to try again. In vain Stan Lawson and two fifth form boys persuaded her to join them in a one-mile-slow trot. She was out of breath in two minutes, and declared that running made her feel "untidy." Then Stanborough, with fond memories of Jim, took her in hand and tried to initiate her into the joys of cricket. But the bat scraped her hands, and she shut her eyes when the cricket captain sent down easy "slows" to her. And as for bowling—ye gods and little fishes! After much persuasion she raised her arm high above her head, and with a mighty effort, and a curious forward motion, threw the ball into the air. It sailed for a few yards, then dropped, and rolled sadly to the feet of Edmund Vanderbylt.

"Try again," he suggested, handing it to her, with his fatal smile.

Florence Louise looked at him for an instant; then her small face was suffused with crimson, and with a stamp of fury she threw the ball at Vanderbylt, missing him by three yards, and marched off the field in high dudgeon. Thus ended her experience of the noble game. As for base-ball, she said it made her too hot, so that became a dead athletic letter to her.

In school she was little better. She tried the patience of Mr. Huggett, her form-master, almost beyond endurance.

"I wonder," remarked that long-suffering man one day, "why your father keeps you here. I suppose he is a millionaire, and doesn't know what to do with his money. But, really, I think it would be more profitable for him to throw his dollars into the sea for you to fetch out again. I'm sure it would be more amusing for you—and do you quite as much good. You don't appear to know anything, and I doubt if you ever will."

This heartless speech had brought on a violent fit of temper, which ended in a burst of tears, and the transfer of Florence to the corridor without.

Such was Florence Louise during her first term at the College. And such she remained until some time after Hickson's had given her up in despair, having come to the conclusion that not even her relationship to Chaldwick could justify toleration of her hundred and one airs and pettinesses—and her amazing disagreeableness of temper.

II.

NEARLY three years later, a tall girl walked slowly out of Bowen's towards the gates, and stood irresolutely, looking at a group of seniors, who appeared to be unduly excited. It was the last day of the summer term, and all had gone save this group of seven, and the one girl who stood so silently, gazing somewhat wistfully, now at the great red buildings, now at her school-fellows. There was no sign of curl in the thick yellow plait that hung below her waist, though certain little tendrils round her forehead and temples suggested the possibility. She wore no ornaments, and had just passed two mirrors without glancing in either.

It was Florence Louise Tillotson.

Her last term, her last *day* at Hickson's had come. The past three years had been one long battle. A fight for truth and intellect against affectation and egotism—and all the best had won. But the conquest had left a paler, thinner, grave-eyed girl in place of the confident, self-assertive, and hysterical little creature of three years ago. She was thinking now of her life at the College. She had excelled in nothing; and, if not exactly unpopular during the last few terms, she had won only a very indifferent respect—added to a kindly toleration—the kindness being due to the memory of Chaldwick. Hickson's had seen an excitable, irritable, and vain child grow into a self-controlled girl, with an aversion to athletics in any form; difficult to fathom, and therefore best left alone. Only Florence Louise herself knew of the struggles, defeats, and victories; of the mighty efforts to overcome; of the passionate longings for sympathy; of the bitterness of being misunderstood; and of the tears that had been shed in the privacy of No. 9 Cubicle.

Much of this passed through her mind now as she stood alone by Hickson's gates, waiting for the last 'bus, which was to take away the remaining few. Had her life at the College been quite a failure? Prizes, scholarships, certificates, commendation, had fallen to the lot of others;

and what ranked higher in the girl's eyes, popularity and friendship. Why had she won none of these things? Why had she done no good for Hickson's? And why was she standing here alone—on her last day?

She stared across country in the direction of San Francisco—the city that was writhing in the grip of yellow fever. During the past two weeks the epidemic had played fearful havoc. Whole families had been stricken down in a day; and as death strode forwards terrified citizens fled in all directions. She thought of the streets powdered with lime; of the fires of tar which had been lit in the hope that they would arrest the progress of the epidemic that was working such terrible devastation. Marvellous as it seemed, Hickson's in its hundreds had escaped. Not one case had there been at the College; and all had gone in health and safety—save these few.

Florence Louise shuddered, and looked once more towards the silent buildings. The glaring sun made her eyes ache; and oh! how she yearned for one more term at Hickson's—one more term at the place she had grown to love in spite of all; one more chance to know the Hicksonians, and to make herself known to them; to do something for the College, and for herself.

The 'bus came rumbling up, and an instantaneous silence fell on the chattering group. Then six of them, by common consent, hurried to the 'bus. Surely there was something unusually mysterious and odd in their behaviour! Florence Louise walked up to the one that remained. It was Holt, of the fifth form.

"Is anything up?" she inquired.

"Haven't you heard? Vanderbylt has been taken ill suddenly. He can't leave the Coll." Holt spoke quickly, and his eyes avoided hers.

"What is the matter with him?" she asked, frowning. Vanderbylt had smiled at her on her arrival; smiled at her worst mistakes; smiled at her when she was in the sorest straits, and during her bitterest moments. He had been a particularly sharp thorn during her journey from the lower fourth to the sixth; therefore she frowned almost unconsciously on hearing his name.

"We—we hope it's only the sun," replied Holt, hesitatingly, moving a step nearer the gates.

A cold fear gripped Florence's heart Had Vanderbylt been caught by the terrible fever? If so, there was no one to turn to for help. The Head had left the day before, and all others in authority had gone during the morning. There remained only an Irish maid, and an under-housekeeper of the name of Rattan. To these two was entrusted the airing of the College during the long summer vacation.

"Do come on, you two!" called those in the 'bus, with nervous haste; "we've none too much time."

"Yes—I guess we'd better," said Holt: "Mother Rattan will look after Vanderbylt until he's all right—it may be nothing serious. Anyway, it's no use our running any risk."

"Wait!" said Florence.

An excited figure, dragging a small tin box, came panting towards them from the servants' quarters. It was Bridget.

"Mr. Vanderbylt's got the fever, certain sure!" she said, shaking with fear. "It's more nor flesh an' blood can stand, Miss. I'm off before I'm in me grave, I am!"

Florence's face whitened.

"Are you sure it's the fever?"

"Sure, Miss—I knows the symptims. He was took all of a suddint like, and he's lyin' there helpless as a baby. Wait another minnit I won't——"

"Shut up—shut up!" shouted Holt. "Get into the 'bus, woman. Now, Florence Tillotson, *what* is to be done?"

There was a brief, deadly silence.

"I'll stay," said Florence Louise, palely firm; "but oh, Holt, for Heaven's sake—for *Heaven's* sake, send a nurse or some one from San Fran."

"I will. Only—don't you mind? Shall I stay, too? Couldn't we both leave here—and send help from San Fran.? Don't you think Mother Rattan could manage?"

Florence Louise shook her head.

"No. I must stay. Go now—and send some one from the city. I—I'm not afraid"

"Very well," said Holt, trying to keep the relief he felt out of his face and voice; and following the frightened maid to the 'bus. He was full of admiration for Florence; of solicitude for Vanderbylt; and of deadly fear of the fever.

Florence Louise walked back to Hickson's, disappearing into Carr's doorway ere the rumble of the wheels had died away.

———

III.

FOR three weeks the days began and ended in blue, cloudless skies, and pitiless sunshine. Then came the blessed rain. Despairing watchers were filled with Hope, the fever weakened in power, and death retreated from San Francisco, leaving many desolate homes and broken hearts.

One warm morning, bright, fresh, and sweet after the rain, a tall figure in a white suit came out of Carr's doorway. Gingerly he had felt his way down the staircase. Waveringly he walked to the end of the gravel and back. Then, with a smile of content, he walked the distance again —more firmly. His next move was to deposit his five feet ten and a half of skin and bone in a deck-chair on the grass, with his back to the College. Hearing footsteps, he lifted up his voice, and spoke.

"I did it twice today, Florence Louise—I walked to the corner and back twice."

"I'LL STAY," SAID FLORENCE; "BUT OH, HOLT, SEND A NURSE."

"Did you now?" The portly form of Mrs. Rattan appeared at his side, carrying a small tray with two basins of something steaming hot, and a plate of dry toast. "Well, you're getting on, young feller—there's no gainsaying it. I've brought you some broth; and some for your blessed little nurse. She's nearly as much of a shadow as you are."

"You're right, Mother Rattan, she is that. She does too much for me. I'm better now, and——"

"Now, now, don't you worrit. Her spirit will keep her up to the mark. Though when you were took bad—on the last day it was—and that disgraceful hussy Bridget sheered off, and all the others bolted like frightened rabbits, and I was at my wits' end, and Miss Florence come marchin' in, and she says, 'Where is he?' says she, as cool as you like, you could ha' knocked me down with a feather. And if you'll believe me, young feller, for five blessed days and nights, when you were lyin' there like dead—sometimes that ravin' too—that girl never left you. 'No,' she says, 'you've got as much as you can do, Mrs. Rattan. I'll nurse him.' And she did too, with no thought of catching the fever herself. And that distracted we were, thinkin' you'd die, and not knowin' the whereabouts of your poor parents—all the while hopin' for help from the city that never came. And I don't wonder, for they've bin that pushed for doctors and nurses these past weeks, and them dyin' like flies themselves—but there, I'm losin' my breath instead of thanking the Lord you're better. And here comes Miss Florence. Mind you see she has some broth."

Edmund Vanderbylt lay full length on the grass, gaining in health and strength

"I AM THE CASE, SIR."

with every breath he took. Slowly he sat up.

"Florence Louise, I want to talk some, and don't know how. No one else would have done what you have, especially——"

"Oh, yes, they would," interrupted Florence, hastily; "I didn't do anything remarkable."

There was a silence of some minutes; then Vanderbylt looked up with his old tantalising smile.

"Do you remember the first day you came? I nearly had a fit."

For the first time in her life, Florence Louise answered that smile with one of equal amiability.

"Rather," she said, replying to the first part of his sentence. "What an idiotic little guy I was. And *how* I hated you!"

"I know." Vanderbylt laid a thin, brown hand on one of hers, and his eyes were bright with feeling. "Florence Louise, I owe you a debt that can never be paid. You are a shining light at Hickson's. Stanborough's cricket, Mary Baker's gymnastics, Stan Lawson's skating, and the united brains of the sixth, are nothing—*nothing*, to your nursing! Hickson's will be proud of you, and——"

"No," said Florence; "Hickson's and I never got on very well. And if I have done anything now—well— I'm not coming back next term."

"No. But I am," replied Vanderbylt. "And I'm not going to thank you, because to thank anyone for saving a man's life is—is superfluous. But——"

He paused involuntarily at the sound of a footstep.

"I think," said a voice beside them, "that a doctor was wanted here. A case, isn't there?"

Florence started; but Vanderbylt rose to his feet and faced a weary-looking yet brisk young man in cycling attire.

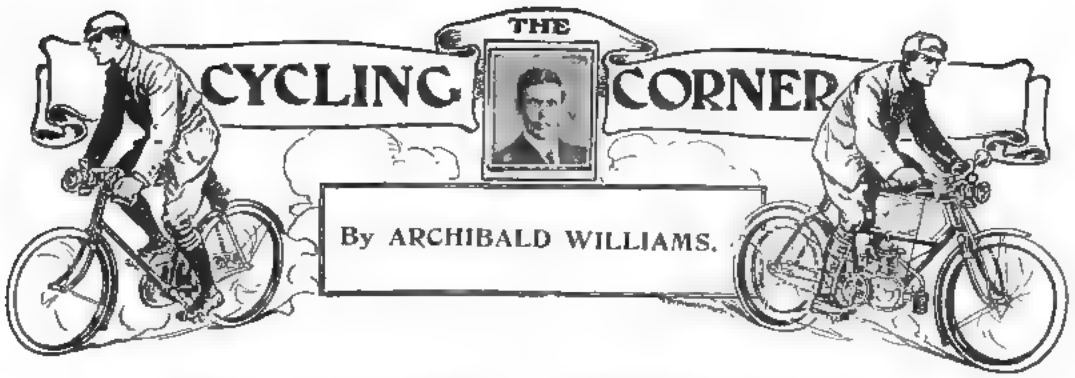
"Yes," replied Vanderbylt, with dignity; "I am the Case, sir—at least, I *was* the Case three weeks ago, when I presume you were informed about me."

"Mighty glad you got over it," interrupted the doctor, with the utmost good-nature. "Well, as I've rather more to do than I know how to manage, I'll cycle back to the city and do it. 'Morning to you."

"Good-morning, sir," responded Vanderbylt, politely. He watched the brisk figure out of sight, and then turned to the girl, who had risen from the deck-chair, and was standing with the tray in her hands.

"What I was going to say was, that with your permission, Florence Louise, we'll be friends as long as we live."

"Right!" said Florence Louise, walking off with the tray; her heart filled with a glorious consciousness of being understood, and of having done something, at last.



TOOL BAGS AND OTHER MATTERS.

FOR touring purposes the ordinary small leather wallet is not capacious enough. It will just hold a couple of spanners, oiler, a bit of rag; and that is about all. To provide for emergencies one should have accommodation for quite a respectable number of odds and ends, in addition to a small collection of tools: and to give space for these is needed a wallet 7—7½ inches long, 4½ inches deep, and 3 inches broad. The oil-can has its proper strap at the back, or, better still, a small pocket, so that it may not slip through to the bottom.

For carrying other articles, I strongly recommend a canvas or leather sheet, provided with elastic loops; such a thing as carpenters carry their centre-bits and chisels in. The sheet should be wide enough for each edge to be folded over the contents an inch or so, before it is rolled up and strapped. The advantage of this method of storing things is that the whole outfit can be spread out in a moment on the grass without fear of the contents getting loose or wet.

The Outfit.

1. Set of spanners to fit every nut on cycle.
2. Pair of scissors.
3. Bradawl.
4. Small screwdriver.
5. Knife.
6. Tyre lifter.
7. Sheet of rubber, 6 by 3 inches.
8. Tube of solution (good size).
9. Sheet of glass paper, 6 by 6 inches.
10. Tube of powdered chalk, with three extra valve sleeves in it.
11. Tin tube of balls, nuts, spare burner for lamp, &c.
12. Hank of string.
13. Couple of one-foot straps.

These must be arranged parallel to one another along the sheet. The whole will roll up into a small compass, and as it always travels with the cycle you are sure of having a knife, screwdriver, &c., at the critical moment. A special compartment may be left for maps, which usually measure 4 by 7 inches. Four could be squeezed into about one inch, if they are mounted on linen. Paper maps, with paper covers, are only about two-thirds of the thickness of the others. It is wise to carry plenty of maps.

An Easter Tour.

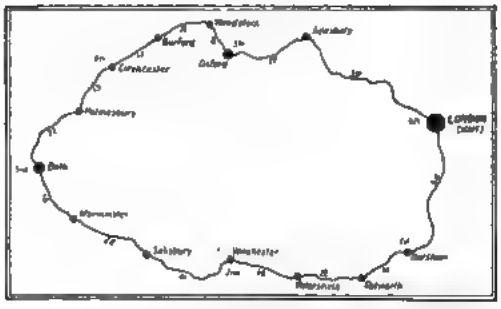
For the benefit of readers who may meditate a tour during the Easter holidays I have sketched out a route of 275 miles in the South of England, giving the distances between every two towns, and putting "1st," "2nd," "3rd," &c., at those places where the tourist may advantageously stop for the night.

The route will lead the cyclist through very interesting country on the whole; and there will be sights for him to see, if he cares for things architectural, in some of the towns.

Starting from London,

the first day's journey, a comparatively short one, takes him through Reigate and Crawley to Horsham. An early start would give time for a look round the handsome buildings of the new Christ's Hospital, near the latter town.

The second day should see our cyclist on the road betimes, to cover the 45 miles to Winchester quietly, and yet have leisure



SKETCH MAP OF A 275-MILE TOUR FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

for a look round the Cathedral, richer in its historic monuments and memories than any in the kingdom. A visit to the great School and Saint Cross should also be included in the programme. If this is too large an order, the first day's ride might be extended to Petworth, leaving only thirty-one miles of pedalling for the second.

From Winchester to Salisbury is twenty-one miles. Here is made a halt for lunch and a pilgrimage to the Cathedral, which has the loftiest spire in the British Isles. Don't forget the Chapter House and its curious bas-reliefs.

Twenty-two miles of pretty country and one arrives at Warminster in time for tea; after which another sixteen brings Bath in sight. Before leaving this town on the following day, the famous Roman Baths—with their original lead-piping and fountains, made by the successors of Cæsar's legions—should be seen.

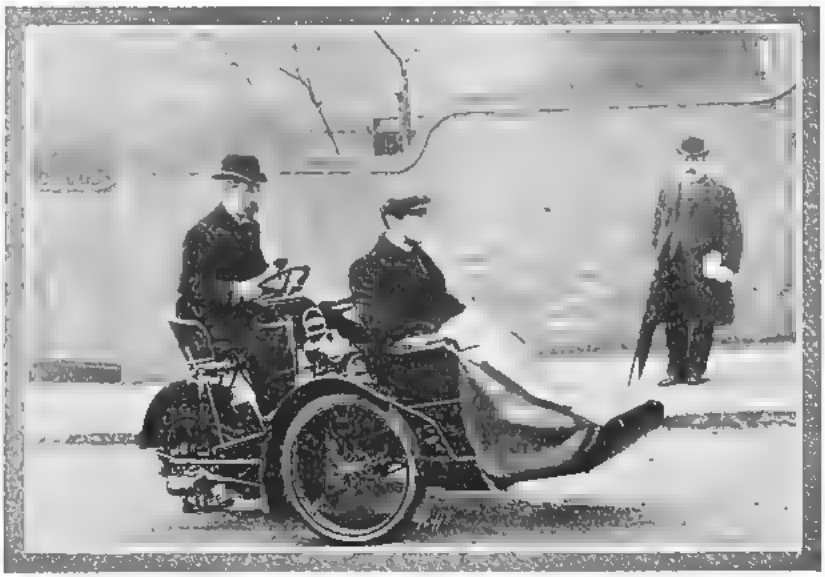
From Bath the cyclist climbs up into

THE COTSWOLDS,

and, after twenty-two miles of give-and-take roads, reaches Malmesbury, finely situated on high ground overlooking the Lower Avon. In old times this little town was a religious centre, and boasted a mitred abbey. Here visit the parish church and turn your camera on the richly-decorated market-cross, which is supposed to date from the reign of "Bluff King Hal."

Then on to Cirencester, chiefly famous for its fifteenth century church. A mile and a half outside the town lies the Royal Agricultural College, the museum of which might interest the scientifically-inclined tourist. If you have an hour or two to spare stroll round Oakley Park, which, in the spring, is at its best. Modern Cirencester (locally called "Sisster") is a rather sleepy little country town; but it has seen stirring times in Anglo-Saxon days, and during the Civil War. When the Romans held it its walls were two miles round; for, situated at the junction of the Fosse-way with the Ermin- and Icknield-streets, it had great importance as a military centre.

The fifth day also carries us into historic



A QUADRANT TRICAR CLIMBING NETHER HALL GARDENS, THE STEEPEST HILL IN LONDON, AT NINE MILES AN HOUR.

ground. Passing through Burford, we reach the pretty little town of

WOODSTOCK,

so closely bound up with English annals. Here Alfred the Great wrote some of his famous works; and King Ethelred formulated the laws for governing his Anglo-Saxon kingdom. Henry the First liked Woodstock well enough to make it his royal residence; and Henry the Second brought hither the fair Rosamond, to whom his wife Eleanor offered the alternative of a dagger or a bowl of poison. The imprisonment of Elizabeth in the Manor, and the siege by Cromwell in 1646, are more authentic episodes in its history.

Blenheim Palace, built in 1715 as a national gift to the Duke of Marlborough, is open to the public at certain times; also the large park; though cycles must—at least, this was the rule some years ago—be left at the entrance gates.

A short run brings us to

OXFORD,

where there is so much to see that a day or two can be spent profitably in the old University town, as a rest before the final run of sixty-one miles, *vid* Headington, Thame, Aylesbury, Wendover, Amersham, Chalfont St. Peter, and Uxbridge, back to London.

Given fine weather this tour of 275 miles is most enjoyable. Before starting one should read up the history of Winchester, and peruse Scott's *Woodstock* once again. Photographers will find plenty of subjects for their plates or films. My hints in our last issue about making a photographic record of a tour will apply particularly to this large "round." Members of the Cyclists' Touring Club can refer to the C.T.C. Handbooks for the names of good hotels at which to stop.

A USE FOR OLD INNER TUBES.

There have been hanging on a peg in my workshop several old inner tubes, which, their active days being over, appeared to serve no useful or ornamental purpose. The other day I ran out of elastic bands for my papers, and seeing these tubes, a happy idea occurred to me. Seizing my largest pair of scissors and a tube, I had soon provided myself with some dozens of useful bands, one quarter of an inch broad. As the rubber is still in good condition, the bands are very elastic, and will pass over an article eighteen inches in circumference without any inclination to break. By increasing the breadth of the band one increases its strength; and readers will no doubt find plenty of scope for employing sections of otherwise unprofitable lumber.

PNEUMATIC WHEELS.

A reader asks me for opinions about the Weir Pneumatic Suspension Wheel. In construction it is decidedly ingenious. A

The Ariel Co.'s "Liberty" Cycle Attachment, to yoke a motor-cycle with a pedi-cycle. All joints are flexible, so that the machines can be steered at any angle.

pneumatic tube is pinched between an outer steel rim, about a foot in diameter, attached by short spokes to the hub, and an inner rim connected by longer spokes to the tyre rim. The makers (The Pneumatic Suspension Wheel Co., 34 Chandos-road, Bristol) claim that it absorbs 50 per cent. of the road vibration, and, while yielding to vertical shocks, is laterally stiff enough to prevent

the tyre touching the forks. Of its actual behaviour in work I cannot speak, having had no experience of it; but as it costs only 20s. to have an ordinary wheel converted, a rider troubled by vibration might try a pneumatic suspension on his front wheel, and, if the alteration proves satisfactory, have the back wheel similarly treated. Another promising anti-vibratory device is that of the Sharp Air-Spring Co., 15A Bridge-road, Hammersmith, fitted on their cycles under the saddle, and on a specially-constructed front spring fork. The cycle, complete, is listed at £20, rather a high figure as machines run nowadays, even with patented "extras."

Putting pneumatics on one side, Brook's B 100 saddle is very comfortable, and, in conjunction with an N.A.B. spring pillar, should entirely prevent saddle-soreness.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Tripper."—Some cycling maps are inaccurate as regards any roads but the main roads. That is to say, they are not reliable for cross-country work. If you do not care to go to the expense of the one-inch-to-the-mile Ordnance maps, I should advise you to try Bartholomew's half-inch-to-the-mile series, which are excellent.

H. G.—Five thousand miles a year is certainly good travelling for a sixteen-year-old. This means an average of nearly thirteen miles a day. Of course, your "professional" work accounts for a large part of this; and I suspect that but for the morning and evening trip you would not find your cyclometer travelling quite so fast. You ought to have a pretty strong pair of legs by this time.

P. Donnisthorne.—(1) No good. Every cyclist by law must carry a lamp, and you ride light-less behind a lighted cycle only at the risk of being "run in." This has already been decided in the courts. Recently a volunteer had to pay a fine for transgressing the regulation, although he had a lighted companion on either side. (2) You might be able to get your rim turned, but, if badly bent, you would do well to buy another and have it fitted on the old spokes. I don't think the rim brake could ever have done the damage. Probably you got into a rut or tram-line with your back wheel.

THE ROYAL ENFIELD GIRDER FRAME CYCLE.
The special construction of this frame renders the cycle peculiarly strong and rigid.

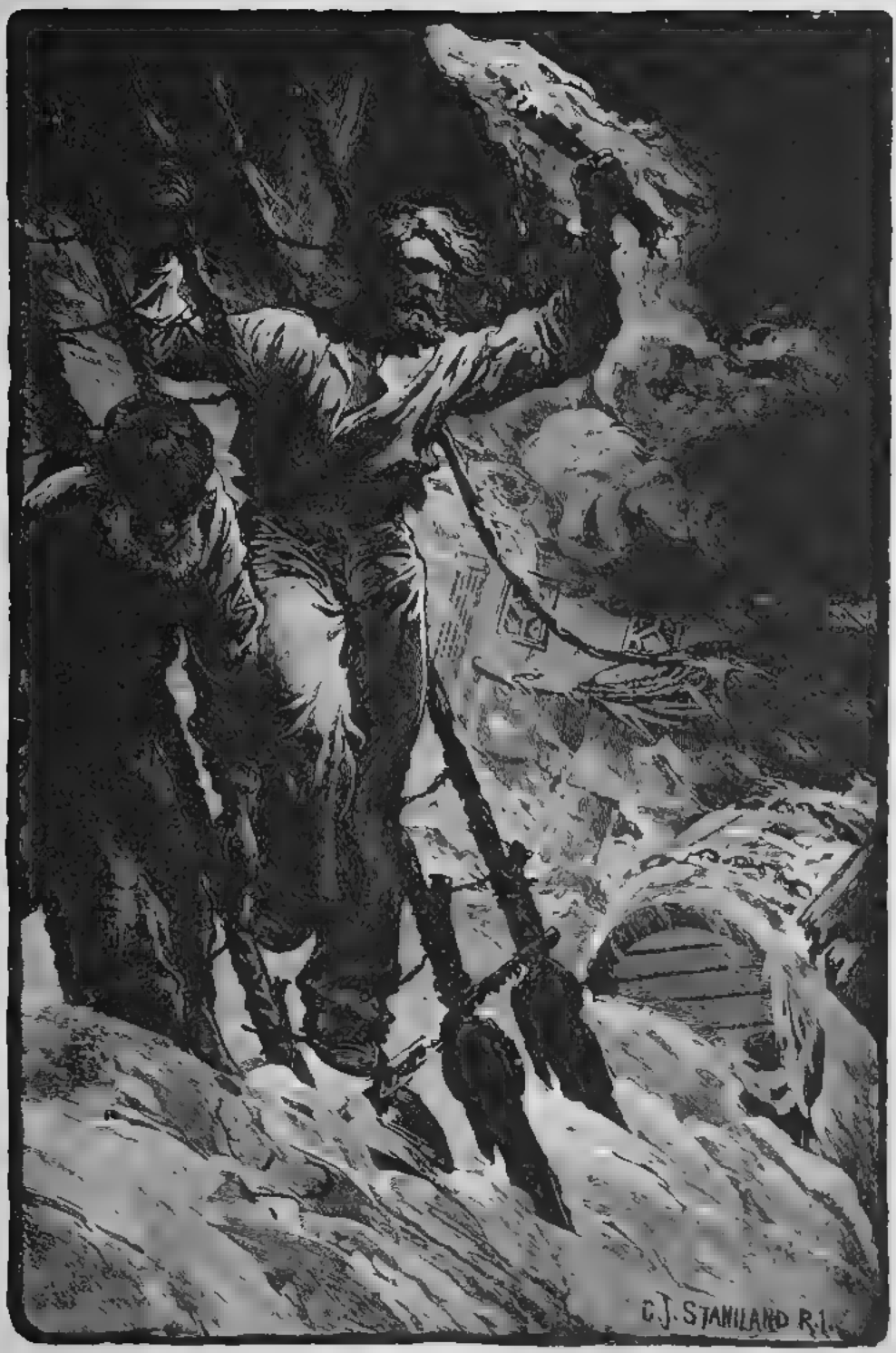
"A. L. B."—Don't want to do such big things. Take your riding quietly. Sixty to seventy miles a day is good enough for any tourist. If you do a hundred you will only have had three hours less time for sight-seeing and easing your muscles. The "speed-merchant" probably knows less about the beauties of the country than anyone.

E. Dewar.—(1) Thanks for your kind remarks. (2) A tyre pump is no good for a football inflater unless the nozzle is provided with an ordinary tyre valve to insert in the tube of the bladder. Without the valve the air would rush back into the pump as fast as you drove it out.

F. Sanders.—You had better wait till the summer is well on before attacking an Irish tour. The roads are not so good as English, and on the West Coast there is generally plenty of wind. A three-speed gear would be a valuable addition to your cycle.

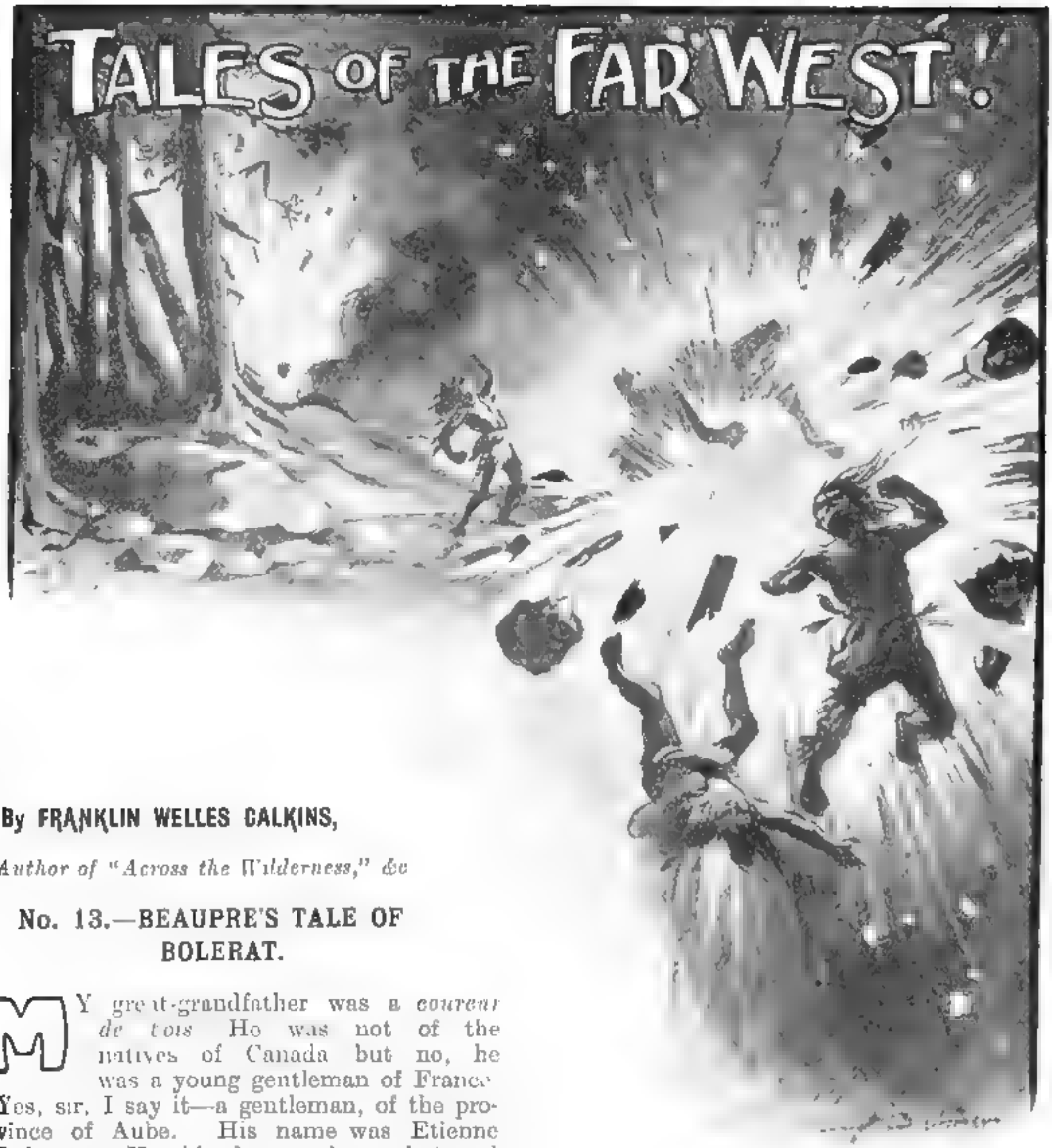
E. Pilkington.—Seventy miles off the reel if you are out of condition would naturally find your soft spots. As you confess to doing the distance in 4½ hours, I suspect that you have been a bit of a scorcher; the pace "comes out" at 15½ miles an hour on the average. And since I read that a hill of 1 in 10 is the only one that beats you, you evidently force the pace on inclines more than is perhaps prudent. Unless you have a change-speed gear, don't plug too hard. There is the heart to be reckoned with. At the time you may not feel the effects. But *care!* I should never suggest riding against time. The same training rules apply equally to running and cycling. Take it easy at first, and increase your daily distance gradually. Regularity is of more importance than mileage. If you will pardon a personal remark, I very seldom ride more than twenty miles a day in the winter; but I could do seventy at any time without feeling "done." Of course, I should take things easily, recognising that my muscles are more to be considered than the watch. Wish you luck with the algebra, and hope you will keep yourself fresh by means of the cycle.

"Velox."—I fear that I cannot sympathise with you in this matter. You were obviously in the wrong, and, if a motorist yourself, you would realise what disgustingly bad form it is to "hang on to" a motor-driven vehicle of any kind. Please remember that the rider in front may have to slow down suddenly, and then, not only the hanger-on, but the hung-on-to, may suffer severely. No! I consider that you only got your deserts, and hope that the lesson won't have been wasted. You escaped rather lightly with a bent crank and smashed lamp.



THE SHIPWRECK

From the drawing by C. J. Staniland, R.I



By FRANKLIN WELLES CALKINS,

Author of "Across the Wilderness," &c

No. 13.—BEAUPRE'S TALE OF BOLERAT.

MY great-grandfather was a *coureur de bois*. He was not of the natives of Canada but no, he was a young gentleman of France. Yes, sir, I say it—a gentleman, of the province of Aube. His name was Etienne Bolerat. His blood was always hot and quick when they told him tales of the New France.

He went to Quebec; just from school. He was still a young man when he had organised his own company of traders and voyagers. This he did at Detroit; then they went to the upper Mississippi country, where, according to the way of young men, he fell in love—with a Sac girl, the daughter of a chief, and took her to St. Louis to the priest; yes, sir, and they were married fast. Blue Bird, that was Etienne's wife, was my great-grandmother, and she was the best woman!

What happened to them is strange and very exciting, and it is told among us—in the family. Etienne had a trading-post at the mouth of Black River, above Prairie du Chien. His fort was well defended. It had stockades of heavy posts with palisades of sharpened poles—but who could defend against the great war-parties!

The Black River post was never safe for anybody—not because of a quarrel between the French and the Indians—no, sir, that

country was all disputed ground among the tribes, and war-parties were passing to and fro and they would fight with each other. Then it was bad to be among them, for they were very jealous of each other.

But the trader was anxious to keep clear of those feuds. Yes, sir, he had good reason. But it was a good place to trade. The tribes agreed to be at peace when they came to the fort to trade skins in the summer season.

One day at the fort, when the ice went out, some Winnebagoes and their women came down Black River in canoes. Those Indians made brush wicky-ups and went into camp near the post. They stayed for about a week, I guess, trading a little, and bringing in skins one or two at a time. They were slow and cautious about their trade, those Indians—and why? Because my great-grandfather did not trade fire-water, and so they kept the sober mind, to make a good count each time.

Those Winnebagoes kept a sentinel at watch on the bluffs above the fort all the time, for it was not the time of peace.

Etienne had only nine or ten men with him that year. One of those was his store-keeper, a man named Fremeau, and there were some Canadian trappers and *metis*—half-breeds. The only women were two, a Menominee woman, and Blue Bird, Etienne's young wife.

Well, one warm morning when the Winnebagoes were there, my great-grandmother, who was christened Anastasie, and Fremeau's wife, they took their blankets and soiled clothes down to the river to wash. They washed on rubbing-boards, standing knee-deep in the water.

One of those Winnebagoes, an old man with a lance-spear, was watching for fish. He paid no heed to the women, not even to look at them. They were talking a kind of French picked up from their men, until Blue Bird's young one—that was my grandmother—began bawling, and Blue Bird began to sing to it.

The baby lay on some skins on the bank, and so, to stop its crying, Blue Bird turned toward it and shook her finger. She began to chant a chant which she did not herself understand. She sang it to please her baby. It was a chant she had learned of her mother's mother, who was an Ojibwa woman that had been captured by the Sacs. That was misfortune surely. The words she sang were a part of the ancient great chant which is still sung at the most solemn medicine ceremonies of the Ojibwa.

"Sge! Tss-tss-tss!" hissed Fremeau's wife, and she motioned my great-grandmother to stop singing. But Blue Bird thought her friend had seen a water-snake, and she herself was not afraid of snakes, and so she chanted on at the top of her voice. Then the old Winnebago, who was fishing, came down from his rocks and stalked, scowling, past the women. He hurried to his camp.

Fremeau's squaw was scared. "Let us hurry away," she said; "you sang the *midé* song of the lake Indians! Now the Winnebagoes will kill us all because they think you are Ojibwa."

Then Bolerat's wife was frightened, too. She caught up her young one and went to her husband and told him all that had happened.

"Pah!" said Etienne, "don't let Fremeau's old humbug of a squaw frighten you, *ma cherie*. She is full of belief in witches and wizards and *loupsgaroux* and all sorts of devils. Ha, ha, *mignonne*, suppose the Winnebagoes shall be mad a little, won't a fathom of tobacco make all right again?"

And when Fremeau was told he simply said: "Pah! Psst!"

Nobody thought anything further, but just the two women. And when the Winnebagoes suddenly broke camp and moved off, the men at Black River post thought nothing strange.

Well, the early summer as usual brought together, all in friendliness for this time, all the bands of Sacs, Foxes, Sioux, Pottawottomies, Musquakies, and Winterers, for the trading and the games and horse-racing and the fun. And bateaux came, too, with cargoes of powder from the new works down the Mississippi.

Powder was a very valuable thing in those days, but Etienne and Fremeau had never seen it so cheap as now it was. It did not cost half as much from these new mills as had cost just to freight it across from Detroit. So they bought a great quantity—the whole lot that was fetched up the river. Yes, sir, and after the Indians were gone, they began to lay masonry for a magazine—a powder-house.

It was while they were building this magazine that the Winnebagoes—oh, a great company—came against them, half-naked and marching and daubed with

paints, and carrying many weapons—mostly the bow and arrow and tomahawk. This war-party came out of Black River Valley, and they marched directly past Etienne's fort and camped in timber, at the foot of the bluffs in its rear. These Indians came on foot, because the water was very low in their country, though there was plenty in the Mississippi.

The Winnebagoes were out for blood. Bolerat and Fremeau could see that, all right. The traders felt much alarm, for they had no cannon, and they were too few to stand against so great a company. The Winnebagoes knew this, and they began, very soon, to be saucy.

My great-grandfather and his fellows were scared, but they got ready to fight all the same. While they were busy getting ready to make the defence, Blue Bird came to her husband with a plan for his safety. "This is your child," she said, putting her baby into his arms; "the Winnebagoes are angry with me. They are as the grass-blades and you cannot resist them. I will go out to them now and they will go away and will not harm you."

"And what will happen to you?" says Etienne.

"I am for the fire," says Blue Bird, just cool and sad like that. "It is so, my husband."

Huh? Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother!

"So?" says Bolerat, "we'll see about that. I can yet pull the trigger of a gun. Go in now, dear wife, and take good care of the little Bolerat."

Blue Bird departed obediently, as an Indian woman does, but she looked displeased, for she had thought her plan a very proper one. Her husband, seeing this, locked her in a room and put a guard on her window. Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother!

The young captain, Etienne, knew what those Winnebagoes came for, but he pretended not. He parleyed with them, saying the Pottawottomies, their enemies, had not come up since the spring trade. Perhaps he deceived them with this pretence—anyway, they did not attack that night. But in the morning a company of their chiefs and high warriors came before the fort's gates and demanded to be let in.

Now the captain had already stationed Fremeau and his *coureurs de bois* at the port-holes with instructions not to fire until he should give the word. He went to the front palisade, ordered the guard aside, and himself threw the gate wide open. He bade his visitors welcome. No one knew his intent, and so they came inside, a great crowd of armed savages.

Fremeau, who was looking out at the fort's gable, was astonished to see his captain walking in with four-score Indians at his heels. Bolerat led them to the door of the great store-room below.

"*Baptême!*" says Fremeau, "these captains from France! They are all crazy; they learn nothing about Indians until their scalps are taken."

"Bolerat is crazy for sure," said his men with Fremeau. They felt the hair prickle on their scalps. Then Fremeau heard Bolerat calling to him to come below.

Fremeau went down by a short ladder and dropped into the midst of that painted crew. Yes, sir, he was brave enough, was Fremeau. The Indians stood together looking mighty ugly, and with knives and tomahawks displayed. The standing-room was pretty well packed with them, and they expected the trader to give them what they should ask for.

"Come," said Bolerat to Fremeau, "interpret me what these Indians want. Ask if they come to make trade as others do."

Fremeau knew a little of the Winnebago tongue. Etienne knew nothing.

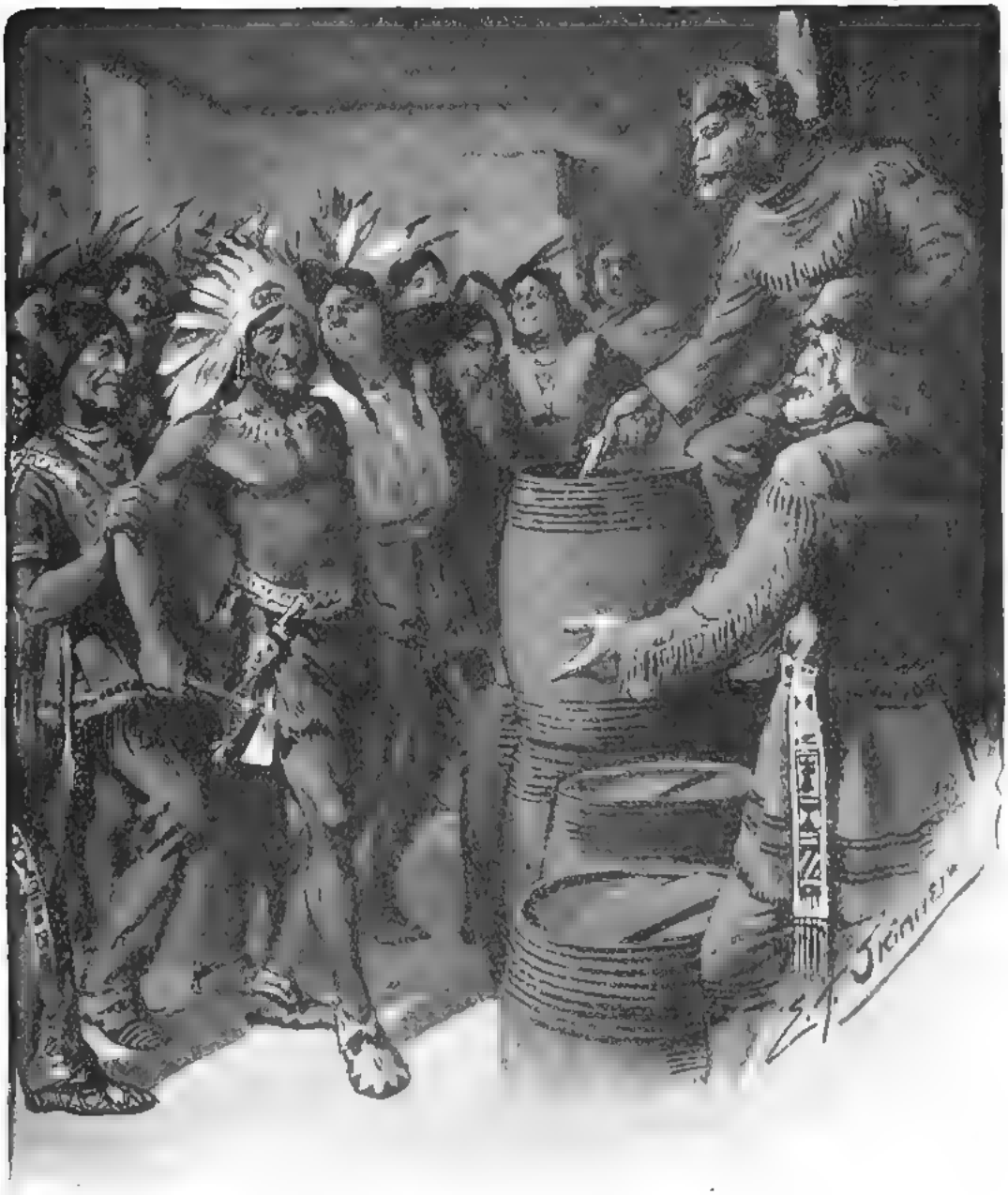
"Hau! hau! Mapzaumee, hau! hau!" Fremeau greeted them. They grunted like sulky bears, but said nothing. Then Fremeau filled a peace-pipe and offered it to the foremost chiefs. This was rejected. Meantime Etienne Bolerat seated himself upon a pyramid of powder kegs in the rear of the room.

"Have not my brothers come to trade?" asked Fremeau—and then he talked about the valuable goods in stock until the head chief made an angry sign.

"We cannot trade with the Frenchmen," says this fellow, "while the *midé* woman of the Ojibwas is in their lodges. She is a medicine-witch and the daughter of an evil spirit."

Fremeau interpreted this to Bolerat.

"Very well," said my great-grandfather. "Tell my brothers I have many presents to make them in place of the Ojibwa woman. See, here is much powder; enough to blow away this fort and the bluff on which it stands." And he tossed up in his hand some he had taken from an open cask.



"I'LL BLOW THIS PLACE AND ALL THAT'S IN IT TO ATOMS!"

While Fremeau explained his words, Bolerat drew a pistol from his belt, cocked it, and thrust its muzzle into the loose powder.

"Tell these scoundrels to go," he said, and his face went black with anger. "If they stop here one minute longer, I'll blow this place and all that's in it to atoms!"

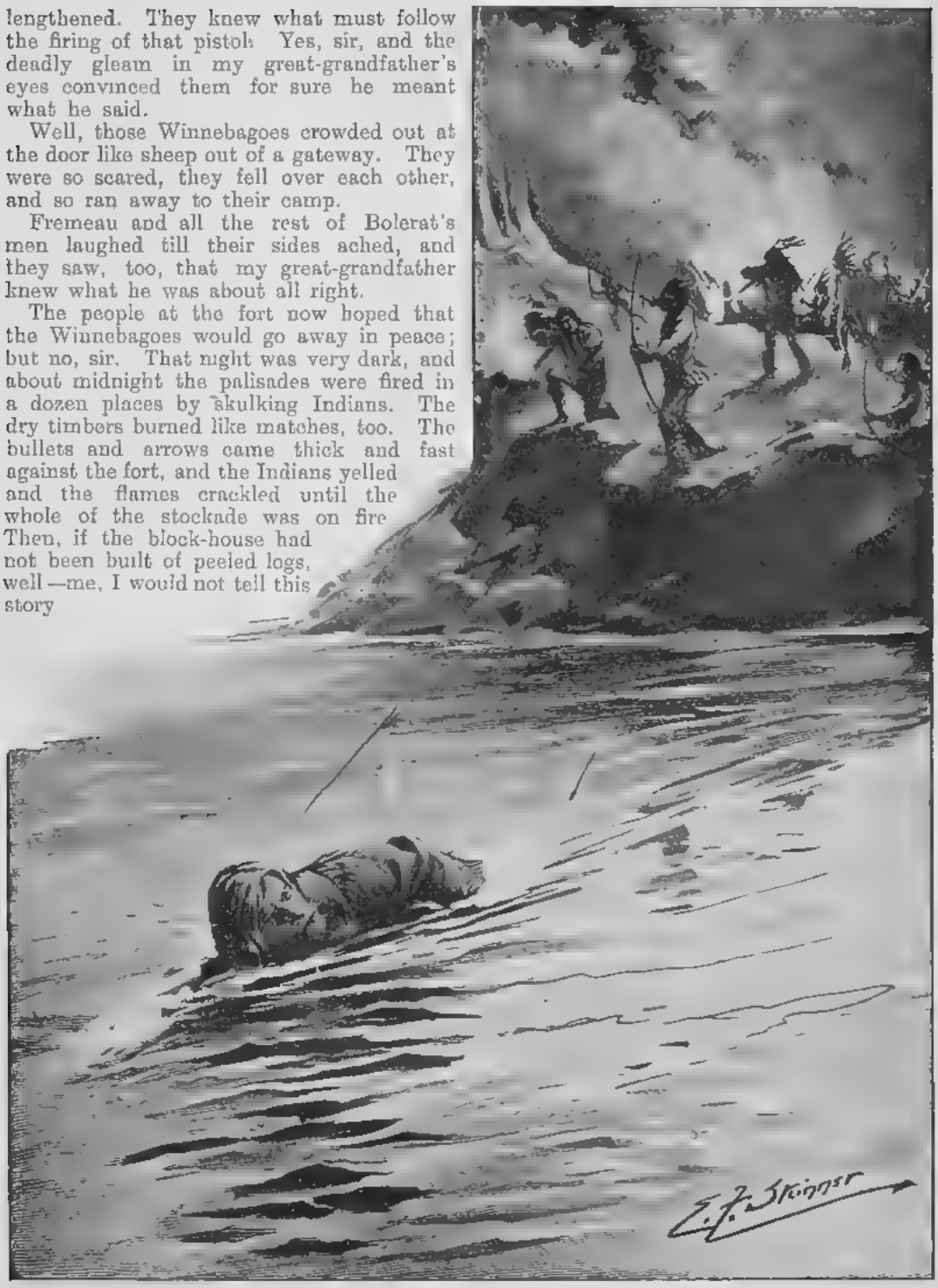
His act scared the Indians; and when his words were interpreted, their jaws

lengthened. They knew what must follow the firing of that pistol. Yes, sir, and the deadly gleam in my great-grandfather's eyes convinced them for sure he meant what he said.

Well, those Winnebagoes crowded out at the door like sheep out of a gateway. They were so scared, they fell over each other, and so ran away to their camp.

Fremeau and all the rest of Bolerat's men laughed till their sides ached, and they saw, too, that my great-grandfather knew what he was about all right.

The people at the fort now hoped that the Winnebagoes would go away in peace; but no, sir. That night was very dark, and about midnight the palisades were fired in a dozen places by skulking Indians. The dry timbers burned like matches, too. The bullets and arrows came thick and fast against the fort, and the Indians yelled and the flames crackled until the whole of the stockade was on fire. Then, if the block-house had not been built of peeled logs, well—me, I would not tell this story.



THIT, THIT, THIT, ARROWS AND BULLETS HISSED AND SPLUTTERED ABOUT BOLERAT'S EARS.

The roof was of turf, and so the buildings escaped. The Winnebagoes ran away when they had set the fires. They were afraid of the powder. Though the fort did not catch on fire that night, the defenders were bad enough off in the morning. That was when they discovered all the Indians advancing from inland, rolling logs before them, and carrying brush and poles for defence against bullets.

They would soon be raining bullets and burning arrows on the block-house. Bolerat saw that his buildings would be set afire soon, and so he got ready for his last move. He told his men to open fire on the Indians, strong. Then he ran to the river-bluff in front of the fort. He found the river-front clear of Indians and saw that his canoes lay there all right.

My great-grandfather ran back and told all his people to collect such arms and goods as they could carry, and then he ordered them to hurry down to the river, man the canoes and push out to a safe distance.

"I'll keep the Winnebagoes off," he said, "till you get out into the river. There wait for me."

The men objected. They wanted to stay with their captain. But Etienne insisted. His wife would not leave him. She fought the men with her knife to stay with her husband. So Etienne had her bound, hand and foot, and carried to the canoes. Yes, sir, that was my great-grandmother, Anastasie Blue Bird.

Then Bolerat took measures to save his people from pursuit. As the Winnebagoes were not yet within sure shooting distance, Etienne ran outside and threw a lot of melted bear's grease on the dry logs of the fort and set them on fire in many places. Then he threw the doors wide open and knocked a wide plank off one of them. He carried the plank and a keg of powder outside, and stood where all the Indians could see him.

They howled and yelled and shot at him, so he raised the door plank in his front for protection. Then he pointed to the keg of powder he had carried outside, and shook a burning fire-brand at them.

The Winnebagoes halted in their work. They were afraid of an explosion again. But they had come within gun-shot, and they opened fire on my great-grandfather as fast as they could shoot their old flint-locks.

The Indians whooped louder than ever when they discovered the fort's walls on fire. They did not quite understand how it was, but they knew all that powder must blow up soon, and they did not dare to advance. That was what Etienne had counted on.

Baptême! but, how the bullets and arrows flew! So Bolerat stood for four or five minutes—just to give his people the chance—Indians howling and shooting in his front and the burning block-house with tons of powder on his right. Bullets and arrows, too, struck his plank, and the spent musket-balls knocked against his ribs.

The fort was wrapped in flames when he dropped his plank and ran for his life. He dodged behind the cover of flames and smoke and raced for the water.

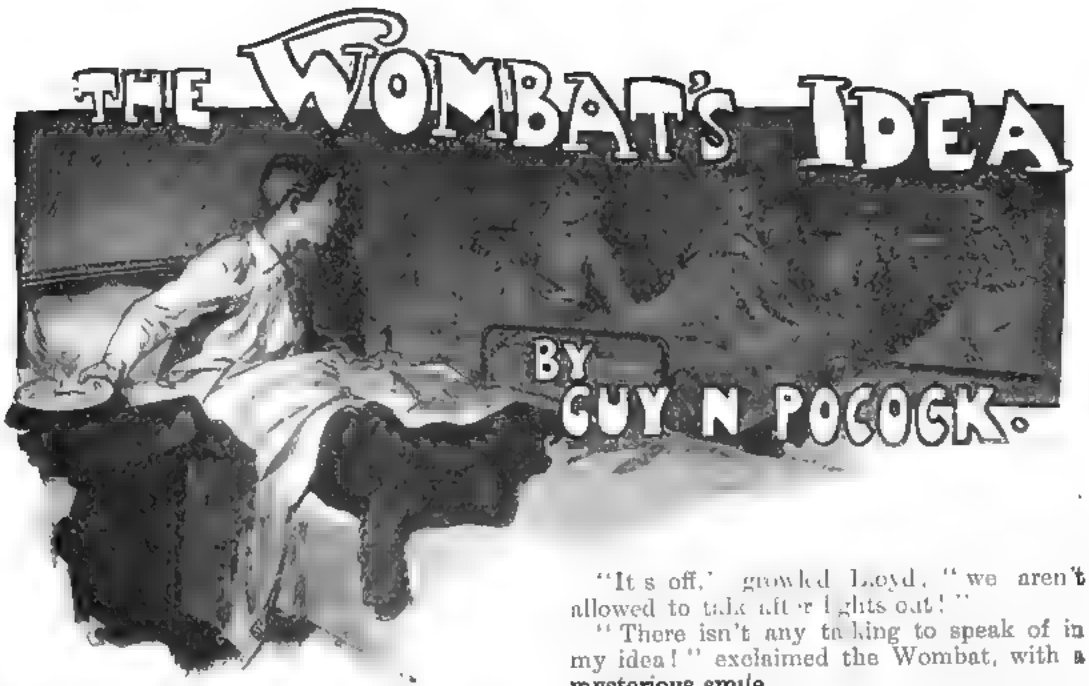
Then those Winnebagoes understood, and by gar, sir, they were mad. *Thit, thit, thit,* arrows and bullets hissed and spluttered about Bolerat's ears. He got an arrow through the hand, a bullet hit him on the shoulder and another in his cheek. I guess they would have finished him all right; but the fort she blew up, by gar!

That settled the Indians; yes, sir, more than a hundred casks of powder went off, and timbers and firebrands and tons of earth and rubbish, they went up in the sky and commenced to fall everywhere. Lots of stuff fell on the river-slope and far out into the current. Some of the powder kegs, too, went up in the air burning, and they exploded like big shells. The uproar was tremendous. Some sixty-pound casks fell on the bluff-banks and burst among the Winnebagoes. Yes, sir, and that finished them. They lost their wits and they ran howling like mad wolves to get out of the way.

Etienne Bolerat was quickly taken into a canoe, and he and his people went down to Prairie du Chien, where they were safe enough.

Etienne Bolerat? Me, I think he was a hero; and my great-grandmother, the Blue Bird—huh! there was a *woman!* Yes, sir, by gar, she would have given her life to save her husband and child—she was willing to be burned—slow—at the stake! That was she—the Blue Bird—my great-grandmother.

THE WOMBAT'S IDEA



BY GUY N POCOCK.

"A" DORMITORY sat swinging legs on the desks of the Navy Class Room and whistling disconsolately. Their great scheme had failed. Blake, the monitor, had been to the Head-master with a monster petition for a Junior School Cadet Company, and the petition had been kindly but firmly rejected. Weeks and weeks of drilling, and scouting, and war-game, and studying of Red Books—and all "like the unsubstantial pageant faded:"—no wonder the leaders of the movement whistled discordantly and swung their legs. There was nothing else to do.

"I've got an idea!" cried a light-haired individual of thirteen, known alternatively as the "Wombat" or the "Lord Chancellor," breaking a long and dejected silence.

"It's no good," grumbled Lloyd, "if we can't have the Company, we can't; and the thing's off."

"The point is *this*," began the Wombat, with an impressive look.

"Well, get on!" laughed "Mowgli," after half a minute of meditative silence.

"We can't drill," said the Wombat, "and we can't have the Company, and everything's a beastly fraud—but I don't see why we can't start an A. Dormitory Military Adventure Telling Society!"

"How do you mean?" asked the Navy Class, looking up with renewed interest.

"It's off," growled Lloyd, "we aren't allowed to talk after lights out!"

"There isn't any talking to speak of in my idea!" exclaimed the Wombat, with a mysterious smile.

"Then how does the story-telling come in?" asked Mowgli.

"That's the idea!" said the Wombat, by way of explanation.

The Wombat's ideas being invariably fraught with surprises of the most original kind, the Navy Class watched him for the rest of the day with the deepest interest. He visited the dark-room and extracted fascinating bottles therefrom; he made a raid on the dust-bin, and got off successfully with a sausage-skin and two long strips of decayed bacon-rind; he collected burnt-out squibs from the 5th of November display; and, most tantalising of all, he persisted in the most exasperating silence about his scheme.

Great was the alacrity with which the occupants of A. Dormitory raced bedwards that night. Mystery surrounded the Wombat like a halo, and his friends watched him in such awed silence that he was obliged several times to acknowledge their reverence with a bow.

"You fellows seem awfully beastly energetic to-night, don't you know," he drawled. "I haven't done my cigar yet. I say, Blake, old boy, if you will persist in keeping in your flat instead of at the Club, you can't expect to join in the fun, don't you know!"

"Well, I hope it'll be a 'ches' performance, anyhow," laughed Blake, as he re-

tired into his little room, "only Barlow says I've got to boot anybody who makes a row. Good-night, you chaps!" And he shut the door behind him.

"When's the Lord Chancellor going to begin?" asked James, who had been in bed for some minutes and was getting impatient.

"When the Lord Chancellor has finished his whiskey and soda," replied the gentleman in question.

"You are an ass, Wombat!" exclaimed Lloyd. "Why can't you tell us what it's about?"

"I believe it's *all* imagination!" suggested the sceptical Mowgli.

"Or somethin' we shall all get jolly well tanned for!" said Dicky, with a laugh.

"Marvellous insight!" cried the Wombat, lifting his hands in admiration. "Now observe my apparatus!" And as all eyes were craned towards his corner, he drew his coat onto the bed, and extracted from the pockets thereof: one candle-end, three little paper packets, a burnt-out squib, two unsavoury-looking scraps from the dust-bin, several little bottles of something from the dark-room, a jumping cracker, and the sausage skin. All these he covered carefully with a handkerchief as the Matron came in to turn out the gas and place the night-light on a chest that stood in the "Wombat-House," as its possessor had named that corner of the dormitory.

"Gentlemen," he began, drawing the night-light towards him as the matron closed the door; "I wish to present you to-night with a series of tableaux on the subject of the Indian Mutiny."

There was a murmur of applause, for the upper forms had been reading the Mutiny in class, and had thrilled at all its horrors.

"But how are you going——" Mowgli began, but was abruptly squashed with a chorus of "Shut up, Mowgli!"

"You will remember," continued the Wombat, taking up the sausage-skin, and lapsing into the deep bass tones of the Fourth Form Master, "that the Sepoys smelt the fat the cartridges were packed in, recognised the fat of the sacred Cows, and swore vengeance. Now, gentlemen, shut your eyes,"—all eyes were opened at once to their widest extent as something went smoking and spluttering into the night-light flame—"now sniff, and imagine for all you are worth!"

The thick, oily smoke of burnt fat wreathed down the room in heavy folds.

"Cow-fat smell! I see it all!" cried Dicky, in an excited stage whisper, as he quickly grasped the Wombat's idea and shut his eyes tight. "I see them—ugly great beasts all sniffin' the cartridges and swearin' hard!"

"Where? Where?" cried Howell, eagerly.

"Shut your eyes and sniff, and then *imagine*, you owl!" cried Dicky.

"I see, I see!" said James. "Wombat, you're a genei!"

"Of course I am," the Wombat agreed; "none of your cheap magic lantern shows. 'Whiff-pictures' or nothing!"

By this time the whole dormitory was sniffing and chuckling at the quaintness of the Wombat's glorious idea.

"Now a little local colour, please!" he went on, "glaring barrack-lines, you know, and dazzling white uniforms—"

"And British officers in red," suggested Lloyd.

"And little black monkeys scuttling up the palm-trees," added Mowgli, who had been in India, and knew all about it.

"Oh, this is rippin',—*rippin'!*" said Dicky; and the whole dormitory sniffed and chortled with delight, and sniffed again.

"Next Chapter!" said the Wombat. "You've all got the hang of the idea now, haven't you?"

There was an excited buzz of assent, and the little bottles clinked and glittered over the flame; and soon a strong pungent odour grew over the room like a chemist's shop on a summer afternoon, mingling with the cloud of fat-smoke.

"Smells like the Sanny when we had mumps!" said Howell.

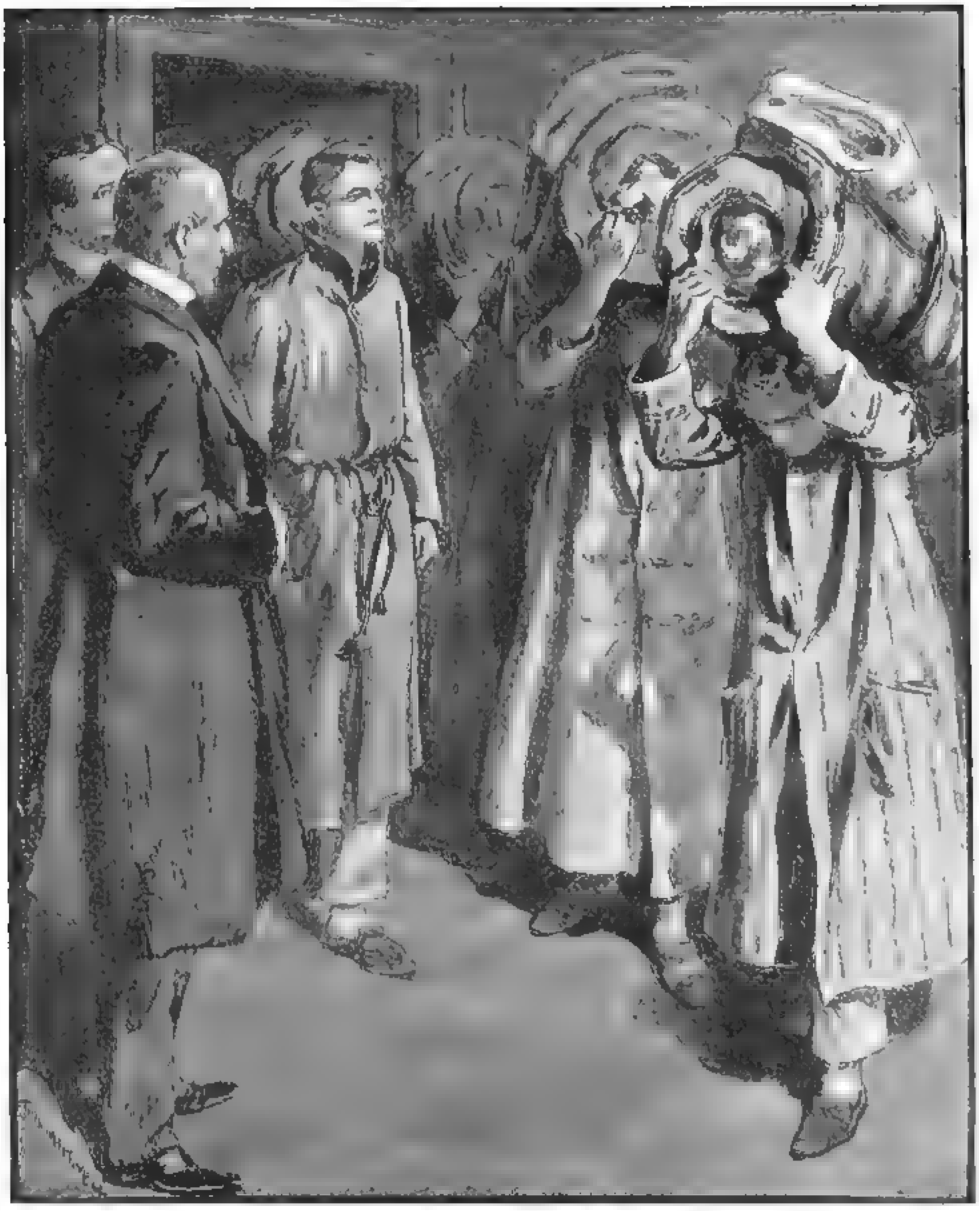
"Right!" said the Wombat. "*Hospitals at Lucknow!*"

There was a stifled yell of applause, followed by sniffs prolonged and deep.

"You can almost hear the millions of blue-bottles!" said Dicky.

"And the squealing punkahs!" Mowgli added, from his vivid recollection.

"Ready?" asked the Wombat, after a short pause, during which he had scraped a black pile from the inside of the charred squib. "Now, tableau three! Just imagine a terrific explosion somewhere in the distance. That's Lieutenant Willoughby blowing up the Magazine at Delhi. The smell'll come down on the wind directly!"



"ADVANCE IN COLUMN BY THE RIGHT: RIGHT—TURN! LEFT WHEEL, DOUBLE—*MARCH*"

Thick grey fumes pillowed out from the night-light, and filled the air with fog.

"M—a—a—h!" sniffed Lloyd. "There it is—burnt gunpowder!"

"And bits of Sepoys!" added Dicky.

The rest hugged themselves in silent delight, broken only by chortling and involuntary squeaks, for the pictures were growing clear and vivid, and required little suggestion of bald words.

With consummate skill the Wombat sent picture after picture flashing before their excited brains: battles, sieges, camps in the fever swamp—each suggested by one masterly touch; while thicker and thicker grew the fumes till eyes were smarting and the little night-light flame grew red and dull, surrounding the Wombat with a weird foggy glow, and blotting all else from sight. The last bell clanged, but the performance had

grown so silent and so enthralling that the bell clanged unheeded.

"Two more!" whispered the Wombat. "now—the *Black Hole of Calcutta!*" And the dust-bin relics were committed to the flames. If the stench had been obnoxious before, it now became absolutely appalling. There was certainly no mistaking the Black Hole—it was impossible to see from bed to bed!

"Splendid!" "Simply exact!" panted the audience, as the perspiration stood upon their foreheads, and their imaginations worked with fury.

"Last one!" the Wombat whispered, moistening the cracker in his water jug. "Sepoys blown from the mouths of guns—and remember the picture!"

In a moment that terrible picture stood vividly before them:—Mr. Barlow had shown a copy of it in class. The awful relentlessness of that blank sunlight, those long, straight lines of scarlet tunics, the brazen guns, and the poor bound wretches writhing—Thud! Their hearts almost sprang into their mouths as a Sepoy was hurled into eternity! The cracker had sprung from the Wombat's hand on to the floor. Thud! Thud! Two more. The Wombat leapt from his bed, knocking out the night-light in his haste.

"By Jove!" he cried, in a fierce whisper, "I didn't wet the thing enough—stop it, somebody! It'll wake the whole house!"

Thud! The thing jumped sullenly along the floor, and James and Lloyd, springing towards it in the dark, charged into one another and fell back.

"After it! stop it!" they whispered, as the cracker took another leap. "A water-jug, somebody!" hissed the Wombat, and Howell overturned a jug at random, soaking Mowgli from head to heel. Then the cracker took a turn and bounded backwards,and the whole dormitory turned and fled after it, pounding against each other in the utter darkness and confusion. Yet the silence was intense, except for the thumping of the wet powder, the confused hurry of feet, and the rush of water from fresh jugs.

Half the room was deluged, and the air was thick to choking, but still the fiend-like thing leapt on, now left, now right—till the Wombat planted his foot upon the red glow, and held it, whispering:

"Back to bed, quick! There's somebody coming!"

A few seconds of wild hurrying and scuffling, and the dormitory was as peaceful as the catacombs, and far more suffocating. The steps in the passage drew nearer as the Wombat bounded into bed with a great burn under his heel. Blake, too, who had been turning uneasily in his sleep, sprang up suddenly and rushed to the door, shouting,

"Hi! get up, you chaps! quickly! There's something the matter!"

Simultaneously the Head-master opened the dormitory door.

"Good heavens!" he cried, recoiling several paces. "Boys! get up at once, all of you! Into the passage here! Steady now, there's nothing to be afraid of!"

Now for the first time could the peaceful sleepers, thus rudely awakened, realise the extraordinary condition of the atmosphere, through which the Head-master appeared as a mist-shrouded phantom against the brightly lighted landing. Most of the boys leapt out of bed on the first alarm, and huddled into the passage, while a few, more wily than the rest, turned over sleepily and sprang up with a well-feigned start; the cunning Mowgli even venturing a little shriek. Blake, suspecting fire, had dashed back for his water-jug, and upset half the contents in his haste to reach fresh air.

"Blake—just open the windows on that side," said the Head-master, lighting the gas after a swift examination. "It's over now, whatever it is. Good gracious! where did all this water come from? The place is drenched."

"I'm afraid I did that, sir," said Blake, though he glanced with a puzzled look first at his half-empty pitcher, then at the swimming floor, while the boys nudged each other, and Mowgli, soaked and shivering, retired discreetly out of direct view.

Mr. Barlow had appeared upon the scene, and was holding a quiet consultation with the Head.

"They obviously can't go back here," the Head was heard to say; "the place is not fit to sleep in."

"No," Mr. Barlow agreed, "but it'll take quite half an hour to move all the mattresses and bed-clothes into the spare dormitory."

The Head-master looked at the huddled and ostensibly frightened group, and stroked his chin.

Then the Wombat seized Blake by the arm, whispering eagerly, "Now's your chance!—camp drill—and a Cadet Company!"

Blake needed no second hint.

"Please, sir," he said, running across to the Head-master, "this dormitory knows their camp drill jolly well—and if you'll let me I'll have everything moved into the spare dormitory, sir, and all in bed in five minutes!"

The Head noted Blake's soldierly bearing, and his stern expression relaxed.

"Very well, Blake," he said, after a thoughtful pause; "I give you five minutes."

Like a flash all Blake's bashfulness disappeared, as he shouted,

"Camp drill, all of you! same as last week—get your dressing-gown cords, and fall in!"

Not for nothing had those hours been spent in drill and discipline. Realising in a moment the stake for which they were playing, the boys whipped out their dressing-gown cords and bounded to their places.

"Squad!" cried Blake, "Shun! Stand to! Pack!"

Off flew the blankets, to be doubled across and folded into six, as Blake had shown them how.

"Sheets round the pillows!" cried Blake, and round they went. Mattresses rolled round the pillows, blankets dumped on the top, and the whole tied round with the cords—and all was ready to march.

"Well done! Well done!" the Head murmured under his breath.

"On your shoulders now—steady! Advance in column by the right: Right—Turn! Left wheel, double—*march!* Left! —Left!"—and the strange procession thumped down the passage, past wondering faces that peered in sleepy bewilderment from the other dormitories, up the sounding stairs, and into the empty room above.

Blake was right:—within four and a half minutes all was as quiet as though nothing extraordinary had occurred.

"The smartest little performance I have ever seen!" exclaimed the Head to Mr. Barlow, as they descended the stairs. "I had no idea they had it in them. I shall let them have their Cadet Company at once; —though someone will have to be severely punished for this strange business to-morrow."

* * * * * *

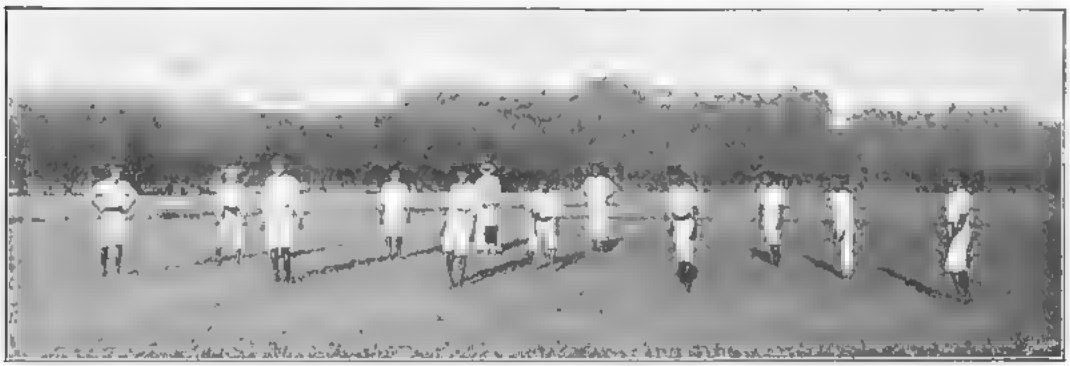
The Wombat was interviewing the Head-master. He had gone to the study after breakfast, voluntarily and mysteriously, while the school was still thrilling at the news or the recollection of the previous night's adventures, which appeared all the more daring and fantastic when viewed in daylight and cold blood.

"Here he comes!" cried Dicky at last, as the Wombat returned, looking triumphant, though a little pale about the lips.

"What did you tell him?" "What did he say?" "Who's going to be tanned?" The Wombat was bombarded mercilessly on all sides.

"Committee, please!" he shouted. "No, I won't take the chair, thanks—I prefer to stand just at present! Well, our interview was divided into two parts. The first, purely private and personal in its character, we need not discuss. For the second, the Head says I may let you know that we may start getting ready for a Junior Cadet Company at once. He's coming to talk to us about it directly."

And amid the wild cheering that followed, the Wombat was lifted bodily and carried shoulder high round the room.



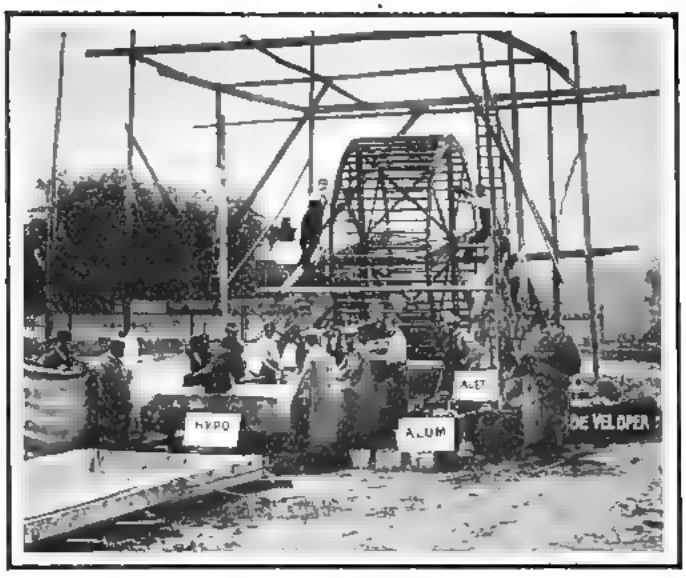
THE COMRACONUM COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Principal, Mr. J. H. Stone, M.A., of King's College, Cambridge, and his little son appear in this photo.

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

By ARCHIBALD WILLIAMS.



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.
The great wheel on which the print was mounted for development in a large vat of solution placed underneath. In the foreground is part of the washing trough.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

Testing the Stops.

MANY lenses, fitted with the so-called "Iris" diaphragm, which is opened or contracted by merely twisting a movable collar on the outside of the brass mount, are sent out by the makers with the stop valves very carelessly graduated, both as regards one another and the focal length of the lens.

The stops given on most lenses are *f*/8, *f*/11.3, *f*/16, *f*/22.6, *f*/32, *f*/45.2, *f*/64. The decimals are generally omitted. Each stop requires double the exposure of its predecessor, as its area is only one-half.

For accurate work you must have accurate stops; and since both testing and adjustment are easy matters, you should spend an hour or so attending to them. This last remark applies especially to *f*/8, *f*/16, *f*/32, *f*/64, as they are multiples. The other stops necessitate delicate measurements, and had, perhaps, better not be considered here.

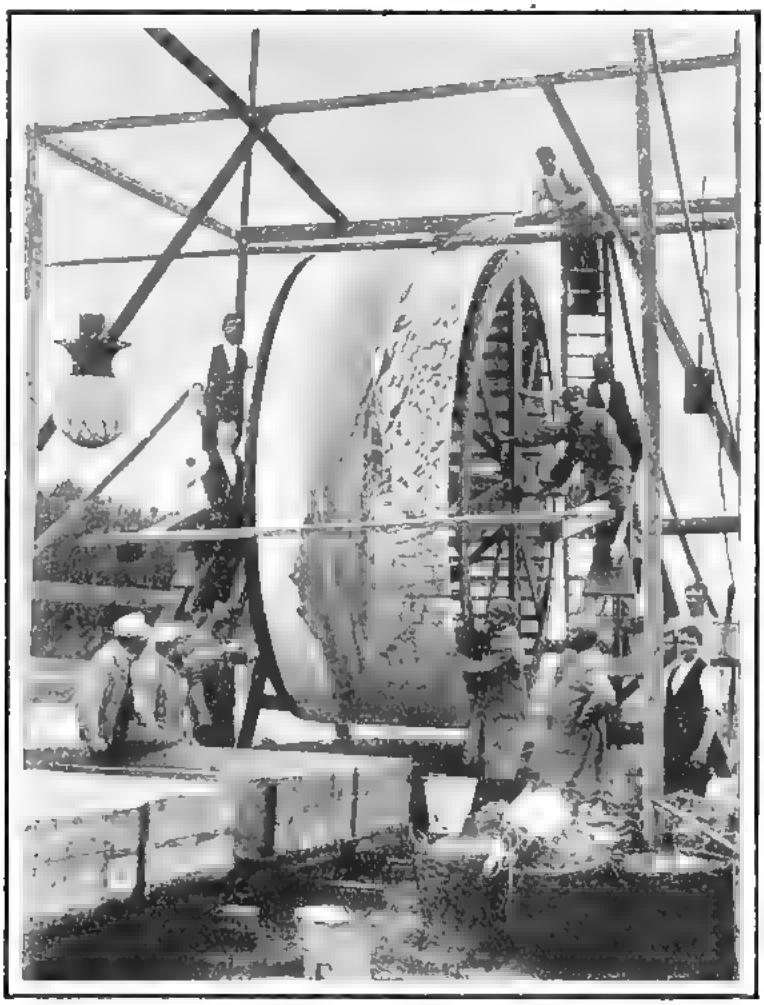
First, decide whether your "open" stop is correctly marked. Some makers succumb to the temptation of over-marking the full aperture of cheap lenses. The focal length of an ordinary "double rectilinear"—*i.e.*, one with two lenses, equi-distant from a diaphragm between them—is found by focussing a distant object, and measuring the distance from the ground glass to the diaphragm. This is most easily done by removing the glass elements of the lens, and thrusting a stick through the mount until it touches the glass. Then mark the stick exactly abreast of the diaphragm.

Transfer the length to a piece of paper, cut a slip of cardboard having a breadth equal to the diameter of the open stop, and see how many times the focal length is greater than the diameter. If nine times, your full aperture is *f*/9.

As this is an awkward number to reckon from, you had better *assume* that it equals *f*/8; but remember that you must treat it as *f*/9 as regards exposures—it will require longer times. The great thing is to have its sub-multiples correct. To ensure this, take a piece of thin cardboard, such as is used for packing sensitised paper in, and cut off a strip, tapering from 1½ inches at one end to a point at the other. This for a half-plate lens; narrower for quarter-plate. The strip should be at least 9 inches long in the one case, 6 inches long in the other, and the edges must be *quite straight*. Pass the triangle through the open stop as far as it will go; mark the place, and cut off the part that won't pass.

Bisect a long side of the triangle; bisect the half nearest the point; and again bisect the corresponding half of this. Draw cross lines at points of bisection, and you will have respectively the correct diameters of *f*/16, *f*/32, *f*/64, as compared to *f*/8. Now adjust the Iris

to these in turn, scratching the figures 16, 32, 64 on the mount opposite the arrow on the collar. Of course, if the original figures are substantially correct, let them stand; otherwise disregard them. The length of exposure required for *f*/8, *f*/16, *f*/32, and *f*/64 will be in the proportion of 1, 4, 16, 64 seconds.



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—RINSING AFTER DEVELOPMENT.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

Washing in Little Water.

Some amateurs are much hampered in their operations by lack of a good water supply. Though a tap is much needed for cleaning dishes and a dozen other dark-room jobs, both prints and plates can be thoroughly freed of hypo by a very limited amount of liquid, if they be allowed to soak, and the water often changed. This is the point—*change the water often.* A negative laid in a trough of running water for an hour will not have its hypo as thoroughly eliminated as if it had been placed in half-an-inch of water in a dish, and that water had been renewed every quarter of an hour for ten hours. However fast water flows over the surface it will not affect the chemicals deeper in the film unless proper time be given. The soaking-out is a slow process, but necessary.

This is what I do to help my prints. After they have washed for an hour, I take them out, pile them up on the clean bottom of an upturned dish, and squeeze them almost dry.

Then wash them again; squeeze them again; and yet a third time. The final squeezing much assists the drying.

Drying and Smoothing Points.

Not caring for a highly-glazed surface, I let my prints dry naturally, aided in damp weather by a stove. A rough wooden frame, a yard square, is covered with unbleached calico, and suspended, by strings to each corner, over a small oil-stove. The prints are laid on it face upwards, and the frame is hung about a foot above the stove. In putting prints out to dry, great care should be taken that they don't touch, as they cling like glue at a certain stage, and must then be separated by soaking. Also, don't force the drying, or the paper may become too brittle and crack.

The curliest print is easily reduced to order in the following manner. Select a table or other piece of furniture which has a sharp edge, and draw the prints round the edge, keeping their faces upwards. You must pull down with the right hand, while you keep the part that has not yet passed the corner as flat as possible with the left, which must move *with the print*. Don't attempt to draw the print along *under* your left hand. The process must be repeated several times, finishing up with some diagonal pulls, to subdue the corners.

Another method is to pull the print *upwards* between a flat ruler and a smooth surface. The film side in this case is kept downwards. On the whole, I prefer the other way.

A Simple Second Counter.

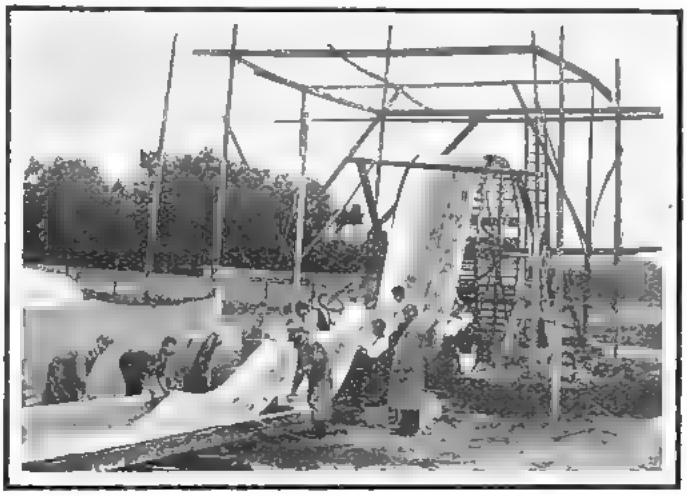
It is sometimes inconvenient to time exposures by the watch. Perhaps you have to keep your eye on an object which may move, waiting for a favourable moment. A simple time-keeper is a bullet slung on a piece of string, 39½ inches long. This should have a loop at one end to go round the screw holding the camera to the stand. Every swing occupies a second.

The Biggest Photograph.

Developing an ordinary snap-shot film is teasing enough work at times. What, then, would you expect from a sheet of bromide paper, 39 feet by 5 feet?

We give here four fine illustrations—reproduced from originals most kindly lent by the Rotary Photographic Company—of the process of developing far the largest photographic view ever taken. It depicts a panorama of the Bay of Naples, and was prepared for the St. Louis Exhibition of 1904.

The spot from which the negatives were taken is Castle St. Martino, the highest point behind Naples, from which a splendid view of the Bay and its encircling land can be enjoyed by the spectator. Six whole-plate negatives were made without moving the camera-stand, the camera itself being revolved on a perfectly level base-board. The centre of the circle thus described by the rear of the camera was



THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—TRANSFERRING THE DEVELOPED AND FIXED PRINT TO THE WASHING TROUGH.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

at the optical centre of the lens. Each picture slightly overlapped its neighbours, so that the sections might be accurately pieced together.

From the negatives

Enlargements

measuring 6 by 5 feet each were made on to a band of Rotograph paper. The junctions were so cleverly managed that they are invisible in the positive, in spite of the fact that the negatives, being of different densities, required exposures of lengths varying from 30 to 90 minutes.

For the development of the immense band of paper a huge wheel was erected, 12 feet in diameter, and 5 feet 6 inches wide. The

dishes were three large vats, each holding about 450 *gallons* of developer, acetic acid cleaning-bath, and hypo.

So huge a photograph could not be treated in an ordinary darkened room, so Nature's place and time, a dark night out of doors, were employed.

The positive, having been mounted on its wheel, over one of the vats, the developer was poured in, and the wheel set in motion. The light parts of the picture were forced by sponging them with concentrated developer, while the darker parts were restrained by an acetic acid solution, similarly dabbed on. Development finished, the print was cleared for 20 minutes, rinsed with water, fixed for 45 minutes, and then drawn off the wheel into the washing-trough, 18 feet long, 6 feet wide, and 30 inches deep. There it lay for eight hours, in many changes of water, some 66,000 gallons of which were used.

Finally, it was laid to dry on boards placed across the upper edges of the washing-tank; and after ten hours was ready to be mounted and re-touched.

Prize Competitions.

We hope to see some very fine results this summer from our readers' cameras. The Photo. Editor is quite in his element when he has a dozen first-class photos. to pass in final review before settling upon the prize-winners; but rather sad when he sees a very little grain and a lot of—well, we must be gentle and say—rather inferior stuff. Some competitors lately have lost prizes by careless trimming and mounting; others, by treating a rather good subject in a hopelessly hackneyed style. Our readers include a lot of very promising photographers—we see this by what is sent in—and there are a lot more who would double their chances by more careful *selection and treatment*. *We want the photograph that speaks;* showing behind it the person who knows how to use his head as well as his hands.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. J. W. R.—The only method I know of getting rid of undesirable parts of a photo is to block them out in the negative with a special medium supplied by the dealers. This, of course, gives white patches in the positive. *Small* details can more satisfactorily be painted over in the positive. But this requires very skilful manipulation.

R. B. E.—You had better buy a No. 2 Brownie, as you have got accustomed to handling a smaller size of that make. I don't think that there is much to choose between the two you name.

J. H. Wyberslegh.—(1) I have never used the burnisher you refer to, but such instruments are usually worked by heating the rollers with a gas or spirit flame. If you write to Messrs. Lancaster and Sons, Colmore Row, Birmingham, they will give you full particulars. (2) Only shiny papers will receive a high polish in the burnisher. Matt and grainy papers will not become glossy; but it is a good thing to pass them through to smooth out any creases or bubble marks.

THE BIGGEST PHOTOGRAPH.—RE-TOUCHERS AT WORK ON THE FINISHED ENLARGEMENT.
Photo. by the Rotary Photographic Co., Ltd.

No. 1.—THE DEATH TRAP.

Illustrated by E. S. HODGSON.

I.

THE COMMISSION.

MIDSHIPMAN Robert Lanham, of His Majesty's Sloop *Narwhal*, was considerably puzzled.

Only the day before the First Lieutenant had said that they were not going to coal for at least three or four days. Yet early that morning, on the heels of "All hands lash and stow hammocks," had come the pipe, "Clear lower deck: hands fall in for coaling ship." And "coal ship" it had been, that dirtiest, noisiest, most fagging of a sailorman's pidgin, from early morn till evening. Then, hardly had "Stand easy" sounded, before the Commander was signalled for from the big grey cruiser whose Commodore's broad pendant marked her as the flag-ship of the Squadron.

"Most uncommonly inconsiderate of the Commodore," thought Lanham, as he waited for his commanding officer in the latter's gig, lazily swinging by the quarter-deck ladder of the flag-ship; "why couldn't he wait until to-morrow? Of course," he mused, "it means we are off, and in a hurry too, else why this blessed coaling? But what on earth should take us out again so soon after rejoining the flag? Is it another dust-up in one of those beastly little coast towns? At all events, I hope the old man will be communicative when he comes back." So thinking, the Midshipman settled himself comfortably in the stern sheets of the boat, and gave himself up to idle contemplation of his surroundings.

It was an interesting panorama that was unfolded before him. The *Narwhal*, together with the *Surrey*, Senior Officer's ship, and one or two other vessels of the British South Atlantic Squadron, lay in the wide roadstead of Monte Video. On a point, jutting out into the broad river estuary, stood the city of Monte Video itself, a picturesque-looking town, whose low houses, with their flat, terraced roofs and watch towers gave it an almost oriental appearance. From the point, with its lighthouse, the bay cut into the land with a wide, circular sweep, until it terminated in the opposite point of Cerro, crowned by its high hill, with another lighthouse at the summit. The bay was crowded with hundreds of small craft, while outside, in the rather dangerously-exposed roadstead, lay the great liners and other big vessels whose deep draught barred their entrance to the shallow, ever silting-up harbour.

As Lanham's gaze wandered idly over the shipping, a white, two-funnelled steamer coming slowly up the channel caught his eye, and, seaman-like, he proceeded to take stock of the new-comer. "What a beautiful craft!" he muttered, admiringly, as he noticed her shapely lines and trim appearance. "Looks like a yacht. Wonder who she belongs to!"

His speculations were cut short by the reappearance of his commanding officer. As that gentleman descended the side-ladder, Lanham noticed that he had a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Well, Lanham, we are going to give you a cruise before you go back to the *Surrey*," he said, dipping into the documents.

"Quite ready, sir," responded Lanham, cheerfully.

It should be explained that the midshipman was really serving in the *Narwhal* by accident. A sloop does not carry midshipmen, but it so happened that the *Narwhal's* Sub-Lieutenant had been invalided, and, no

one else being available, the Commodore had lent Lanham in his place. Not that the Midshipman minded. It made an interesting change. Besides, it gave him as shipmate Todmorden, *alias* "Toddy" Norris, an old "Worcester" chum who had gone into the Mercantile Marine, and was now doing his year's Naval training as an Acting Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Reserve.

Lanham waited expectantly for further information, but to his disappointment none was forthcoming. "Wonder what it's all about," thought the Midshipman, as they pulled back to the sloop.

His patience, however, was not tried very long. The Commander had hardly arrived on board before the word was passed round, and Lanham joined a little knot of officers gathered aft in the Commander's cabin, all curious to learn what these preparations for hasty departure might mean.

They found Commander Kenyon-Lydd seated at the round table with a small heap of papers before him, and each man knew at once that a speech was coming. A kindly, rather oldish man was the Commander, a smart seaman and a first-rate man at a pinch. But he dearly loved a little speech on occasions.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, rising, after they were all seated, "of course you know what this hurried coaling portends, and no doubt you are anxious to learn what is the object of our coming cruise. You are all aware of the stir that has been caused in shipping circles lately by the total disappearance of several large vessels, after leaving Rio, in South Atlantic waters." He referred to the paper in his hand. "In March last the *Marsden Grange* of the Culmstock line was lost with all hands. Two months later the Imperial Mail steamer *Amazon* was reported missing, and has not been heard of since. Then followed the Scottish Star *Xerxes*, and a week or so ago another Imperial Mail liner, the *Severn*, was posted up.

"All of these big vessels arrived at Rio safely and sailed again, fine ships, well equipped and well found in every way—but not one of them has ever reached the River Plate.

"There is the extraordinary fact, gentlemen: from Rio de Janeiro to Monte Video is not one thousand miles; yet these four ships, following the usual trade route, often much less than a hundred miles from the coast, have been lost in that comparatively small area.

"As you can imagine, gentlemen, such a series of inexplicable catastrophes has caused a great commotion in the Mercantile Marine, and more than one theory has been advanced to account for them. You know what the most common idea is—that the ships have struck a submerged rock, or some other danger, not marked on the chart. Well, we have got to test that idea thoroughly, but not that idea alone. As the Commodore puts it, we have got to scour those thousand miles, and take every possible step we can think of to solve the mystery of those four lost vessels.

"That is a plain, straightforward commission, is it not? And, of course, we shall all do our best to carry it out."

The Commander stooped to extract a sheet of paper from an envelope that lay on the table.

"Now," he continued, "I come to the final part of my instructions, which, as an officer of His Majesty's Navy, I receive, of course, with all due respect and attention, but otherwise to which, as a man of common sense, living in the twentieth century, I am bound to say I cannot attach very much importance."

He unfolded the paper in his hand. "This, gentlemen, is a bottle message which was washed on shore some forty miles up the coast, and was brought to the Commodore yesterday. It is very short. I will read it.

"'*To the Lords of the Admiralty.*

'*Gentlemen,*

'*There is fiendish pirates' work here . . . send ship quickly*——'

and the signature, so far as can be made out, is 'Don'—short for 'Donald,' I suppose—'Joland.' 'Don Joland.'

"Well, we know that bottle message. In nine cases out of ten—or, rather, ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—it is a stupid hoax, a feeble joke on the part of some weak-minded fool anxious to create a sensation. But things have reached such a pitch with the shipping people that they are ready to grasp at every straw, and so we have the further theory, that the loss of these ships may be due to determined villany, also to take into consideration in our search.

"Those are our orders, gentlemen," said the Commander, "although," he added with a smile, "the piratical portion, I may say, is only verbal. And here is the bottle

message, if any of you would like to read it."

The group of officers, Lanham among them, gathered round the dirty, crease-marked, weather-stained piece of paper. Many comments were passed upon it, but Archie Eastern, the bluff, outspoken First Lieutenant, voiced the general opinion when,

II.

THE SEARCH.

NEXT morning early, "Stand by to unmoor" was the order. First one anchor, then the other, was weighed and dropped to its bed, and the *Narwhal* began to pick her way

"THOSE ARE OUR ORDERS, GENTLEMEN," SAID THE COMMANDER.

pitching the unsavoury scrap back on to the table, he said——

"Well, I think it's nothing more nor less than the usual tommy rot of the usual bottle message."

slowly down the estuary. As they slipped past the other vessels in the roadstead the steamer that Lanham had noticed on the previous day again attracted his attention. He pointed her out to the First Lieutenant.

"Eh?" said the latter, "what! that white boat? Why, that must be the Baron von Vold's yacht. Give me the glasses. Yes," he continued, "that is his boat—the *Zephyr*. A beautiful craft. Latest pattern engines—half turbine, half ordinary screw. Can go like the wind on the turbines, and save coal if she likes on the others, you know. Lovely boat."

"Who is the Baron von Vold?" inquired Norris.

"Don't know, except that he's immensely rich. Owns a gold mine, I believe, or something of that sort."

The *Narwhal*'s course took her not far from the *Zephyr*, so that Lanham and the others had a good look at the yacht. With her two yellow funnels, long bridge deck, and spotlessly white hull, she was the picture of a miniature liner, and many appreciative remarks were made by the sloop's officers on her appearance. As they came up with her she politely dipped to them.

"Knows her manners, anyhow," commented the First Lieutenant.

Ere long, however, Monte Video was left far behind, and the yacht, with the other ships in the roadstead, were but little specks in the distance.

Then began a series of uneventful days and nights, as the *Narwhal* entered upon her task of sweeping the sea for traces of the missing merchantmen.

Day after day they zig-zagged across the trade route, every man of the watch on deck on the alert to spot any sign on the waste of waters that stretched unbroken around. But the days passed and nothing unusual was seen. Now and again the monotony was broken by the smoky trail of a steamer or the distant sails of a ship. Then they would bear towards her on the off-chance of her having something to communicate. Little balls of bunting would run up to the sloop's masthead, suddenly to break out into a question. But the reply was invariably the same—"No news." The flags would flutter out once more and the ships pass on.

At last, on the seventh day out, something appeared on the horizon ahead that was neither ship nor cloud. "An island," thought Lanham; and, as it grew larger on their approach, he went on the bridge, where the chart in use was spread under a glass-covered chart table.

"The Isle d'Eau," he said, as he placed his finger on it; "I suppose there's water there."

"Yes," answered the Navigating Lieutenant, "a spring. It's an opportunity of getting some fresh water, and that's why we are making for it."

"Fresh water," thought Lanham; "that means landing," and he immediately made tracks below for Norris. He found the Naval Reserve Officer poring over a book in the ward-room.

"I say," cried the Midshipman, "what do you say to a run ashore?"

"What, on a sand-bank, in a diving dress?"

"No, you ass, on an island for fresh water."

"Where?" cried Norris, starting up. "Rather. I'm your man."

"Let's get leave first," said Lanham. This the First Lieutenant readily obtained from the Commander, and the two friends went up to see what kind of place they were approaching.

It stood up right abreast the steamer route, a little, dome-shaped mound of land not half a mile in extent, quite alone in the midst of the ocean. So rapidly did the land rise that the centre of the island was quite two hundred and fifty feet above sea level. Yet, on the side near to them at least, there appeared to be easy landing, except in one part, where for eighty yards or more a little cliff ran up a hundred feet sheer from the sea, smooth and bare like the side of a house.

"You will find the spring," said the Navigating Officer, "just round there by the side"—he indicated with his arm—"in a little hollow, not far from the beach."

"Anybody there?" inquired Norris.

"Never heard of anyone. Not supposed to be," replied the Navigator.

"Peaceful little spot," commented Norris. "I'll take my shot gun."

The cutter was launched, and Lanham and Norris, with the water-kegs and a squad of bluejackets, set out on their expedition.

They were within a hundred yards of the island when Lanham, who was examining his friend's gun, felt a sudden jab in the ribs.

"Look, Lanham," cried Norris. "Quick! Ah! he's gone."

"What on earth——" began the Midshipman.

"I'll swear I saw a man or a monkey or some near likeness of a human being up

there just now," explained Norris, pointing to the island.

"Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it," growled Lanham, rubbing his side. "Look out; we don't want to land here."

Thus admonished, Norris looked to his steering, while Lanham stared at the island.

"Can't see anybody," said the latter.

"Of course not; we're too close in now."

"Well, if there is anybody, he can't help seeing us on this tea-cup of a place," commented the Midshipman, as they beached the boat near where the Navigating Lieutenant had indicated.

They had no difficulty in finding the spring. It lay in a little green hollow, not far from where they had landed. Leaving the men to fill the casks, the two officers set out to explore the island.

As they went up from the green dip of the spring they found the slopes covered with a close, coarse kind of grass, dotted here and there with shrubs, and small, stunted trees. The surface was very irregular, being scored with many clefts and ravines, some of which they had to jump. In places the climbing was quite stiff, but they kept steadily on, and soon gained the summit, a little plateau, flat as a table, with a clear view over the whole expanse of the little isle.

"Where's your Crusoe?" asked the Midshipman, with a grin.

"That's where he was, I think, down there," said Norris, pointing.

Lanham followed the direction of the outstretched arm. "Well, there's nobody there now, is there?" he said, after a pause.

They walked round the edge of the plateau, looking keenly about them in every direction. But the only indications of human life were the boat's crew, busy below, and the motionless sloop out at sea.

"And what's more," went on the Midshipman, "I don't see how anybody could exist on this barren little spot. No chance of getting food—unless it might be by fishing."

"N—no," admitted Norris, hesitatingly, "I must have been mistaken. 'Pon my word, though, I could have sworn I did see somebody."

"Well, it's a case of 'no have got,' anyhow," said Lanham. "We had better be getting down; the men will be ready to start back by now."

On their way down Norris let off the charge in his gun with a flying shot at a gull, which he missed hopelessly, much to Lanham's delight. They found the boat's crew ready to push off, and in a few minutes had regained the sloop.

The *Narwhal* steamed straight away from the island, but, as she stopped several times for soundings to be taken, it was still in sight at night-fall.

Lanham's was the first watch that night, and he turned in as usual at midnight, but he found that for some inexplicable reason he could not get to sleep. For an hour or more he tossed and turned in his berth, and then in despair he got up and went on deck in his pyjamas. After strolling up and down for a few minutes, the mainmast tapering up into the night caught his eye. He stopped, and the thought occurred to him, "I wonder whether a run up the mast would freshen me up."

The idea was hardly in his mind before he had started. Soon he had reached the foot of the topmast. Scorning the lubber's hole he swung out on the futtock rigging like a fly on the ceiling, and was quickly at the topmost head. Although the sea was calm, the mast-head swayed in quite a noticeable circle.

"I ought to sleep after this," he thought as, after a minute or two, he shifted his position to descend. This brought him facing aft. He was just about to let himself slide down, when something caught his eye, and he checked himself in astonishment.

Far out in the night, low down, a little spark of light came and went erratically—wink, wink, wink-a-wink, wink.

"By Jove," he muttered, "someone's flash signalling." And, mechanically, he repeated the letters as they came—"l—l—" pause—"c—l—e—a—r." Then the flashes ceased.

"'All clear,'" he repeated. "What on earth does it signify? No lights to be seen, so it can't be a ship. It must be on that island."

He waited a moment, but nothing more came. Then, after a final look round, he slid down, and rapidly regained the deck.

Full of his discovery he made straight for the officer of the watch, who happened to be the Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Dalby.

"Eh?" said that officer, only half grasping the meaning of Lanham's hurried statement, "signals astern! What the deuce is the look-out doing?"

He strode to the end of the bridge and peered through his night-glasses. "I can't see any ship," he said.

"No, sir," interposed Lanham; and he again explained what he had seen.

The Navigator stared at him in astonishment. "From the island!" he said, "you were at the mast-head! What on earth were you doing up there in pyjamas?"

Suddenly realising how he must appear, Lanham explained.

"Nonsense," said Lieutenant Dalby, when he had done; "there's nobody there. It must have been your imagination." He looked at Lanham keenly. "You had better turn in, young man, or you will be having a touch of fever."

Lanham flushed with annoyance. "But I assure you, sir——" he was beginning, obstinately, when a deep voice interposed from behind—

"What is all this noise about?"

It was the Commander, who had come up from his cabin through his private gangway aft.

"So far as I can see, sir," said Lieutenant Dalby shortly, "Mr. Lanham appears to have been walking in his sleep."

Lanham bit his lip, but said nothing. Commander Kenyon-Lydd looked from him to the Navigating Lieutenant, and then said quietly—

"I think you were about to say something as I came up, Mr. Lanham. I should like to hear the whole story."

Steadied by the Commander's quiet authority, Lanham calmly and dispassionately told of what he had seen.

"You are quite certain of the signal?" inquired the Commander, when he had finished.

"Absolutely, sir," said the Midshipman quietly.

"It is very curious that neither I nor the look-out have seen anything," said the Navigating Lieutenant, sarcastically.

The Commander walked across to the chart. "No," he remarked, "the island would not be visible by now from the deck."

"Had you any reason to believe, Mr. Lanham," he resumed, after a pause,

LANHAM TOLD OF WHAT HE HAD SEEN.

"during your visit yesterday, that anyone was, or had been, on the island?"

"No——" began the Midshipman, when suddenly he thought of Norris's imaginary islander, and checked himself.

"Yes?" said the Commander encouragingly.

"*I* saw nothing, sir," went on Lanham, "but Norris imagined for a time that there was somebody there, although we could find no trace of anyone on landing."

"Ah," muttered the Commander, "in a sense that is corroborative evidence." He paced up and down the bridge thoughtfully for a few moments, then turned to the Navigating Lieutenant.

"Mr. Dalby," he said, "I think we will have another look at that island. You will lay a course accordingly. Also send a man to the masthead with orders to look out for anything in the nature of a signal in that direction. Relieve him as usual every hour."

"Very good, sir," said Lieutenant Dalby.

The Commander turned to the Midshipman. "Mr. Lanham, you, with Lieutenant Norris, will see me again in the morning. And, by the bye, there is no need for either of you to talk about this business."

III.

THE YACHT.

NOTWITHSTANDING his curtailed "shut-eye" spell, Lanham felt fresh enough when he turned out again with Norris to take the morning watch. He had already recounted to his friend his adventures of the night, and they both cast many a curious glance at the island, which now began to show up clearly in the distance. Before very long they were near enough to distinguish through the glasses the various features of the mount. They pointed out to each other the spots they recognised from their visit of the previous day, but neither Norris's glasses nor Lanham's powerful telescope brought into view any fresh object.

For about the twentieth time Norris had levelled his glasses at the isle, when Lanham, who had stepped down to speak to the Quartermaster, heard him call. Simultaneously there came a cry from the look-out man—

"Ship ahead, on the port bow!"

Eagerly the Midshipman regained the bridge. Sure enough, from the far side of the island a steamer was coming round slowly—a two-funnelled steamer with a white hull.

"Do you know, Toddy," began Lanham, lowering his glass, "that ship looks uncommonly like——"

"—the *Zephyr*," interposed Norris, completing the sentence.

The two friends looked at one another, each with the same thought in his mind. Had the yacht anything to do with the mysterious night message?

They turned again to watch her progress. She was abreast of the end of the Isle d'Eau when a puff of smoke came from her funnels, and she perceptibly gathered speed.

"She's moving faster," said the Midshipman. "I—by Jove, what was that?"

The yacht seemed to quiver throughout her length, and a muffled report sounded across the water. The next instant she was almost hidden in a great volume of steam that rolled low about her in the still air, like a cloud.

"Something's wrong with her engine-room," said Norris. "Boiler explosion, possibly."

By this time the noise had brought most of the sloop's crew on deck, and among them the Commander. Norris briefly told him who the yacht was, and what had happened. "They have not signalled for help yet, sir," he said in conclusion.

"Ask if they require any?"

Up to the mast-head ran the little balls of bunting, and out fluttered the inquiry—

"Are you in need of assistance?"

There was no response for some minutes. Then the affirmative flag was run up to the *Zephyr's* foremast, and in a few seconds the yeoman of signals turned to the Commander with—"Surgeon, sir."

The Commander spoke to Lanham, who gave a few sharp orders. Very quickly a boat was lowered and manned. The Surgeon hurried up with his case of instruments, and took his seat in the stern sheets. "Shove off," cried the Midshipman, and away the boat shot, her crew pulling like demons, for a bluejacket is seen at his best at such times as these.

Meanwhile the *Zephyr* was furiously blowing off steam, and when they got close to her the noise was deafening.

An officer was waiting for them; without wasting any words, the Surgeon ran up the side ladder and disappeared inside the yacht.

"What's wrong?" shouted Lanham, above the roar of steam.

"Steam-pipe burst, sir."

"Many hurt?"

"The second engineer and five others, I think, sir."

"Poor beggars," thought the Midshipman. He had seen something of the same

kind in a torpedo boat, and knew what a terrible vengeance steam exacted when it broke loose from its steel bonds.

Presently the Surgeon reappeared.

"Tell the Captain," he said, "that I must stay here for a time. Three cases are serious, and one is very bad indeed."

So bad were they apparently that the Surgeon did not return until the afternoon. When he did, it was in one of the *Zephyr's* boats, and accompanied by the owner himself.

On the quarter-deck the Baron, with a great flow of language, complimented the Surgeon in lavish terms and proffered profuse thanks to Commander Kenyon-Lydd for his courtesy in so promptly sending to his assistance. The Commander replied that, of course, he was only too happy to render any help in such a case; while the Surgeon, a quiet, reserved man, made his escape below.

"I had just come straight from Monte Video, where I left my doctor sick," went on the Baron.

"Ah," said the Commander sharply, "then it was not you who were signalling from the island last night?"

The other gave a quite perceptible start. "Signalling from the island?" he repeated slowly, with an air of astonishment. "I do not understand." He turned so as to bring the isle in view. "Why, the place is barren, deserted!"

"Yes," said the Commander, regarding him steadily, "that is the curious part of it."

"What were the signals?" inquired the Baron.

"They were—indistinct," replied the Commander, quietly.

It might have been fancy, but Lanham thought that the owner of the *Zephyr* looked relieved, as he said, with a smile—"I suppose you will land to investigate this strange phenomenon?"

Then, abruptly changing the subject, he most pressingly invited the Commander, with his officers, to dine with him that evening.

The Commander hesitated. In the ordinary course he would have refused, but the circumstances were peculiar. He had a desire to see more of this yacht and her volubly polite owner. To accept would undoubtedly give him the opportunity. After a moment's thought, therefore, he courteously accepted the Baron's invitation. Shortly afterwards, with many more expressions of good-will, their visitor left.

The Commander watched the boat for a moment, then turned to Lanham.

"I am convinced," he said, "that that man knows more of your signal than he is willing to admit;" and, without waiting for an answer, he walked aft to his cabin.

As the Commander moved away, Lieutenant Dalby, who was waiting to relieve Norris's watch, and had been a witness of the recent interview with the Baron, stepped across to Lanham. His face was a little flushed. "I—I'm sorry, Lanham," he said abruptly, "for doubting you last night. I saw that man's face just now when the Captain mentioned the signal to him, and I, too, believe that he could explain it if he liked."

"Oh, that's all right," said the Midshipman. "I must have appeared very strange," he laughed. "No wonder you were suspicious."

"Yes," chimed in Norris, "I know I should have been." And, amid a laugh all round, Norris and Lanham went off duty.

IV.

THE WARNING.

TO Norris's disgust he was not able to join the dinner party that evening. As officer of the watch he was forced to be on duty, but the Midshipman was excused. Thus it came about that the latter was present, with the other officers of the *Narwhal*, at that memorable dinner in the splendid saloon of the Baron von Vold's steam yacht.

Perhaps it was the effect of the dinner, but at the end of it the Midshipman found himself regarding the Baron much more favourably than he had done when they first sat down. "After all," he thought, as he overheard the *Zephyr's* owner accepting the Commander's invitation to lunch on board the sloop the next day, before they sailed, "the Baron is not such a bad sort of chap. Perhaps he knows no more of those flashlights than he says he does." This brought his thoughts round to the mysterious night signal, and the next moment, as if moved by some telepathic impulse, the Baron turned to the *Narwhal's* Commander.

"By the bye, Captain Kenyon-Lydd," he said, "I mentioned to my skipper here the mysterious lights which your look-out man

saw on the island last night. As a matter of fact, none of my crew noticed anything, but it appears that there is a little-known legend connected with the place, to which the lights seen from your ship last night lend a most peculiar significance. Perhaps, Mr. Murray, you will tell Captain Kenyon-Lydd the story."

Lanham leaned forward expectantly as the skipper of the *Zephyr* lit a cigarette, and turned to the Commander.

"It is a curious, old-world story," he began slowly. "I had it from a native yonder"—he waved his hand in the direction of the distant mainland—"when I was on a coasting trip in those parts some years ago.

"The tale goes that in the old buccaneering days, the days of Morgan and Mansvelt and Cook, an energetic member of the craft, who rejoiced in the name of Silas, one day captured a wealthy Spanish brigantine, and disposed of her crew in the usual manner, with the exception of a priest, a Jesuit, one Father Philip, whom the buccaneers discovered hiding, half dead from fear, in the hold. The whim seized them to transport the poor priest, with his belongings, to their own ship. 'They should be blessed,' they vowed, with many an oath, 'by the ministrations of the holy father.'

"Having got the priest on board they compelled him to construct a sort of sham confessional box, where, with a big candle burning on each side, they made mock confessions to him, and played such other sacrilegious pranks as came into their villainous heads.

"However, as you may imagine, this amusement soon palled, and when, a few days afterwards, the priest, moved by some particularly atrocious act to the courage of utter horror, got up and denounced them in fierce, burning words, they promptly determined to get rid of him.

"While they were deliberating upon the most satisfying manner of doing the wretched priest to death, the Isle d'Eau was sighted. Thereupon Captain Silas proposed to maroon Father Philip on the island, and this was agreed to.

"So the priest was marooned on the Isle d'Eau. All that went with him was one of the candles—'to light him to Heaven,' as the pirates blasphemously said. And so they left him on the island with the great candle alight beside him."

The Captain of the yacht paused for a moment, and flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"Of course," he continued, "all that might be quite possible. Now we come to the weird part of the story.

"The buccaneers had not gone far from the island when there arose a great storm, which drove them right back on their course. Notwithstanding all their efforts, slowly but surely they were beaten back to the island. To add to their terror they could see all the time the flame of the priest's great candle, burning calm and steady, unaffected by the storm that raged around.

"Soon their ship was cast, a hopeless wreck, upon the island, while the priest waited, grim and terrible, with the burning candle in his hand. And the legend has it that such of them as reached the shore, exhausted and half drowned, he hurled back into the sea, so that not a man was left alive of all the pirate's crew.

"And the natives say that to this day, sometimes in stormy weather and sometimes in fine, the light of the priest's candle may be seen on the isle, where the ghost of the priest is still looking out over the sea for the pirate ship and her crew."

The Captain of the *Zephyr* ceased, and amid the silence that followed, Lanham strove to recover from the astonishment into which he had been thrown by the recital of this extraordinary story. "The signal was distinct," he repeated to himself; "the signal was distinct." Looking up, he caught sight of the faces of the Commander and Lieutenant Dalby, the only other persons present who knew, as he did, of the signal's distinct meaning. Both looked equally mystified.

Suddenly a great laugh broke the silence, and all eyes were turned on Eastern, the *Narwhal's* First Lieutenant.

"Well," he exclaimed in his big, deep voice, "I've heard of a haunted house before, but never a haunted island. "We laid that ghost—with a bullet from a six-shooter." He chuckled at the recollection. "And, by Jove," he laughed, turning to the Commander, "why shouldn't we try the effect of a shell on the ghost of the Isle d'Eau? Our practice firing is due, and that bluff yonder would make a first-rate target. At two thousand yards——"

A crash of broken glass sounded through the saloon, and Lieutenant Eastern's voice died away into a whisper as he gazed in surprise at the skipper of the yacht, whose

face had suddenly turned as white as a sheet. With a puzzled air the Lieutenant glanced around the table. And his amazement deepened as he saw that each of the *Zephyr's* officers looked equally perturbed, while the Baron was obviously struggling hard to maintain his composure.

The tension was broken by the latter rising abruptly to his feet. His example was followed by the Commander and the others present.

"I—I am afraid," he said hurriedly, "that we have touched upon an—an unfortunate subject. My officers—it is a fancy of mine—are of the Roman faith, and they regard the island now as—as, in some measure, a—er—a kind of hallowed ground. It is a sentiment, perhaps, but you will understand?"

The Commander said something in reply, while Lieutenant Eastern muttered gruffly that he meant no harm; and the Baron's dinner party came to an uncomfortable conclusion.

Nothing much was said by the *Narwhal's* officers on their way back to the sloop. Those who were not in the secret of the night signal felt uneasy at the scene which had just occurred, while the few who did know, including Lanham, were trying, perhaps more uneasily, to fathom the meaning of it all.

No sooner had the latter arrived on board than he was sent for by the Commander.

"Mr. Lanham," he said, "I have been telling Lieutenant Eastern of your experience last night, and he would like to ask you a few questions."

So for five minutes Lanham underwent a cross examination by the First Lieutenant, who, it was clear, was inclined, as Lieutenant Dalby had been, to take a sceptical view of the business.

"Well," said the Commander, as the First Lieutenant paused, "I think Mr. Lanham is definite enough: that there was a signal, and that the signal was 'All clear,' eh?"

"Ye—es," said the Lieutenant slowly, "but if, as you think, the message that Mr. Lanham saw was from the island to the yacht, and the story of the what's his name priest was a fake, what was the object of the yarn, sir?"

"To put us off the scent: lull our suspicions, and offer us an explanation of the lights (wild enough, it is true) which might moderate the keenness of our search, or perhaps satisfy us that it was not worth while landing on the island at all. Mind you, all the Baron knows is that we saw indistinctly some lights, which we have only suggested might be flash signals."

"Well, assuming that to be the case, how do you account for the consternation that resulted from my suggestion that we should shell the place?" rejoined the First Lieutenant, with an air of triumph.

"Ah," said the Commander, "there, I must confess, I am puzzled."

"Might it not be, sir," put in the Midshipman, "that there lies the key to the mystery? I don't quite see how, but isn't it possible that the Baron and his officers fear that our firing at the island might——"

The sentence was never finished, for at that moment the door was opened, and the Surgeon entered hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, with unwonted excitement, "but I have just found this." He handed a piece of paper to the Commander. "It was in my chest, which I did not bring back from the yacht until after the dinner, thinking I might need it again."

The Commander straightened out the paper and read it. Then, after looking at the back, he read it again. Finally, without a word, he handed it to Lieutenant Eastern.

The First Lieutenant took it, and, holding it to the light, slowly read out the contents—

"If you value your lives do not pass in a straight line from the bluff. From a friend."

He laid the message on the table and looked at the Commander. "Well," said the latter, "what do you make of it?"

"I'm hanged if I know," replied the First Lieutenant.

"May I look, sir?" inquired Lanham. The Commander nodded, and the Midshipman took up the scrap of paper.

He studied it for a few seconds, and then gave a start. "Have you the other message—the bottle message—handy, sir?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes," said the Commander curiously, and taking it out of a drawer he handed it to the Midshipman.

Lanham barely glanced at it before he cried—

"I thought so. Look, sir,"—pushing the two missives before the Commander—"the writing is the same."

The Surgeon and the First Lieutenant craned their heads over Commander Kenyon-Lydd's shoulder. "By Jove," exclaimed the "First," "so it is!"

"Undoubtedly written by the same hand," muttered the Commander, comparing the two messages. "A curious fist. and the 'Dow' is meant for 'd'Eau.' Don't you see, the writer did not know French, and spelt it as he called it—'D—o—w.'"

"Upon my word," said Commander Kenyon-Lydd slowly, "I believe the boy's right."

"YOU FOOL, TO TRY THAT GAME!"

The capital 'I' is just like the 'J' in 'Joland.'"

Lanham suddenly gave an exclamation. "I don't believe," he cried, "I don't believe it is 'Joland' at all. It is 'Island,'

Then Lieutenant Eastern chimed in—"He mentions the bluff. You remember, sir, it was my proposal to fire at the bluff that appeared to upset the beggars so."

The Commander brought his fist down

upon the table with a crash. "Eastern," he cried, "there is some fiendish mystery here. I don't know what it is, but by Heaven we *will* shell the place—and we'll have that man on board when we do it." He thought for a moment, and then went on—"The best plan will be simply to carry it out as an ordinary practice firing, with the island as the target. Tell Dalby and the others, and warn them that they had better say nothing about it, but be ready to open fire immediately after the lunch to-morrow afternoon, while the Baron von Vold is still here."

V.

THE TRAP.

IT may be imagined that Lanham slept but little during his spell below that night. Norris also, and, indeed, all the officers, grew somewhat excited, for, shortly after the Commander's decision, the First Lieutenant had them together in the ward-room, where, after stating briefly what had happened, he explained what was to come. Not a word of the practice firing was to be breathed to anyone, but towards the conclusion of the lunch he would give a signal, when they were to repair singly to their stations.

Thus the Baron noticed nothing unusual in the manner of those who sat with him at luncheon the following noon. Even if the concealed excitement among the officers had manifested itself, it is unlikely that he would have observed it, for he himself seemed strangely uneasy. Nevertheless, he took a full share in the conventional small talk that enlivened the meal. It was remembered afterwards, however, that he made no reference to the strange break up of the previous evening's dinner party, nor did anyone else bring up the subject.

Presently, towards the end of the repast, first one officer and then another, with quiet excuse, left the table, until the last—Lieutenant Eastern—had gone, and the Commander and the Baron were left alone.

For a few minutes the two puffed their cigars in silence. Then the noise on deck caught the Baron's attention.

"You are busy this afternoon, Captain," he remarked.

"Yes," replied Commander Kenyon-Lydd, "we are about to carry out practice firing."

The Baron wheeled round in his chair so suddenly that his cigar dropped from his outstretched hand. "At the bluff? Not at the bluff?" he said hoarsely.

"Yes," answered the Commander quietly, "at the bluff!"

With white lips the Baron rose to his feet. "I must get back to the yacht," he said. Then, forcing a smile which accorded sorrily with his ghastly look of fear, he pulled out his watch with shaking fingers. "It is getting late," he went on. "I must go. If you will pardon——"

The Commander also stood up. "No, sir," he said sternly, "you will not go."

A terrible look came into the other's eyes as he faced the Commander, speechless for a second. Suddenly he cried out—

"Ten thousand thunders! Do you know who I am? I am the Baron von Vold. I——"

"I don't care who or what you are," said Commander Kenyon-Lydd grimly, placing his back to the cabin door, "but *I* am the Captain of this ship. There is something behind all this that I cannot fathom, and you will stay here, my friend, until I do."

The owner of the *Zephyr* glanced hurriedly around the cabin, but there was no other means of exit. The next moment, almost without any warning, he made a rush at the Commander.

But Commander Kenyon-Lydd, although past the prime of life, was still a powerful, athletic man. Quick as thought, he seized his assailant by arm and wrist, and, crushing his arms to his sides, held him off, furious but impotent.

"You fool," he said—"you fool, to try that game. Martin!"

The door opened and an armed marine appeared.

"D'ye see this man?" He relinquished his grip and the Baron, with a look of baffled rage, sank into a chair. "He is to stay here. If he attempts to escape—shoot him."

"Very good, sir," replied the marine imperturbably.

"Whew!" exclaimed the Commander, wiping his forehead as he made his way up on deck, "this is taking the law into one's own hands with a vengeance."

The sight that met his eyes as he mounted the bridge was interesting in the contrasts which it presented. The main deck of the sloop was alive with men, the officers were at their stations, the guns' crews at their

"LOOK OUT! LOOK OUT!" RANG THE CRY

positions, and the guns on the port side already trained on their island target, while beyond, the scene was one of almost sleepy stillness. Around, so far as the eye could carry, the sea was as smooth as a mill-pond, its glassy surface broken only by the *Zephyr*, lying peacefully a few hundred yards away on the port quarter, and ahead by the Isle d'Eau, with the flat projection of the bluff standing up clearly about a mile and a quarter off on the port bow.

"That white patch forms a good natural target," said the First Lieutenant. "I propose to fire steaming seven knots, sir."

"Yes," assented the Commander, and then, a most rare thing for him, he altered his decision. "No," he said, "put her over a bit and we will fire at first as we are."

Many a time in after life did that second thought recur to Commander Kenyon-Lydd's mind.

The island crept back until nearly abreast the sloop as the *Narwhal*, which just had way on, swung slowly round.

"Now," said the Commander.

Out rang the order in the Gunnery Lieutenant's monotone—"2,000 yards." Sights were adjusted, aim taken—"Fire!"

A flash and a roar and a cloud of spray on the foreshore ahead—too short.

Amid the villainous stench of cordite came the command again, "Fire!"

Out crashed the 5-inch guns once more, and then——

The roar of the guns, instead of dying away, merged into a terrible crashing boom as, to the horrified onlookers on board the sloop, the island seemed to heave up in a great spout of flame and smoke and flying fragments of *débris*.

"Oh!" cried Lanham, pale with excitement, "what—oh, look there!"

Right ahead, only a few hundred yards off, *in a direct line with the bluff*, with a noise like thunder, a great column of water shot up as high as the mast-head.

For a moment it reared its crest in a long, indented line of spray. Then, as it sunk, a huge wave came surging right down on the little sloop.

"Look out! Look out!" rang the cry. No time to close hatches or see to loose deck gear. In a few seconds the huge roller was on them.

Luckily everybody was ready for the shock and, with one exception, no one was seriously hurt, but boat fittings and a rare wrack of spars and loose tackle were swept from their places and washed overboard.

As they weathered the avalanche of water Commander Kenyon-Lydd, still firmly gripping the bridge rail, found himself gazing into the eyes of his First Lieutenant.

"Eastern," he said thickly, "Eastern, if we had gone on?"

"Thank God, sir, we didn't," said the First Lieutenant.

"Yes," said the Commander solemnly, "thank God."

Below on the main deck, amid the bustle of putting things ship-shape, Lanham, drenched to the skin, was superintending the removal of a petty officer, whose leg had been broken by a thirty-pound shell, but the poor fellow was not thinking of that—

"It was a mine, wasn't it, sir?"

"It must have been," said Lanham; "an observation mine, electrically connected and fired by the explosion on the island. Is that easy?"

"Oh, that's all right, sir. Lummy, I thought we'd blown up the bloomin' Atlantic."

Suddenly a rifle-shot rang out below, and a few seconds later there was a stir aft the wheel as Martin the marine emerged, making hurriedly for the bridge.

"Sir," he stammered, as he came near. "Sir—the Baron——"

"The Baron. Yes. Well?"

"Came for me with a knife, sir, and your orders was——"

"You shot him, eh? Just as well. You saved the hangman——"

Before the Commander had time to complete his sentence, Lieutenant Eastern uttered an exclamation, and, flinging out his arm astern, cried excitedly:—

"The yacht, sir. Look! She's under way."

"By Heaven," cried the Commander, "I see it all now. He and his yacht of fiends laid that death trap yonder, and Providence alone saved us from the fate of the lost liners. The island must wait, Eastern. Our first business is to capture the yacht."

"If only that burst steam-pipe had cut up the turbine plant," thought the First Lieutenant regretfully as he hurried away.

The telegraph clanged noisily, and the dishevelled *Narwhal*, gathering way, began to circle round. No time was wasted in making signals, which all knew would simply be disregarded, but so soon as he could get a 5-inch gun to bear the Com-

mander had a shot sent after the retreating steam yacht. The shell flew high.

But flying splinters showed that the next shot was more successful. "Fire at the water-line—get at her engines," was the direction. It was the only chance of stopping their speedy quarry.

Once round, the whole of the four starboard 5-inch guns were brought to bear on the yacht, and fired as fast as they could be sponged and loaded. The guns' crews worked like niggers, for they knew that unless they smashed up the *Zephyr's* steering gear, or some vital part of her machinery, before she got out of range, they must lose her. It was no use giving chase unless the yacht was maimed first, for, thanks to her swift turbine engines, she could steam quite two knots to their one. Moreover, the sloop had no gun which could be trained directly forward, consequently she would have to yaw for every shot, and thus drop still further behind.

The yacht formed a small target, but the first few shots were well aimed and hopes rose high as twice in succession a shell crashed into her upper works. Then came a spell of bad luck or bad shooting—the next three shots were misses.

From his station by the forward gun Lanham, out of the tail of his eye, caught the scowl on the First Lieutenant's broad features. He bent over towards the gunlayer.

"Dye," he whispered, "a sovereign if you hit her low."

The gunlayer nodded grimly and seized the firing key.

The gun flashed, and immediately a loud cheer went up from the *Narwhal's* crew as the yacht was seen to lurch heavily, amid a belch of escaping steam.

"By Jove, I believe we've done it," cried the Midshipman, almost dancing in his excitement.

"She's slowing, Eastern," said the Commander, with his eyes to the glasses. "Yes, she's slowing. We'll give chase."

"Cease firing." The perspiring guns' crews relaxed their efforts, glad of a rest, and the sloop stood off on a stern chase after the yacht.

As, in response to the urgent clamour of the voice pipe, the Engineer Lieutenant and his staff drove the old *Narwhal* for all she was worth, the burning question on board her was, "Could the yacht steam—and if so, how much?" All eyes were turned anxiously to one point. Not a word broke the silence.

In a few moments an uneasy feeling came over the *Narwhal's* crew. Could it be that after all—? Quick glances were sent up at the motionless figures of the Commander and First Lieutenant on the bridge. They could see better up there.

Suddenly the Commander lowered his glass. He turned to the First Lieutenant.

"Confound it, Eastern, she's still gaining. It's no good going on. We must try another shot."

This time the port battery was brought into action, but with little hope of much result, for it was evident that the yacht was now getting out of effective range. One shot—two shots, fell short. Again the *Narwhal* fired, but the shell dropped helplessly astern of the yacht. The First Lieutenant looked inquiringly at the Commander.

The latter shook his head. "No good," he said quietly, and the command "Cease firing" sounded, this time finally.

"Well," remarked Lanham, a few minutes after, glancing at Commander Kenyon-Lydd as he paced up and down the bridge, pausing now to watch the men cleaning up below, and then to gaze at the white speck of the *Zephyr*, now hull down in the distance, "it's rough on the old man, but I daresay he's already done enough to get his step. Hope 'their Lordships' will think so, anyhow."

VI.

THE CAVE

IT was not long before the sloop had neared the Isle d'Eau sufficiently for all to see something of the extraordinary effect of the explosion. The aspect of that side of the island was entirely altered. Where, before, the unbroken front of the bluff had presented itself, smooth and bare, now yawned an immense, dark cavern, whose mouth apparently extended below the surface of the water. But nowhere did there seem to be any sign of life.

"It's evident that there must have been a huge store of some powerful explosive there," remarked Norris to the Midshipman, "and somebody must have put it there. Question is, where were they when it exploded? If they were on the yacht, all right. If they were there——" He shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Yes," assented the Midshipman. "Not much hope for anyone in there."

Further conversation was cut short by the sloop coming to anchor. A boat was lowered, and the Commander, with the First Lieutenant, Surgeon, and the Midshipman, set out for the island. Norris, with the Navigating Lieutenant, was left behind—"as usual," he remarked—but he knew that all would have an opportunity of seeing the place before the sloop left.

As they expected, the search party found that the sides of the cave dipped well below the sea level. So much water was there that they were able to ground the boat almost in the mouth of the cavern.

"Go steady," cautioned the Commander, as he proceeded to lead the way carefully into the black opening. "Both floor and roof may be unsafe after the explosion."

As they entered, the Commander sniffed once or twice. "Ah," he said, "gun-cotton. I thought so."

At first the sudden change from the bright sunshine outside to the dark obscurity of the cavern prevented Lanham and the others from seeing much. Then, as their eyes became accustomed to the dim light, they began to take stock of their surroundings.

These could simply be described as absolute chaos. The cave seemed to be a huge, jagged hole torn out of the face of the cliff, and strewn with fragments which, at first glance, appeared to be unrecognisable rubbish. What the cave had originally looked like it was impossible to tell. Suddenly, however, the First Lieutenant pounced on a piece of metal which still bore some resemblance to a cylinder.

"Why," he said, "this looks like a mine.

HIS HEAD FELL BACK.

And,"—he caught up something else near by—"this undoubtedly is what is left of an electric battery."

"That tallies exactly with our theory," said the Commander, examining the finds.

"I daresay if we looked carefully we should find traces of the connecting wires."

Just then there came a cry from the Surgeon, who had been prowling about on his own account.

The party picked their way across to him.

"There is a man here," he said rapidly, stooping down into a dark corner. "He's crushed under, and yet partly protected by, these fragments of rock."

"Is he alive?" inquired the Commander.

"I think so, but unconscious," came back the Surgeon's voice in muffled tones. "Will you see if these rocks can be shifted, please?"

A squad of bluejackets was called up, and after some trouble the *débris* was carefully cleared away from the inanimate figure, which could now be seen lying huddled up below.

They carried the unconscious form out to the light. It was not pretty to look at, and Lanham had a hard tussle to keep down the feeling of faintness which came over him at the sight.

The Surgeon knelt down and made a rapid examination. Then he looked up.

"Hopeless. Quite beyond all aid, sir," he said regretfully.

"Better he should remain unconscious, then," said the Commander, but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the man's face twitched, and he opened his eyes.

They rested upon the uniforms of the officers around, and the distorted features actually framed into a smile. His lips moved.

"He is trying to speak," said the Surgeon.

The Commander bent down.

"Have you—found out——?" gasped the injured man.

"Yes," said the Commander in a loud, clear voice. "We know all."

The man moved his head slightly, and then a thought suddenly occurred to the Commander, and he asked—

"Did *you* send the two messages?"

The man lay quiet for a moment, fighting for breath. Then, with a great effort, he breathed rather than spoke—

"Yes. I couldn't—stand it any longer. I—was—a Tiffy* once."

Then his head fell back, and life fled from the maimed form.

"Poor chap," said the Commander, as they covered the body up, "he may have been a scoundrel, but he did his best to square the account, anyhow."

On their way back to the boat Lanham's foot caught in an obstruction. Pulling it up he found it to be a tangled mass of twisted wire, which disappeared lower down into the sea. He showed it to the Commander.

"Ah," said the latter, "that's evidently the connecting wire of the mines. You can imagine now the whole murderous spectacle. With their line, or perhaps two lines, of mines laid out yonder, and their concealed battery here, the wretches waited for their prey to cross the danger point. Very likely at night they burnt flares to attract the vessel's attention, or it may have been that the yacht even hoisted distress signals, to entice the ship they wanted to come into the danger zone. Then, when she crossed the minefield, the man in there pressed his button and—well, you see what we escaped."

"But how about the specie, sir?" asked Lanham.

"Divers," replied Commander Kenyon-Lydd laconically. "We shall probably find that a narrow shoal has silted up out there."

The Commander was right. When, a day or two afterwards, the *Narwhal* examined the spot, just such a shoal was found—deep enough to let a liner pass, but not so deep as to prevent easy diving work. Moreover, the *Narwhal's* divers brought up a box marked *Severn*, and other indisputable proof that the same fate had befallen at least three of the missing steamers.

"Isle of Water, do they call it?" said the Commander, taking a last look at the island as, a few days afterwards, the sloop, her work done, steamed away from the ill-omened place, "Isle of Water," he repeated grimly—"I think it should rather be called the 'Isle of Blood.'"

* Tiffy is "lower deck" for engine-room artificer.

THE END.

THE MAN-EATER.

An Exciting Jungle Yarn.

By H. HERVEY.

Illustrated by J Macfarlane.

I.

I WAS travelling on duty from Kolicaad on the coast to an inland station, by a road, crossing the Western Ghauts, which was entirely new to me. Two bullock carts carried my kit; my half-a-dozen servants marched alongside, while I headed the procession on horseback Before leaving Kolicaad I had ascertained that the route was furnished throughout with travellers' rest-houses; that after the first three marches the country became wild; that a few coffee-plantations—managed by Europeans—lay scattered about the loftier hills, and that from the third stage—Cerrianaad—right away to the further foot of the Ghauts, I would traverse heavy jungle, said to be swarming with wild animals. This last piece of information would have gladdened a seasoned *shikarrie* (or sportsman), but to me it was immaterial, as I was not much given that way. I was only nineteen years of age, owned nothing in the shape of fire-arms, and had yet to acquire that love of big-game shooting which took such strong hold of me in after years.

After we passed Cerrianaad the country became more hilly, the track zig-zagged and curved, the dense jungle shut in the road, hamlets grew fewer and further between, and the only natives to be seen abroad were wayfarers—all in large bodies—who told us that they purposely made up parties for the sake of security. I could see that my followers were fast becoming uneasy; they huddled together, while the bullock drivers frantically urged their sluggish cattle into keeping pace with me on horseback. We reached the next stage—Wuddagherry—without adventure; but here

we learnt something that well-nigh drove my servants into a panic, and made me ardently wish that I had a gun of any description in my hands. Soon after our arrival the head-man of Wuddagherry hamlet came to me and asked if I intended going on to Malanaad the following day. I understood him, for I had already picked up the local language.

"Yes," I replied.

"You must take care to reach it as early as possible, sir; for it is a long stage, fifteen miles; the road is difficult, and very dangerous."

"How is it more dangerous than from Cerrianaad to this?" I inquired with surprise; for no one at Kolicaad had said anything about the stage in question being particularly perilous.

"Almost opposite to Malanaad hamlet, sir, about a quarter of a mile off the road to the right, an English gentleman has lately commenced clearing the jungle to make a coffee-plantation. He has built an iron house and iron lines for his coolies."

"That's good news, headman: I shall certainly go and stay the night with the gentleman rather than at the Malanaad bungalow—all by myself."

"But, sir," continued the villager, now speaking in an awed whisper, "a man-eating tiger that is supposed to have wandered up from the low country on the other side is haunting the plantation! The Malanaad hamlet is walled in; the people do not stir out after dark, so the tiger is preying on the gentleman's coolies, who are not so protected."

Danger, indeed! I had heard and read of man-eaters, but had never encountered one. What if the demon happened to be lurking by the road-side as we passed? What if he should pop out on to us? What could I do? Nothing!

"Is the gentleman by himself?"

"No, sir; he has a son of about thirteen years, and a little daughter, much younger. I saw them all when they rested here on their way up."

"No lady?"

"No, sir; but there was an old *ayah* who attended on the little girl."

I felt sorry for the isolated Englishman, especially when I thought of his two children, leading a lonely life in a jungle, cut off from the society of those of their own colour. Knowing how gladly they would welcome me, I should certainly have claimed the planter's hospitality for one night at least had not the villager's news about the tiger put me off the idea. No, I was not going to run any risk: I would go straight to the Malanaad bungalow.

After dismissing the headman, I summoned my trembling followers, heartened them as best I could, and added that we would start sufficiently early in the morning to ensure our reaching Malanaad well before sundown.

Accordingly, we set out soon after dawn, and proceeded in close order, keeping a bright look-out on all sides. The road wound, dipped, and climbed: the thick jungle lined it on both flanks, and frequently formed a canopy over our heads. We heard occasional weird cries in the forest, but saw nothing; and we met no one till the afternoon when, all at once, as we cleared a bend, I saw a narrow road branching off to the right, and three figures standing under a tree just where the two tracks joined. One was a European lad of some thirteen years, the other a flaxen-haired little girl of eight or so—both wearing sun hats—and the third an old *ayah*, or maid: the planter's children, no doubt, with the maid in attendance. But why there—a quarter of a mile from their home? Why with only a solitary old native woman, while a man-eating tiger, not to say other dangerous animals, perhaps crouched in the very thicket behind them? My blood curdled as I thought it. No sooner did they behold me than all three ran forward.

"Halloa! Who are you?" I asked, dismounting, and signing my carts to halt.

"Oh, we are so glad to see you!" answered the boy, eagerly and breathlessly. "My name is Jimmy Simpson: this is my sister Maud, and the old woman is her nurse. We are Mr. Simpson's children: we live up at the plantation, and—and—we are in great trouble."

"What trouble?" I demanded.

"A man-eating tiger commenced coming here a few nights ago, and has killed several of our coolies. My father has not been able to shoot it. Many of the coolies ran away; and, as father could not make the plantation without men, he and Pote have gone down the other side of the hills to get some."

"Who's Pote?"

"Father's assistant. They went the day before yesterday, leaving us in the care of the servants and the few coolies who still

stayed. That night the tiger came about eight o'clock, the same time as before, and killed a man who had gone out of doors. The next morning every coolie and all our house servants ran away: they said they were too frightened to stop any longer. But the *ayah* wouldn't leave Maud. We are afraid of spending another night by ourselves, so, as the tiger does not show himself till about eight o'clock, we came out here, and have been waiting all the afternoon in hopes of meeting someone who would stay at the bungalow with us. Father won't be back for a week. Oh, sir, do come and stay with us!" he concluded, pleadingly.

I thought that if I did halt here—even for a week—and I explained the reason to my superiors, they would not blame me. It was against human nature to leave these poor children alone in their fix. I did not see how I could suggest their abandoning the house, with all their father's property in it, and accompanying me to the comparative safety of the Malanaad bungalow—the very fact of Jimmy Simpson's expressing no such wish barred the idea. I therefore decided to give them my companionship—little though it might afford in the shape of protection. So, telling my people to go on to the travellers' bungalow, I turned up the side road with the children.

In the centre of a clearing stood a corrugated iron house, with a high-pitched roof, and a verandah running all round, above which opened some ventilating windows. Several trees had been allowed to stand close to the house—evidently to give shade—while at the back was a range of outhouses for servants, and two long rows of "lines" for the coolies—all built of the same material as the main house. Excepting the high ventilators, every door and window was closed, and not a sound save that of our footsteps broke the reigning stillness. Young Simpson unlocked a door, and we entered the bungalow. The *ayah* brought me some refreshing drink, which was very welcome after my journey, and I chatted for some time with the children, with whom I soon became fast friends.

"Well," said I, at length, "I must leave you for an hour or so. I have got to see my things safely stowed away at the travellers' bungalow. Then I'll trot back here for the night with some of my men."

"*Please* don't be longer than you can help, Mr. Geoffrey!" begged the lad.

"I'll be as quick as I can," I replied. "Be ready to open the door when you see us approaching."

And I hurried away.

II.

My followers, however, were obdurate, and no amount of threats or coaxing would induce them to budge from the travellers' bungalow. During my absence the man in charge, and the villagers, had been telling them all about the tiger, and they flatly refused to accompany me to the plantation house. I had no alternative, therefore, but to go alone.

I must confess to a strong sensation of nervousness as, with lantern in hand, I set out on my return journey to the Simpsons'. But I had picked up an idea somewhere that a man-eating tiger was peculiarly regular as regarded the time of his visits to the locality he preyed on. Jimmy had said that this brute appeared at eight o'clock or thereabouts; so, it now being only a little past seven, I imagined that I had forestalled the tiger. I reached the clearing, saw the light shining through the upper ventilator windows, reconnoitred as well as the darkness would allow, listened intently, and then pushed boldly across.

I had hardly got half-way ere I heard Jimmy's voice, muffled and indistinct, from within the building.

"All right, Jimmy!" I answered, dashing on. "Here I am! Open the door!"

"Climb! Climb!" I now plainly heard him cry. "The tiger's close by somewhere!"

The words temporarily paralysed me. I looked to see the monster shoot into the rays of my lantern; I already felt his fangs at my throat! He must have observed my approach, and concealed himself—to pounce on me! Jimmy must have marked the manœuvre, and had shouted a warning in his childish pipe! With the beast at the door, so to speak, of course I did not expect the boy to open it: before I could slip in the tiger would probably be up, and either grab me or enter the house. No; the boy was quite right in keeping the door shut.

These thoughts flashed through my mind in a moment: the next, nerved by despair, and roused to action by Jimmy's reiterated cry of "Climb! Climb!" I glanced wildly about me and found myself close to one of the shady trees already alluded to. It was a moderately sized tree, with a smooth,

straight stem, and much foliage at the top. Dropping my lantern—fortunately, without upsetting it—I threw myself on that trunk, and frantically shinned up. I was just in time: I had barely got out of harm's way ere, with a hideous roar, a long, lanky, mangy-looking tiger squirmed round the corner of the house, came in a series of bounds to the tree, and then, rearing on end, tried to hook me down! I could hear his claws tearing the bark; I expected the cruel talons to pierce my flesh; but luckily he could not reach me, and I hauled myself up among the branches into comparative safety. It now remained to be seen whether the beast could and would follow me. At the time, I knew nothing of the tiger's climbing powers; so I watched my enemy in an agony of doubt—to be inexpressibly relieved when I realised that he could not do it! He was old—as most man-eaters are: he hung on to the base of the stem, but, after many ineffectual attempts, he desisted: the task was beyond him: he was unable to draw himself up!

For the present I was safe, then, and had time to look about me. Taking my position in the centre of the tree, I topped the verandah roof, and I could almost see in through one of the ventilator windows; but a good six feet yawned between the inmost tree-twig and the verandah eave; a gap that I could not cover even had I good foothold to spring from. Nothing remained, therefore, but to make the best of it, and trust to the feline sneaking off at daylight. Accordingly, I was about seeking a comfortable branch to spend the night on when Jimmy called, "Mr. Geoffrey!"

"Halloa!" I shouted in reply; "I'm safe up the tree, Jimmy, thanks to your warning."

"But you are *not* safe!" he wailed, hysterically.

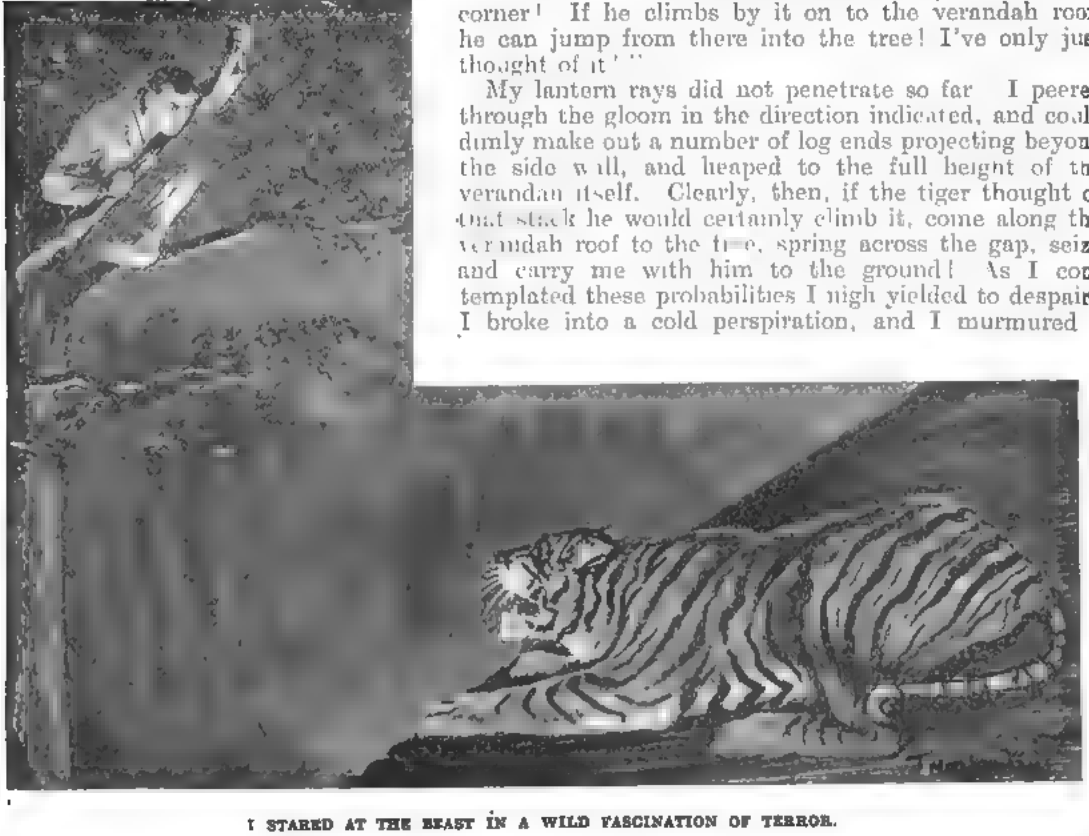
"Why, where's the danger? The brute has tried to swarm the tree, but failed: he can't get at me."

"Yes, he can, if he thinks of the woodstack!"

"What woodstack?"

"There, at the end of the verandah, just round the corner! If he climbs by it on to the verandah roof, he can jump from there into the tree! I've only just thought of it!"

My lantern rays did not penetrate so far. I peered through the gloom in the direction indicated, and could dimly make out a number of log ends projecting beyond the side wall, and heaped to the full height of the verandah itself. Clearly, then, if the tiger thought of that stack he would certainly climb it, come along the verandah roof to the tree, spring across the gap, seize and carry me with him to the ground! As I contemplated these probabilities I nigh yielded to despair: I broke into a cold perspiration, and I murmured a



I STARED AT THE BEAST IN A WILD FASCINATION OF TERROR.

prayer for aid. That my prayer was answered is proved by my now living to tell this story. But I had yet to get out of my fix. I was given little leisure to reflect, for the tiger—as if Jimmy's words had given him the hint—walked off and disappeared round the corner; a scrambling, scratching sound followed, and before I could well believe my eyes, there came the brute, sneaking along the inclined plane of the verandah roof!

Could I—after warning Jimmy to unfasten the door—slip down the tree and dash into the house? No; though the varmint could not climb I felt sure he could drop, and that almost before I touched ground he would be upon me. The ugly cat crawled along the sloped iron sheeting, halted abreast of the tree, and set up a hoarse purr on spotting me—cowering amid the branches. He crept closer and closer to the eave till he could come no further—then gathered himself up for a spring! He strained and strained; I expected to see him shoot across and dig both teeth and claws into me; yet he came not! I stared at the beast in a wild fascination of terror. I remember—at that awful moment—being struck by his aged and unkempt appearance; I remember hearing the purr gradually give place to a growl of anger, and then all at once the truth broke on me: *that outward and upward spring was beyond the man-eater; he would not attempt the feat; I was safe!*

III.

My courage revived, and with it came a fierce longing to destroy my tormentor, whose foul breath reached and sickened me even at that distance. Now, another thought suddenly struck me: was there possibly a gun of some kind in the house? Hardly; for if so I should probably have seen it, or Jimmy would have offered me the weapon when I left that afternoon. Anyhow, I would find out.

"Jimmy!" I bawled, causing the tiger to start angrily.

"Yes, Mr. Geoffrey?"

"The tiger has come on to the verandah roof—as you said; but he can't manage to spring into the tree, so I'm safe!"

"Oh, I'm so glad! I was——"

"I say, have you a gun?"

"Father took one rifle with him; the other is in the case, locked up, to keep us from meddling with it."

"Are there cartridges?"

"Yes; a belt full in the case"

"Where's the key?"

"Father has it."

"Jimmy," I rejoined imploringly, "break open the case, load the rifle, open the door a wee bit, and fire at the beast through the verandah roof. The bullet will penetrate—I'm sure. He is crouching in a line with the ventilator, just short of the eave, so you'll know where to aim. I'll make it right with your father."

"What's the good?" half whimpered the boy. "I don't know how to use a rifle."

Here was a facer! What more was left? But my brain was busy, and I determined to die hard. Green as I was, shaken as I was, I resolved to try and shoot the tiger myself!

"Jimmy, do you think you could manage to pass me the rifle?"

"I will if I can; but how?"

"No use attempting the door—even while the brute is on the verandah roof; he'd hear you like a shot, and pounce down on you before you could wink. But could you reach the ventilator window from the inside? Don't be afraid; it is too small for him to get his head and shoulders through, so he can't touch you."

"But how am I to do it?"

"Can't you go hand-over-hand up the swing rope, with the rifle and belt slung on you?"

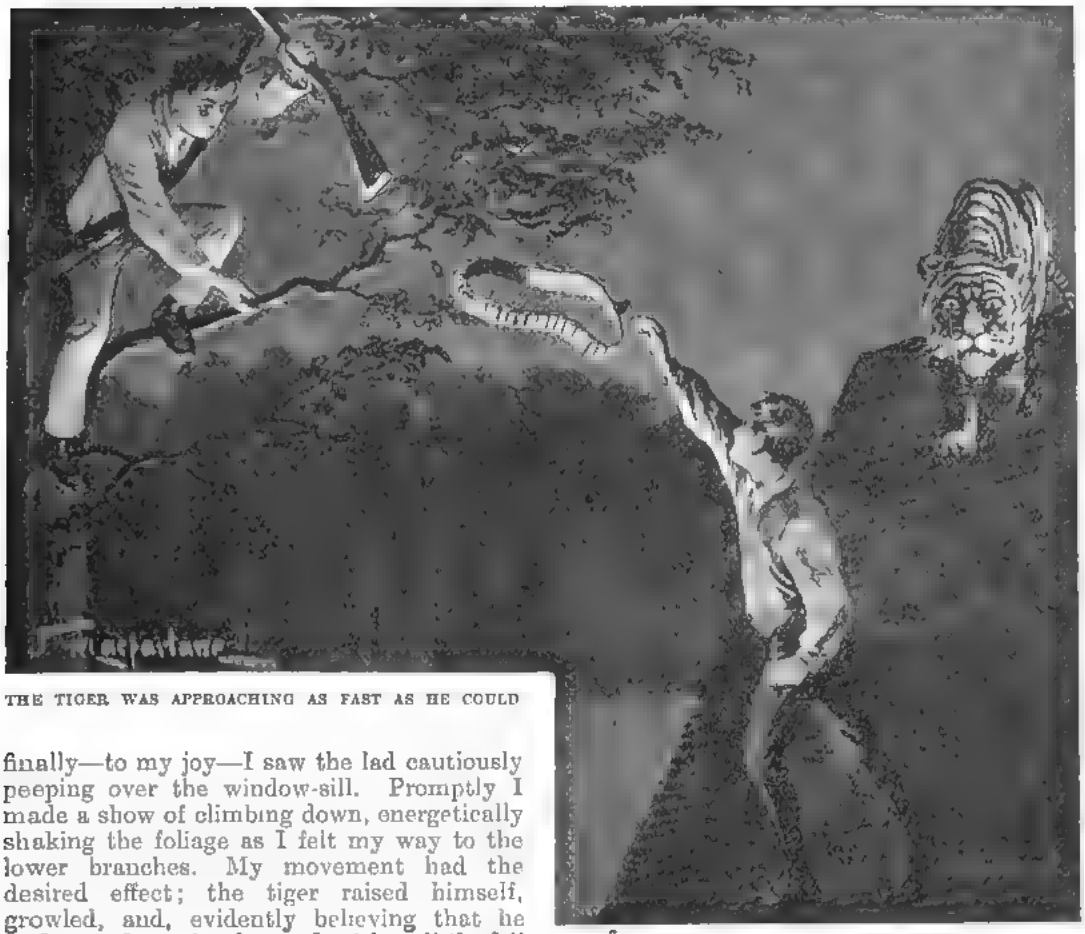
"Yes, I can," he answered, readily.

"Then you could work along the tie-beam and reach the window, couldn't you?"

"I think so; but even if the window is large enough for me, how about the tiger outside?"

"Tell you what: get the rifle and cartridge belt, climb the swing rope, making as little noise as possible, and straddle along the tie-beam to the window. Directly I see you there, I'll pretend to descend the tree; the brute will either drop to the earth from where he now is, or go round by the wood-heap; in either case you could scramble out, chuck me the rifle and belt, and get through the window again before the tiger is able to remount the verandah by the wood-heap; that is, if he notices you. Leave the rest to me."

The boy was plucky to the backbone, and immediately agreed to carry out my instructions. Presently, I heard a rending, as of a box being broken open; then succeeded a silence of several minutes, and



THE TIGER WAS APPROACHING AS FAST AS HE COULD

finally—to my joy—I saw the lad cautiously peeping over the window-sill. Promptly I made a show of climbing down, energetically shaking the foliage as I felt my way to the lower branches. My movement had the desired effect; the tiger raised himself, growled, and, evidently believing that he had me, down he dropped with a "thud" to the ground. The coast was clear for Jimmy!

"Now, Jimmy!" I shouted, frantically reclimbing upwards and inwards, "out you get! He's down below!"

Quick as thought Jimmy slipped out the rifle and belt and proceeded to follow them. With my attention divided between him and the man-eater, I waited in desperate expectancy, but try as he would, the boy could not pass through! He essayed head first, then legs first, then this way, then that way; no, he failed! In my anxiety I had momentarily taken my eyes off the animal to watch Jimmy. On recollecting myself, and looking down again, the brute was nowhere to be seen! Merciful heaven! where had he gone? I peered on all sides, striving to probe the gloom beyond the rays of my still burning lantern, but I could not see him; the monster had vanished! While a sensation of superstitious terror threatened to overwhelm me, a smothered ejaculation of triumph came from Jimmy; I glanced eagerly in his direction, to find that he had at last succeeded in getting out! He was in the act of dropping to the verandah roof, when the scrambling, scratching sound which I had once before heard that night smote on my ear; the disappearance of the tiger was no longer a mystery: *he was climbing the wood-heap!*

"Jimmy!" I shrieked, "get back! For your life get back! The tiger's climbing the stack!"

Whether the boy heard me, understood me, or not, or had taken leave of his senses, I could not tell, for, instead of obeying me, he clutched both rifle and belt, and floundered down the slope towards the tree! *At the same moment I saw that the tiger had gained the roof, and was approaching as fast as he could!*

"Back! For mercy's sake, back!" I yelled despairingly; but the next instant the lad—after giving a hasty glance at the tiger—put forth all his young strength and hurled the rifle in my direction! Mechanically I managed to seize the piece as it crashed into the branches; the belt followed; I secured it, and then the plucky boy, scurrying up the inclined roof, hauled himself to the window and wriggled through the aperture not half a second before the man-eater got up to it! Intensely relieved at Jimmy's miraculous escape, and burning with fury against the accursed animal—the cause of all our trouble—I simply sat there and sent bullet after bullet into his vile carcase, continuing the fusillade till he lay limp and lifeless on the verandah roof!

No more need be said. I loved that boy, who had shown a courage and nerve beyond the wildest dreams of fancy. I love him now as a man, with a reputation for cool pluck and presence of mind, the promise of which he so signally exhibited on the occasion of my story. When Mr. Simpson returned, and I told him all, the satisfaction I derived by seeing the tears of admiration that dimmed his eyes as I described his son's gallantry more than compensated me for my own somewhat unpleasant share in that ever memorable adventure.

Stocks and Asters.—Martin Slater (Balsham) asks if Ten-week Stocks and Asters will do well in a light soil with a south-west aspect? The aspect is all right, but both these plants require a heavily-manured, loamy soil; in fact, if fine flowers are desired the soil can hardly be too rich. They should be raised from seed in a frame, and then planted out. Care must be taken in watering the seedlings, as there is a great tendency to "damp off." During the hot weather the plants should have a mulching of leaf-mould and manure above their roots, and must not be allowed to get dry. Seed may be sown up to April.

Dragon-flies.—P. Giffard (Henley-in-Arden) wishes to know how Dragon-flies can be preserved without losing their colours. Most of the thin-bodied species retain their colour with the ordinary setting and drying as performed on butterflies and moths; but the thick-bodied ones cannot all be relied upon to do so even with the greatest of care. The necessary treatment required is to cut off the body just behind the wings, slit open the underside throughout its length, and clean out all the soft parts. Shape the empty skin over a roll of blotting-paper of the original thickness of the body, and allow to dry in its natural form. When thoroughly dry, reunite severed portions on the setting-board by a touch of coaguline or seccotine, and keep in position with setting-pins until the cement is quite hard. That is all you can do, but it does not always result in the preservation of colour.

Lark's Flight.—"Girl" (Knightwick, Worcs.) writes in reply to our recent suggestion that readers should make observations as to the length of time a lark remained in the air. She says, "Two years ago (1903) I timed several larks, more from curiosity than anything else, and the longest times I obtained were:—

Nearly 10 minutes.			
7 minutes	50	seconds.	
6 "	30	"	
5 "	30	"	
5 "	15	"	

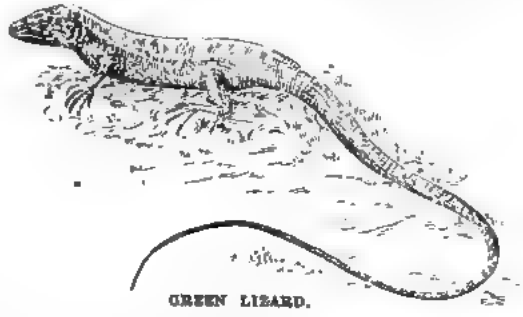
These were taken in June, but earlier in the year the longest I could get was 5min. 15sec." This is an interesting record, made, it will be seen, independently of our suggestion. I hope some other readers will make similar careful observations.

Gold-fish.—"Gold Fish" (Warwick) bought three gold-fish and kept them in a large glass-bowl. Two of them have already died, and he expects the

third will be dead before he gets my answer, although he gave them two "ants'-eggs" a day each. He wonders what else he should have done. Should he have put stones at the bottom of the bowl? Frankly, I do not believe the stones would have kept them alive; but a little oxygen might have done so. My correspondent says not a word about water-weeds, so I conclude they were not there. And yet he says, "I think they might be quite happy in a bowl." Does he think *he* would be happy long if kept up in a balloon, without his usual food and occupations? I have repeatedly urged in this page that none of my readers should make such experiments as to how long any aquatic animals can exist without that prime necessity for all animal life—oxygen. If there are no growing water-weeds in the aquarium the inmates quickly use up all the oxygen that is dissolved in the water, and then must be poisoned by the carbonic acid gas. Have you never read the terrible story of the Black Hole of Calcutta? and if you have read it, has its lesson been so lost upon you that you make little Black Holes of your own for the unintentional punishment of your so-called pets? Let everybody understand this—that before he sets about keeping any animal in captivity he must find out the facts about that creature's life and habits in a state of nature, and satisfy himself that he will be able to keep it in health and comfort in spite of its loss of freedom. Unless you can answer those questions satisfactorily, you have no right to set about imprisoning an animal. In the absence of fuller particulars than I have received, I presume that these gold-fish were poisoned. If "Gold Fish," before he purchases new stock, will see that his bowl or aquarium is well-furnished with living water-weeds, and a few small snails, and placed where it will be protected from extremes of heat, cold, and glare of sunshine, he may have hopes of success. Without observing these simple rules he may be sure he is wasting his pocket-money, and subjecting his "pets" to misery and certain death.

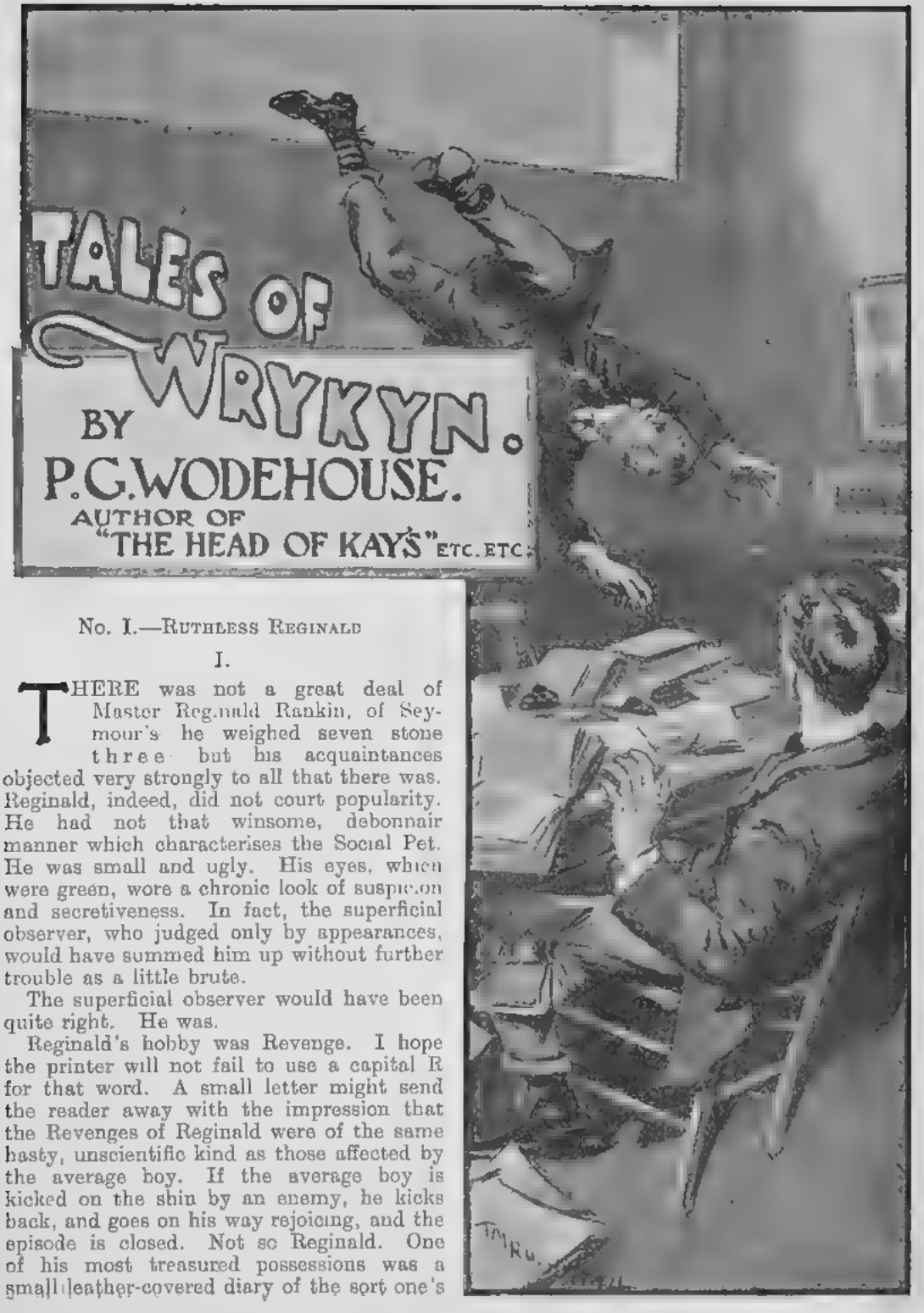
Water Beetle.—A. J. Aldridge (Chelsea) writes to me again respecting the white growth he stated to be on the wing-cases of the water-beetle figured in the last CAPTAIN. There was nothing of the kind on the beetle when it reached me, nor has anything of the kind reappeared since, though the insect is still alive. I can only suppose it cleansed itself in the moss in which it was packed; but I will keep it under observation, and should the fungus (?) reappear I will endeavour to let A. J. A. know something about it.

Birds'-eggs and Lizards.—D. F. Hyne (Millbrook, Jersey) has often found maggots in his birds'-eggs after a period of six months from adding them to his collection, and asks how to remedy this. No bird's-egg should be added to a collection until it has been thoroughly cleaned and dried. It is not sufficient to blow out all of the contents that will come in that way. After blowing, a little clean water should be injected and this thoroughly shaken about until the shell is quite cleared of all animal matter. After blowing the water out, the egg-shell should then be stood on blotting-paper with the hole downwards, for several days, to allow it to drain and dry thoroughly before it is placed in the cabinet. You will then have no reason to fear insect visitors, because there will be nothing to attract them. The maggots were there to do the work that you had failed to perform. A little carbolic acid on cotton-wool or some crystals of naphthaline placed in the drawers will also aid in keeping away such pests.



GREEN LIZARD.

D. F. H. also says he has kept lizards, and during the summer has "often found eggs in their box, but not knowing what to do with them, I put them on a shelf, but nothing seems to happen." Well, I should have expected that after a little time something *would* happen—in the shape of an explosion, accompanied by a most unpleasant odour. D. F. H. does not mention what species of lizard he is referring to; probably it is the Green Lizard, which is indigenous in the Channel Islands (and which we figure). The lizard should be kept in a fern-case, which should be so placed that one end of it gets the sunshine in it. The floor should be covered with sand and peat, and in it the female will hide her eggs where the sun can keep them warm and incubate them. Then my correspondent may have the pleasure of one day finding that his lizard family has increased. The young are similar in form to the parents, the only difference being one of size and temporary markings. Also on the subject of lizards is a letter from H. R. (Crieff), who wishes to know the name of a reliable dealer who will supply him with specimens of the Common Lizard, and what is the usual price. Any dealer in aquaria and their inhabitants would supply lizards, but if H. R. has none of that calling in his neighbourhood, he can always rely upon getting specimens from Green's Aviaries, Covent Garden, London. The usual price is 6d. or 9d., according to size.



No. I.—Ruthless Reginald

I.

THERE was not a great deal of Master Reginald Rankin, of Seymour's: he weighed seven stone three but his acquaintances objected very strongly to all that there was. Reginald, indeed, did not court popularity. He had not that winsome, debonnair manner which characterises the Social Pet. He was small and ugly. His eyes, which were green, wore a chronic look of suspicion and secretiveness. In fact, the superficial observer, who judged only by appearances, would have summed him up without further trouble as a little brute.

The superficial observer would have been quite right. He was.

Reginald's hobby was Revenge. I hope the printer will not fail to use a capital R for that word. A small letter might send the reader away with the impression that the Revenges of Reginald were of the same hasty, unscientific kind as those affected by the average boy. If the average boy is kicked on the shin by an enemy, he kicks back, and goes on his way rejoicing, and the episode is closed. Not so Reginald. One of his most treasured possessions was a small leather-covered diary of the sort one's

Google

aunt gives one at Christmas. In this he entered the important events of each day, and, unlike most people, he did not grow tired of it on January the third, and leave the rest of the year blank. He went conscientiously through the whole three hundred and sixty-five days; and, read as a consecutive story, it was not uninteresting. Thus, if one had been privileged to probe its mysteries, one would have found on March the sixth the following entry:—

"*Got up. Washed. Said my prayers.* (The last two statements rest on the unsupported word of the author. Neither feat produced any noticeable result.)

Continuing:—

"*After breakfast Smith said I was a little beast, and smacked my head. Got turned in Livy. Templar gave me the lesson to write out.*"

The next entry of interest is March the eighth, where we see Mr. Templar rewarded for his trouble: "*Ragged a lot in form.*"

All this while Nemesis has been hovering over the too truthful Smith. The incident of Mr. Templar has been a parenthesis. Honour, as far as Smith is concerned, remains unsatisfied. A whole week elapses before our hero gets his own back. All that while one imagines him dogging his victim's footsteps remorselessly. At last, on March the thirteenth, this item leaps to the eye:—

"*Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. Hid Smith's boots, and he was late for school and got two hundred lines. Beef for dinner, and some muck that looked like plum pudding. Wrote home for money. Said my prayers. Went to bed.*"

Exit Smith, properly punished.

With which excursus on the manners and customs of the ruthless one, we can begin our story.

Rankin fagged for Rigby, of the Sixth. In this he was fortunate; for Rigby, as a rule, when he was not wrestling with some obstinate set of Iambics or Elegiacs, was of a placid nature, and rarely fell foul of those who fagged for him. And when he did, he merely relieved his feelings with sarcasm, the same passing over Rankin's head so completely that he generally imagined that he was being complimented. Yet even Rigby got into Rankin's black book.

It happened in this way.

The architect who had built Mr. Seymour's house was a man with a quiet, but strongly marked, sense of humour. The place was full of quaint surprises. One of his original effects was to cause the partition wall between Rigby's study and the one adjoining it to stop short of the ceiling by a couple of feet. How he hoped to benefit his fellow-man by this is not known. Probably, he reflected that the used-up air of one study would be enabled to escape into the other, and *vice versâ*, a healthy and incessant ventilation being thus secured. At any rate, there the opening was, and it had never been filled up.

When Rigby got his study he lodged a complaint. Two chatty persons, named Dent and Hammond, dwelt next door, and when three consecutive nights' work had been spoiled by the conversation which flowed over the wall in an unceasing stream, he flung down his Liddell and Scott and bounded off to the house-master. Since when the next-door study had been empty.

But even then his troubles had not ceased altogether. Time sometimes hung heavy on the hands of the Senior Day-room, and when this happened it was the custom with the gay sparks who led the revels in that den of disorder to adjourn to the vacant study (having first ascertained that Rigby was at home and hard at work) and make weird noises there. When the goaded worker finally plunged in to investigate with a stick, he found the room bare and empty, while the sound of receding footsteps in the distance told him that the revellers, much refreshed, were returning to their own quarters. These little things irritated Rigby.

Now it chanced one evening that Linton and Menzies, of the Senior Day-room, prowling the passages in search of adventure, came upon Rankin near Rigby's door.

"Hullo," said Linton, "lost anything?"

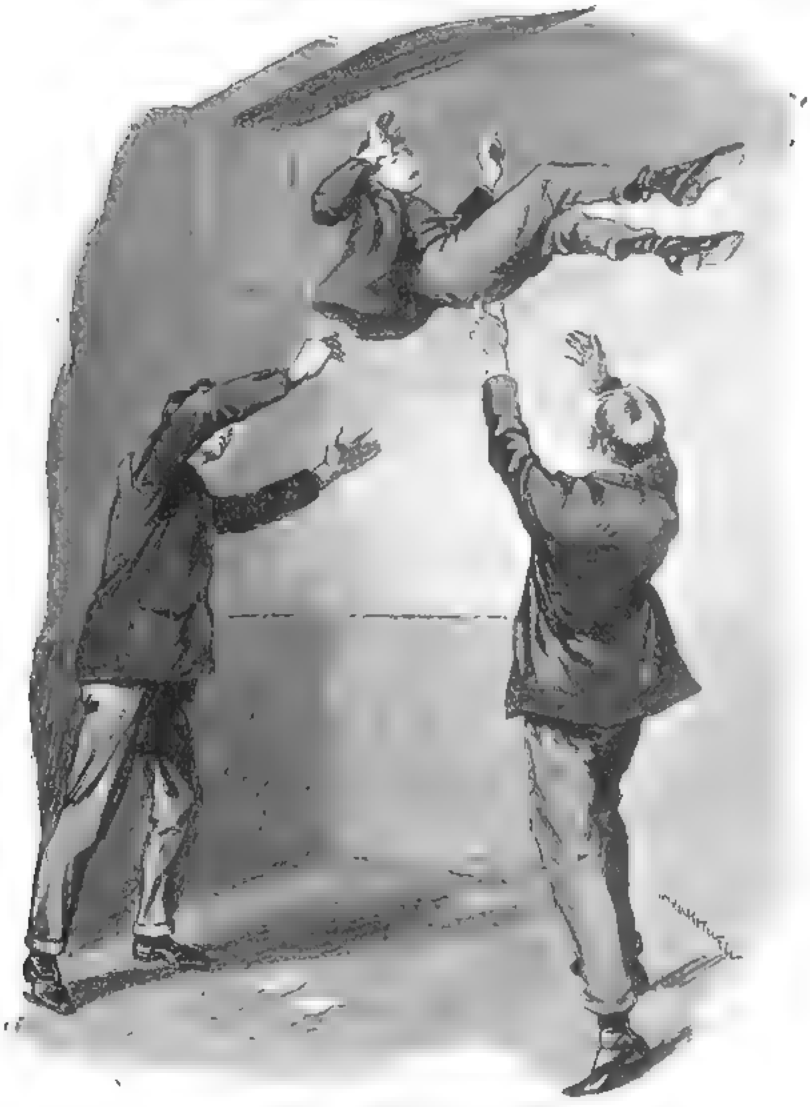
"No," replied Rankin, edging away suspiciously.

"You look as if you were looking for something. Do you want to find Rigby?"

"No," said Rankin, essaying a flanking movement.

"Don't you be an ass," said Menzies kindly. "You must want to see Rigby. You're fagging for him, and if you don't go to him you'll get into trouble. I'm sure he wants you now. Come on."

The procession passed into the empty study. From the other side of the wall heavy breathing could be heard. The sound of a great soul struggling with a line that would not "come out."



"ONE, TWO, THREE—GO!"

"Let go, you cads!" shrilled Reginald.

"Stop that beastly row there!" shouted Rigby from the other study. "Is that you, Rankin? Come here. I want you."

"I told you so," whispered Menzies. "Come along. Better go by the short cut."

He grabbed Rankin by the knees.

"Saves time," agreed Linton, attaching himself to Rankin's shoulders. "One, two, three—go!"

"Do you hear, Rankin?" said Rigby. "Come here."

And Reginald came.

What followed was distinctly a miscarriage of justice. When Rigby had picked up—in the following order—himself, his table, his chair, his books, his pen, and his ink-pot, and mopped up the last drop of ink on his waistcoat with his last sheet of blotting-paper, he proceeded to fall upon the much-enduring Reginald with the stick which he took with him to church on Sundays. Long before the interview concluded, Reginald had reason to regret that it had not been left behind in the pew on the previous Sabbath.

In the case of another hero in similar circumstances we read that "Corporal punishment produced the worst effect upon Eric. He burned, not with grief and remorse, but with rage and passion." Or words to that effect. Just so with our Reginald. His symptoms were identical. In his diary for that day the following entry appears:—

"*Got up. Washed. Said my prayers. After school two cads, Linton and Menzies, heaved me over the partition wall bang on to Rigby's table, and Rigby licked me when it wasn't my fault at all. He is a beast. Said my prayers. Went to bed.*"

After preparation that night Linton and Menzies, talking it over, came to the conclusion that the sequel to the affair must be a confession. They had little sympathy with Rankin, but the code of etiquette at Wrykyn demanded that he who got another into trouble should own up, and take all that was going in the matter of consequences. So Linton and Menzies went to Rigby's study. Rigby was immersed in some work which was apparently disturbing him a

little. His hair was rumpled, and he was turning over the pages of his lexicon with feverish rapidity.

"Get out," he said, when the pair made their appearance. "What do you want?"

"It's only about this afternoon," said Linton.

"What about this afternoon?" said Rigby, putting in a spell of rapid finger-work with the pages of the lexicon. "What does —oh, it's all right, I've got it. Well, go on. Don't be all night."

"About Rankin," said Menzies, gently, as one explaining to a lunatic.

"Pushing him over, you know," said Linton.

"We did it," said Menzies.

"Did what?" said Rigby, from the depths of the lexicon.

"Shoved him over the wall," said Menzies patiently.

"Yes?" said Rigby, in an absent tone of voice. "I wonder what—oh, here it is. Now, what do you chaps want? If you can't come to the point and talk sense, get out. Can't you see I'm busy?"

"We thought you ought to know that it was us who shoved Rankin over the wall on to your——" He stopped. Rigby's head was bent over the lexicon.

"Good-night, Rigby," said Menzies.

"Good-night," said Rigby.

And the pair departed. They had done their best. It was not their fault if the man refused to listen to their chivalrous explanations.

Rigby worked on till the gas went out suddenly, as was its habit. Then he went to bed, and in the small hours the purport of Menzies' visit dawned upon him, and he realised that for all practical purposes he had been the Beetle-Browed Bully that afternoon, ill-treating the innocent small boy without cause or excuse. His was a genial nature, when not roused, and he resolved to make it all right with Rankin on the following morning.

After breakfast, accordingly, he summoned him to his study, made what was, in the circumstances—from prefect to fag—a handsome apology, and then dismissed the matter from his mind in favour of the second book of Thucydides, satisfied that the *Entente Cordiale* was sealed.

II.

But in the black depths of Reginald's soul the desire for Vengeance still remained. Apologies are good enough in their way, but there are some things which cannot be wiped out by apologies. Reginald was not yet able to sit down with any comfort.

A lesser injury might have been repaid by the burning of toast or the over-boiling of an egg, but for a special case such as this Reginald scorned these obvious modes of retaliation as inadequate. This was an occasion for really drastic measures. Rigby thus escaped punishment for a season. And then, while the avenger was halting irresolutely between the various modes of retribution open to him, Fate, by the medium of a mild illness, removed his intended victim to the secure retreat of the Infirmary. Reginald felt as those Homeric warriors must have felt who, when they had, after great trouble, succeeded in rattling an opponent, had the mortification of seeing him rescued by some local god of unsportsmanlike nature, and conveyed to a place of safety in a special cloud.

One afternoon, however, he received a message from the invalid. Rigby wanted to see him at the Infirmary. It was important, said the message.

Reginald went to the Infirmary, where he found his foe lying on a sofa, reading an old volume of *Punch*. There was a pleasant fire blazing in the grate, and the whole aspect of the room, with its air of snugness and luxury, deepened his sense of injury. Not only had Rigby been permitted to evade his rightful punishment, but he was, in addition, being Pampered.

"Come in, Rankin," said the sufferer. "Look here, I've got something for you to do. My uncle and aunt are coming down to-morrow, and they'll want to see my study after they've looked me up here. So you might do the honours. And there's another thing. On the second shelf of my book-case you'll find a crib to the 'Agamemnon.' You'd better cart that away and hide it till they've gone. My uncle's a bishop, and he has views of his own on cribs. Thinks they're deceitful. See? You'll know the book. It's blue, and it's one of Bohn's series. Don't forget. And mind the study's tidy. Thanks. Shut the door."

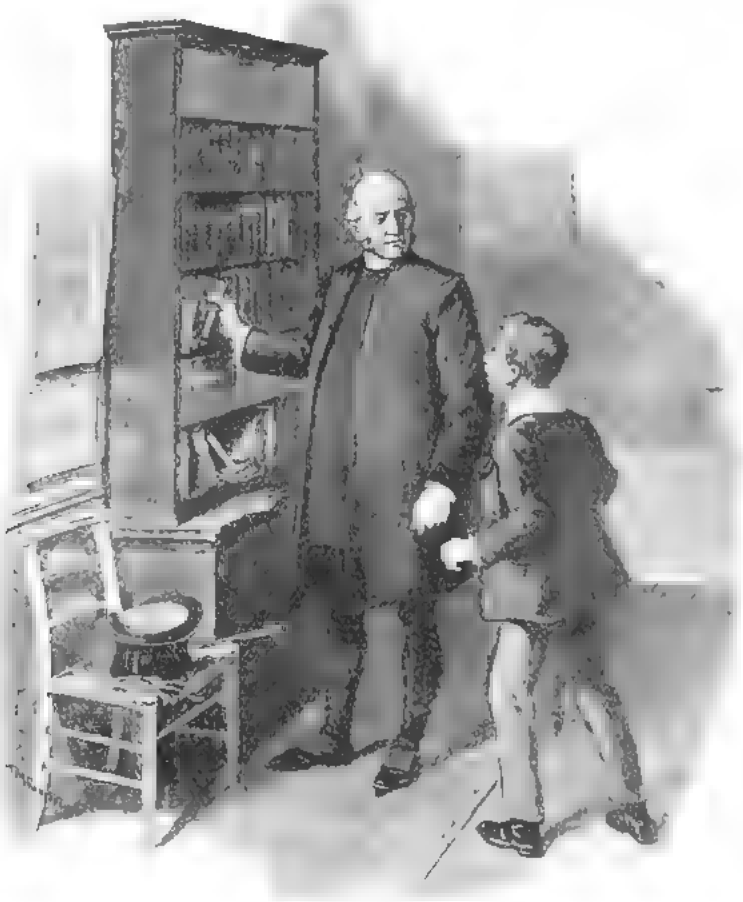
Reginald shut the door gently. A sudden thought had come,

> "like a full-blown rose,
> Flushing his brow."

He meant to make that study very tidy.

If ever there was a tidy study on the face of the earth, this tidy study was going to be that tidy study. But with respect to details he intended to exercise a certain license.

There lived in the town of Wrykyn one J. Mereweather Cooke, a day-boy. Having been associated with him in dark deeds, Reginald had formed an alliance with him.



"OH," HE SAID, PITEOUSLY, "PLEASE DO NOT LOOK AT THOSE."

Cooke's father was a sporting doctor. To the *maison* Cooke Reginald therefore made his way after leaving the Infirmary.

"I want to borrow some books," he said. "Can you bag any of your pater's?"

"What sort of books?"

"Oh, anything. Let's have a look, and I'll choose."

He chose.

III.

THIS was the letter.

THE STATION HOTEL, WRYKYN.

MY DEAR GEORGE (Rigby's name was George),—I am both grieved and disappointed. I have no wish to be unduly harsh with you at a time when you are laid up, but my duty compels me to speak out.

It seems incredible, I know, but I regret to say that my dear George's impression after reading so far was that his uncle had been lunching.

He read on.

That you were not wholly free from the failings of boyhood I was aware. I knew you to be in a measure deficient in reverence for your elders, and thoughtless. But I did not dream that you were also deceitful. My visit to your study to-day con-

vinces me that I was wrong. Escorted to the room by a small lad, who was throughout most polite, I found on your shelves such an array of Dr. Bohn's *English Translations of the Classics* as I could not have believed (but for ocular evidence) to have existed at one of our public schools. Nor is that all. Seeing me glancing at these volumes, the small boy to whom I have alluded uttered an irrepressible cry of mental distress. "Oh," he said, piteously, "please do not look at those. *He told me to hide them, and said he would beat me if I did not.*" I have underlined those words, George. That you should so corrupt the mind of one of your juniors (to whom you ought to set a good example) is bad; but that you should force him with blows to carry out an act offensive to his conscience is worse, far worse. This petty tyranny did not, however, avail you, for I observed the books. In addition to these deceitful aids to study, I regret to say that I noticed other evidences of a perverted taste not often to be found in one so young. Of a dozen or more yellow-covered novels (so-called) I can recall the titles of but two, *Jenny, the Girl Jockey*, by Hawley Gould, and *A Tale of the Stableyard*, by Nat Smart. That you might have no more money to waste on such trash, I decided to give the sovereign with which I had intended to present you, to the small lad of whom I have made mention. I shall hope to see you when you return home for your holidays. Meanwhile,

I am, your uncle,

PETER PECKHAM.

Ten minutes later Rigby, having pondered deeply over the matter, and traced his misfortunes to the right source, asked the Infirmary matron if she would be good enough to send for Rankin, as he had something very particular and important that he wished to say to him.

The reply came back, *per* messenger.

Master Reginald Rankin presented his compliments to Mr. Rigby, and very much regretted that one of those unfortunate previous engagements rendered it impossible for him to accept his kind invitation to come and listen to something very particular and important.

Two days after breaking-up day Rigby came out of hospital.

When the school re-assembled on the last night of the holidays, Rigby smiled a glad smile, and sought out the Seymour's matron.

"Oh, has Rankin come back yet?" he asked winningly. "I've got something rather particular and important to say to him."

"Rankin?" said the matron. "Oh, Rankin. No, he's left the house. His parents have come to live in the town, and he is a day-boy now."

"Oh," said Rigby.

And he moved away disappointedly, feeling that some considerable time would probably have to elapse before he got square with Master Reginald Rankin.

(Next Month: "The Politeness of Princes.")

SONGS ON A SYREN.

IT is not always, as hymned by Kipling, that "the syren hoots its dread." Its generally cacophonous sound has at last been exchanged for the most delicious melody When the Grimsby steam trawler *Syrian* put into Filey Bay for shelter from a gale, she played "Auld Lang Syne" by means of an organ-pipe arrangement on her syren The tune, most admirably played, made scores of people run to the foreshore and cliffs to see whence the music came. After a short pause the syren broke forth into "A Life on the Ocean Wave." Meanwhile the vessel pitched about in the rough waves, thundering seas dashing over the reef. "The Bay of Biscay" was next rendered, and then "The Death of Nelson" Later in the afternoon the steamer obliged with "The Blue Bells of Scotland" and "Rule Britannia," and at half-past three, before she put to sea again, the wind having moderated, the novel concert was closed with the National Anthem. As the vessel was steaming out to sea the strains of "God be with you till we meet again" were carried to shore by the wind.—From *The Evening News*, February 3rd.

HOW TO BUY STAMPS CHEAPLY.

I HAVE an impression that the Old Fag is inclined to become a convert to stamp collecting. Anyway, he seems to be very anxious to know how to buy stamps cheaply. The question of "cheaply" is largely one of length of purse. The Prince of Wales considers that he got his celebrated 2d. "Post Office" Mauritius pretty cheaply at £1,450. But I am sure the Old Fag has no thought of scattering his dollars so lavishly as that, or he would not lay so much emphasis on "cheaply." So I tried to get some idea of the depth of his pocket, that I might help him accordingly, but he was very evasive. "No," he says, "don't you be so curious about the depth of my pocket. Some of my CAPTAIN boys have not much money to spare, and I want you to tell those who are going in for stamp collecting how they can make the most of their pence."

Of course, pence will not go far in buying stamps. As I have before told you boys of the CAPTAIN, when you have but little money to lay out on stamps it is well to look up all your uncles and aunts and cousins of all grades, and drop them a gentle reminder that you have taken to stamp collecting in right down grim earnest, and that any contributions they can send you of foreign or colonial stamps off their correspondence for your collection will evoke your deepest gratitude. No self-respecting uncle or aunt or cousin of any grade could resist such an appeal. And the stamps you would thus gather in would not only go to build up your collection, but would probably also provide you with a nice lot of duplicates which you could sell to less fortunate boys, and so obtain some ready cash for real purchases.

One word as to selling. Too many boys try to over-reach their companions when it comes to selling. In doing so they earn an unpleasant reputation, and are not infrequently avoided by other boy collectors. No boy should dream of getting full catalogue price for a duplicate. A quarter of catalogue is quite enough between boys for all ordinary stamps. Young collectors, as well as old, too often over-reach themselves in being too greedy.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

A good story of a collector over-reaching himself is told in a recent number of a philatelic periodical. In one of the Australian cities a certain collector was in the habit of visiting dealers' places of business and watching for callers with collections for sale. When a collection was refused he would follow the owner out of the shop and endeavour to do a deal on his own account. One day a great chance came. An unsatisfactory offer was refused, and the owner was followed into the street and offered more for a set of Moldavias than the dealer had offered for the whole collection. The Moldavias immediately changed hands. They were a great bargain, and the buyer of course congratulated himself on his big slice of luck. By the very next mail they were posted off to be sold at one of the London stamp auctions. They should fetch some hundreds of pounds. Alas, they were returned, for they were all rank forgeries!

There was once a London dealer who was in the habit of buying very cheaply. His plan was to pooh-pooh the collections submitted to him, condemning most of the good stamps as forgeries, and then offering the paltriest fraction of its value for the collection. A very fine collection was once offered him, and he pursued his usual tactics, whittling his offer down to a few pounds. An eminent collector standing by, waiting to be served, having seen something of the pages as they were passed over, ventured to suggest that a very much higher offer might safely be made. His interference, for it was an interference, in

another man's shop, was strongly resented. There were high words, and the eminent collector backed his opinion by offering £200 on the spot for the collection, which was accepted. Out of that collection I myself purchased one stamp which was saleable at double the price originally offered for the lot.

So that there are various, in fact, many ways of buying stamps cheaply. But the question for readers of THE CAPTAIN will be: what ordinary channels offer the best results?

HOW TO MAKE A START.

To begin with, the best plan for the young collector is to buy the best album and the largest packet of stamps that he can afford. Albums range from a few pence up to pounds. Some firms offer a neat album and a packet of 100 stamps for 2s. 6d. Packets range also from pence to pounds in all sorts of varieties, as will be seen from the advertisement pages of THE CAPTAIN. Here are a few quotations from a catalogue that lies before me.

100 varieties, used and unused, 6d
250 varieties, used and unused, 3s.
500 varieties, used and unused, 6s.
1,000 varieties, used and unused, 20s.
1,500 varieties, used and unused, 50s
2,000 varieties, used and unused, 90s
3,000 varieties, used and unused, £11 10s.
4,000 varieties, used and unused, £18.

Another style of packets are those that are grouped into continents, thus:—

500 European, all different, 7s. 6d.
125 Asiatic, all different, 7s. 6d.
125 African, all different, 7s. 6d.
125 Australian, all different, 7s. 6d
125 West Indian, all different, 7s. 6d.
125 South American, all different, 7s. 6d.
100 North American, all different 7s 6d
100 Central American, all different, 7s. 6d

HOW PACKETS AND SETS ARE MADE UP.

These packets are made up by most of the leading dealers from stamps bought in the wholesale market, and, therefore, represent the best possible value for the prices quoted, for the very good reason that the supply is abundant, is always renewable, and is subject to the keenest trade competition. Many of these packets represent little, if any, profit to the dealer, and are advertised, as the saying goes, as sprats to catch a mackerel. Not a few of the best customers many a dealer has had have begun by buying a cheap packet. A young collector who is well served at the start with a good packet rarely forgets the dealer from whom he purchased it when he develops into a full-blown and important collector, and his loyalty does him honour. Reliable dealers are fully alive to this tendency on the part of the stamp collector, and from start to finish rarely give a good cash customer cause to go elsewhere for his stamps. Hence the packet is regarded as a bait for new customers, and consequently represents the very cheapest possible method of buying stamps.

Then come sets of stamps. Large supplies of more or less common stamps are purchased wholesale and sorted up into sets of different values of the different countries. Good firms pay special attention to the weeding out of poor copies. A good plan is to get a trial set or two from various dealers, and subject them to careful comparison, and to select your dealer accordingly. You may depend upon it that if a packet is made up of clean, lightly cancelled copies, it comes from a scrupulous dealer who will serve you well. The man who is particular in little things of the common order may be trusted to give satisfaction also in larger transactions. If a packet is made up of dirty, badly cancelled stamps, you will act wisely in avoiding further dealings with that firm. Good value packets and sets of clean, lightly cancelled, well-centred stamps are the best of all indications which way the wind blows for you in the direction of buying stamps cheaply and judiciously.

Sets of stamps, like packets, range from all values, from pence to pounds. Even in the matter of pence a great deal may be done. For example let us turn to our catalogue, and note what we can get by way of a start in sets at, say, 6d. each, and under.

Angola, 1894, 2½, 5, 10, 15 reis, 4 stamps, 6d.
Anjouan, 1893, 1, 2, 4, 5c. 4 stamps. 3d
Argentine, 1892, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10c., 6 stamps, 4d
Austria,, 1890, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, 12, 15, 20, 24, 30kr., 10 stamps, 6d.
Barbadoes, 1897, ½d., ¼d., 1d., 2½d., 4 stamps, 6d.
Bulgaria, 1883—7, 1, 1, 2, 2, 3, 5, et., 6 stamps, 6d
Bulgaria, 1889, 1 2, 3, 5, 10st., 5 stamps, 5d
Comoro Islands, 1897, 1, 2, 4, 5c., 4 stamps, 3d.
Costa Rica, 1889 1, 2, 5, 10, 20, 50c. 6 stamps, 6d.
Cuba, 1899, 1, 2, 3, 5, 10c., 5 stamps, 6d.

And so I might go on through the alphabet of countries, picking pence sets from most of them.

But enough, I trust, has been said to convince the boy who has only a few pence to spare for stamps, that patience and the study of advertisements and catalogues will enable him to build up, even out of his few spare pence, a little collection that may be a source of very great pleasure in its quiet, unostentatious growth, and possibly form later on in life, if he is wise enough to stick to it, the basis of a fine and valuable collection. The common stamps to which he will necessarily be restricted may take many years to appreciate in value, but every year supplies its own evidence of the fact that the common stamps of one period become, not infrequently, the rare stamps of a later day.

Experience will enable most boys to buy cheaply and wisely, and the best of all experi-

ence is to be got by extensive reading, and by studying the stamps themselves.

Notable New Issues.

We are to have a series of special designs for the Philippines, one of which, it is said, will bear the portrait of Rizal, a popular hero, who played an important part in the revolt against Spanish rule, and was ultimately arrested and shot. It is said that the promised new Italian series, which was reported to have been abandoned, may yet be issued in a modified form. From India we are to have another ½ anna provisional surcharged on the current ½ anna.

Several French colonies are now being provided with special designs to take the place of stamps resembling those of the mother country. Indian native states are abandoning the local manufacture of their own stamps, and are going in for fine specimens of designing and engraving, and some are rendered interesting by presenting excellently executed portraits of the reigning Maharajas.

Canal Zone.—A fresh page will have to be started for this new possession of the United States. The Canal Zone comprises the strip of territory purchased from the Republic of Panama for the purpose of completing the Panama Canal. Stamps of course had to be provided for the colonies of workmen engaged on the work. A start was made with a supply of stamps of Panama overprinted "Canal Zone." Then a supply of current United States stamps was overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama." The little republic immediately complained of this issue. It anticipated considerable postal revenue by the sale of its own stamps for use on the canal works. Eventually the question was settled by the United States authorities agreeing to buy Panama stamps for overprinting for use on the Canal territory. Hence we have already three sets of Canal Zone stamps, the first overprinted with a hand stamp "Canal Zone" in one line, and the second overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama," in two lines on U.S. stamps, and the third, now current, overprinted "Canal—Zone" in two lines on Panama stamps.

1904.

Stamps of Panama handstamped "Canal Zone" in one line, in bluish ink.

Perf.

2c., carmine.
5c., blue.
10c., orange.

Current stamps of the United States overprinted "Canal Zone—Panama" in two lines, vertically, in black.

Perf.

1 cent, green.
2 cents, carmine.
5 ,, blue.
8 ,, grey-violet.
10 ,, brown.

Stamps of Panama overprinted "Canal—Zone" in two lines in black.

Perf.

1c., green, on Panama.
2c., rose, on Panama.
5c., blue, on Columbia, sur. Panama.
8c. on 50c., brown, on Columbia, sur. Panama.
10c., orange, on Columbia, sur. Panama.

Ceylon.—The 15 cents has been received with the multiple watermark, making the series to date as follows:—

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

2 cents, orange-brown.
3 cents, green.
4 cents, orange, value ultramarine.
5 cents, purple
6 cents, carmine.
12 cents, sage green, value rosine.
15 cents, ultramarine.

Gibraltar.—The 2s. value has appeared with the multiple watermark. This is only the second of the series issued with the new watermark, despite the fact that a Gibraltar stamp was one of the first to be sent out on the new paper.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d. green.
2s. green and blue.

Jaipur.—The first of a series of curious design, as illustrated, comes from this Indian Native State. It is supposed to represent the chariot of the sun drawn by a horse with a liberal supply of heads but comparatively few legs. So far, we have seen three values. The stamps are finely designed and engraved.

Perf. 12.

½ anna, ultramarine.
1 annas, carmine.
2 annas, dark green.

Kishengarh has for some time been sending us very curious postal labels of native production, but the latest arrivals are evidently of European, if not London, workmanship, for they are superior specimens of stamps, beautifully engraved and printed in clear colours. So far we have only five values.

No wmk. Perf. 13.

½ anna, carmine.
1 anna, red-brown.
1 anna, blue.
2 annas, orange.
4 annas, sepia

Lagos.—The 5s. value has appeared with the multiple watermark, completing the series with the exception of the 2d., 2½d., and 3d. values.

Wmk. Multiple CA.
Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., purple, on red paper.
6d., purple and mauve.
1s., green and black.
2s. 6d., green and carmine.
5s., green and blue.
10s., green and brown.

Natal.—Two more values of the current series have been received with the multiple watermark.

Wmk. Multiple CA. Perf. 14.

½d., green.
1d., carmine.
2s. 6d., lilac and black.

Servia.—A series of stamps with the portrait of the reigning sovereign, King Peter I., has at last made its appearance. In design it closely resembles the series prepared for issue bearing the portrait of the murdered King Alexander, which ultimately was issued with the portrait blotted out by an overprint of the Arms of Servia. In the new series the design is the same for all values, and the portrait is printed in black in each value.

Perf. 11½.

THE CRETE NEW ISSUES.

1 para, black and pale grey.
5 paras, black and light green.
10 paras, black and rose-red.
15 paras, black and magenta.
20 paras, black and yellow.
25 paras, black and blue.
50 paras, black and deep brown.
1 dinar, black and buff.
3 dinar, black and blue-green.
5 dinar, black and mauve.

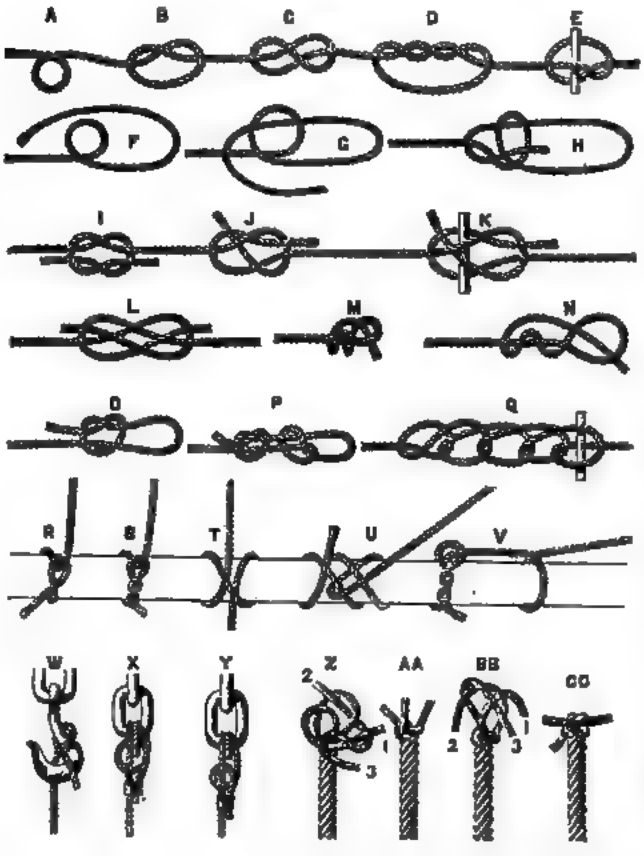
Tasmania.—Messrs. Lawn and Barlow send me the 5d. value of the current series, surcharged "1½d." in black, with the following explanation from their correspondent:—"A friend of mine wrote to the Postmaster-General about the inconvenience of having to put two large stamps of 1d. and ½d., respectively, on picture post-cards, and suggested that he should issue the above (1½d.), using up these old 5d. stamps. The Postmaster approved of and thanked him for the suggestion, and at once acted on it."

Provisional.

"1½d." on 5d., pale blue and brown.

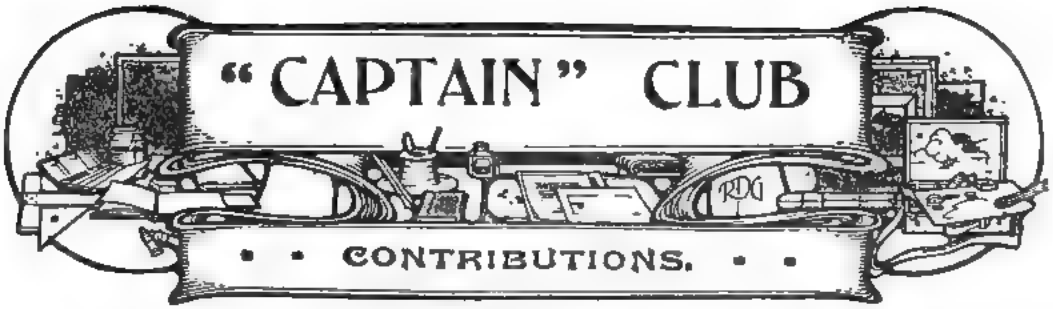
Crete.—Messrs. Whitfield King and Co. send us a gorgeous new series of stamps which have just been issued for this country. The portrait on the 10 lepta stamp is that of Prince George of Greece, the reigning prince of Crete. The design on the 2 lepta is taken from a seal found at Knossos, representing Diana between two lions. The 5, 20, 25, 50 lepta and 1 drachmē are reproductions of classical subjects found on coins discovered in Crete. The 3 drachmai stamp gives a view of the ruins of the Palace of Mines at Knossos, and the 5 drachmai a view of the Monastery of Arcadion with Mount Ida in the background.

2 lepta, lilac.
5 lepta, green.
10 lepta, carmine.
20 lepta, emerald.
25 lepta, ultramarine.
50 lepta, pale brown.
1 drachmē, lake, centre black.
2 drachmai, orange, centre black.
5 drachmai, olive, centre black.



A. Bight of a rope.
B. Simple or Overhand Knot.
C. Figure 8 Knot.
D. Double Knot.
E. Boat Knot.
F. Bowline, first step.
G. Bowline, second step.
H. Bowline, completed.
I. Square or Reef Knot.
J. Sheet Bend or Weaver's Knot.
K. Sheet Bend, with a toggle.
L. Carrick Bend.
M. Stevedore Knot completed.
N. Stevedore Knot commenced.
O. Slip Knot.
P. Flemish Loop.
Q. Chain Knot, with toggle.
R. Half-hitch.
S. Timber-hitch.
T. Clove-hitch.
U. Rolling-hitch.
V. Timber-hitch and Half-hitch
W. Blackwall-hitch.
X. Fisherman's Bend.
Y. Round Turn and Half-hitch.
Z. Wall Knot commenced.
A A. Wall Knot completed.
B B. Wall Knot Crown commenced.
C C. Wall Knot Crown completed.

SAILORS' KNOTS AND HOW TO TIE THEM.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the CAPTAIN Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

BOOKS by CAPTAIN authors are awarded to Porangi Potae, "Fryite," and Wilfrid Gronow. Each prize-winner is requested to select a book.

Attractive Pigeon-Cotes.

AMONG the many readers of THE CAPTAIN I am sure there are more than a few who keep pigeons; but how many consider the appearance of the cotes? Not that the appearance is everything, for a pigeon-cote that is only made to look well, and is badly put together, is worse than useless. Ordinary nail-kegs, and barrels, big and small, make ideal cotes, and, if erected in nice situations, look very well. But in places where space is limited, one has not the choice of situation, and, in the majority of cases, dingy-looking boxes are to be seen without any signs of decoration at all. With a little trouble these can be vastly improved.

I had by me some old nail-kegs and a big barrel, from which I made some very presentable cotes. The kegs I erected on tree stumps and poles, and the barrel on a frame. Then I collected some tins (sardine, &c.), and planted sweet peas, smilax, and other quick-growing climbers in them. These I placed on the ledges round the cotes. Before long the kegs were covered with tendrils, and when the flowers came they looked really well.

It is not necessary to paint the cotes, for the

The above photograph shows Miss Lily Linsdell and the boys of St. Andrew's Choristers' Club, Deal. The club was founded by Miss Linsdell nearly four years ago, and is entirely managed by her. It includes cricket and football clubs, and an evening club, at which the boys are taught gymnastics by a qualified instructor. Miss Linsdell plays cricket with the boys, both at practice and in matches, and acts as referee in all "home" football matches. A great tribute to her impartiality is the fact that no complaints of unfairness on the part of the referee are ever made. The choir boys show the greatest loyalty to the manager of the club, and are in no way effeminated by the influence of a woman.

climbers cover the woodwork until the whole presents a bower of greenery. The effect is improved by planting climbers round the poles. Roses look particularly well. It is advisable to choose plants that flower at different times, so as to have blooms continually. Among the many climbers suitable for the purpose I may mention off-hand: convolvulus, clematis, sweet peas, canary-creeper, smilax, nasturtium, all of which can be procured for a few pence. One or two of these cotes will, with their occupants, brighten up what would otherwise be a gloomy yard, and are not to be despised even in a front garden.

PORANGI POTAE.

The Castle of Chillon.

THE quaint old castle of Chillon owes much of its interest to Lord Byron's novel, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, which obtained for it world-wide fame. Now used as an arsenal, this ancient fortress is first mentioned in twelfth century documents, the exact date of its foundation not being known. It is built on an isolated rock at the eastern end of the lake of Geneva, six and a half miles from Vevey. A drawbridge connects the castle with the mainland, sixty-two feet away. It was converted into a fortress by Pietro, of Savoy (Charlemagne the Little), in 1248; and Bonnivard, Prior of St. Victor, Geneva, was incarcerated there in 1530 for seven years.

C. G. P.

CHÂTEAU CHILLON.
Photo. by K. C. Greenway.

THE INDIAN BUFFALO. SHOT BY C. H. HOLME, ESQ., AT GORAKPUT.
Photo. by B. Holme.

A Spring Day.

ONE of the greatest charms of a temperate climate lies in the gradual, scarcely noticeable, change from one season to another. Ours being a temperate clime, our surroundings are in a state of perpetual change, and each day brings us something new in the natural world, something in its way charming and instructive. To a close observer there is nothing prosaic or commonplace in Nature. Perhaps the most delightful of all the seasons is Spring. The striking difference between it and the previous season undoubtedly adds to its charm. Bleak, stormy Winter has left us, and smiling, peaceful Spring is with us again.

A walk along a country lane will tell us that Spring has at length come. New life is springing up all around us. Here and there we notice the snowdrop, which has safely survived the cold of the previous months. The crocus may still be seen, in all the glory of gaudy yellow or bright blue. The meadows are all glittering with daisies and kingcups; the primrose is in evidence at the roots of numerous hedgerows.

Many of the trees are beginning to don their Summer dress. The elm shoots forth its tinted leaves. The cherry tree is one great, moving mass of snowy blossoms. Compared

with these, the oak is a shadow; its great, gaunt, gnarled branches stretch heavenwards in leafless monotony, and we begin to doubt if Spring is really with us again.

But the birds confirm our notions. In the budding hedges they are chattering and nesting. We hear the long-drawn note of the cuckoo; there, too, is the song of the lark, and, looking upwards, we see the tiniest speck against the blue lift above. A swallow brushes past us as he pursues his upward course. He has been holidaying down south these last few months. Yes, Spring is with us once more; our surroundings proclaim the advent of another season.

Spring, indeed, is a time of freshness. Everything shows signs of youth and rejuvenation. Nature is at her very best, and we realise that the Creator of the universe has made all things well.

"FRYITE."

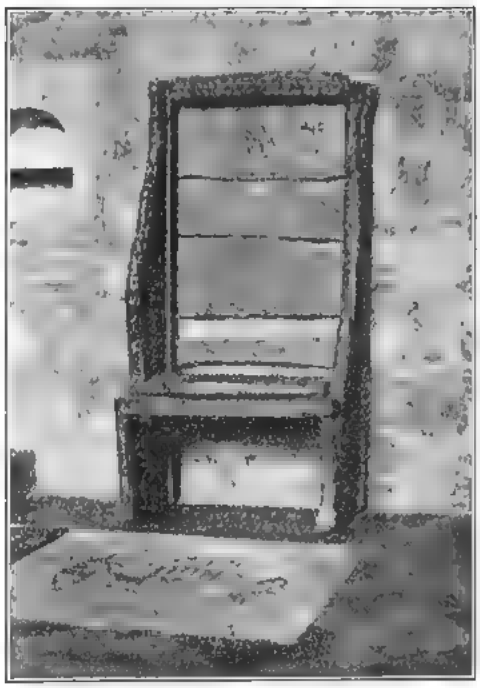
CROSSING THE DRIFT OVER ST. LUCIA LAKE, ZULULAND.

A journey attended with much danger, as the lake swarms with crocodiles, and, near the entrance, with hippopotami and sharks. Several lives have been lost at this spot.

Photo. by D. G. Crofts.

A Historic Chair.

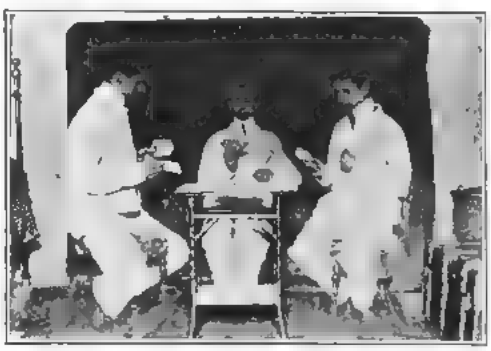
THE accompanying photograph is that of an ancient chair, dating back to the sixth century. It is to be seen at St. Paul's Church and Monastery, Jarrow-on-Tyne, and once belonged to the Venerable Bede, "the father of English learning." Bede was born in 673, in the village of Monkton, and at the age of seven was placed under the care of the monks of Wearmouth. Three years later he migrated to the new monastery at Jarrow-on-Tyne under Abbot Ceolfrid. He was ordained priest at the age of nineteen by Bishop John of Hexham, and was afterwards head of St. Paul's Monastery. Among his pupils were Huetbert, Cuthbert of Monkwearmouth,



A HISTORIC CHAIR AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, JARROW-ON-TYNE.

Constantine, and Nothelm, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. One quite realises, therefore, that in past ages his chair, which stands in the sanctuary of St. Paul's, was regarded with great veneration, and its dilapidated appearance is due to the passion for relics which led many pilgrims to carry away a piece of it as a memento of their visit.

WILFRID GRONOW.



A THREE-HANDED CARD GAME WITH ONE'S SELF.

Three exposures of equal length are made, the sitter changing his position each time. A dark background prevents a "ghost" effect.

Photo. by G. E. Arrowsmith.

COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

Last day for sending in, April 14th.

(Foreign and Colonial Readers, May 18th.)

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus :—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete, and in the event of their proving successful in competitions where cricket-bats, &c., are offered as prizes, will be allowed to select other articles of similar value.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Write only on one side of the paper.

You may send as many attempts for each competition as you like, but each attempt must be sent in a separately stamped envelope.

Owing to the frequency with which certain names have appeared in the Lists of Prize-Winners, we have decided to make a rule to the effect that a Competitor may not win more than one first prize and one consolation prize per month.

Every prize-winner is requested to apply for his prize. In the event of the prize offered for competition not appealing to the winner of the same, some other article of similar value may be chosen from our advertisement pages, or from the catalogues of such firms as advertise in THE CAPTAIN.

Address envelopes and postcards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, THE CAPTAIN, 12 Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 14th.

The Results will be published in June.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 21 competition, so long as he has not actually turned 22. The same rule applies to the other age limits.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

No. 1.—"**An April Event.**"—Write an essay, not exceeding 400 words in length, on any great event that has happened in the month of April. Neat handwriting, punctuation, and good spelling will be taken into consideration. Prizes: Three John Piggott, Ltd., "Surrey Driver" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 2.—"**Subjects for School Debates.**"—The Old Fag is offering books to the value of Ten Shillings for the best list of subjects for school debating societies. Send your list on a post-card, and limit it to six subjects. Endeavour to be as original as possible, and leave out such time-worn themes as "Should capital punishment be abolished?" or, "Was King Charles a martyr?"

No age limit.

No. 3.—"**Photographic Competition.**"—Send a print from your best negative. Photographs must be original, i.e., not copied from the work of others. Neatness in mounting will be taken into consideration. Prizes (in each class): Photographic apparatus to the value of 10s 6d.

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit. Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**Hidden Advertisements.**"—On an advertisement page will be found an illustration which contains pieces cut from 26 advertisements that have appeared in THE CAPTAIN during the last six months. Send on a postcard a list of the advertisements represented. Prizes: Three City Sale and Exchange "Exchange" Cricket Bats. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Twelve.

No. 5.—"**Curve Competition.**"—On an advertisement page will be found a diagram of a curve. Fill in a funny or ingenious drawing, of which this curve forms a part, as in the example given on the other half of the diagram, and post to us. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Piggott Bros. and Co.'s No. 1 Croquet Sets. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	...	Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 6.—"**Stamp Collectors' Competition.**"—State, on a postcard, what you consider to be the six most artistic stamps issued for use in foreign countries, in the order of their merit. The replies of the competitors will be tabulated as votes, which will decide the order in which the stamps shall be arranged. Prizes: Three of Messrs. Stanley Gibbons' "Century" Stamp Albums, value 12s. 6d. (See Prizes page.)

Class I.	...	No age limit.
Class II.	...	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	...	Age limit: Sixteen.

FOREIGN and COLONIAL READERS are invited to compete. In their case the time limit is extended to ***May 18th.*** By "Foreign and Colonial" we refer to readers living ***outside*** Europe. There will be ***no age limit.*** One prize of 5s. will be awarded to the sender of the best entry in each Competition. Envelopes should be marked: "Foreign and Colonial April Competitions."

12 BURLEIGH STREET,
STRAND, LONDON.

How Gentlemen Should Not Talk. A correspondent, a boy of sixteen (who, judging by his letter, seems to be a very sensible fellow), draws my attention to the coarse and stupid fashion of talking which is the vogue among a good many boys at the present day. He words his letter strongly, and he is right to do so. Fellows pick up this trashy, slangy way of talking by going to music halls and reading common papers. Surely it is possible to listen to a low comedian's patter without allowing it to colour one's own conversation! Commenting on this vulgar habit, my correspondent says:—

Most of these boys are very decent fellows in lots of ways; many do not actually swear, but talk in the strain of a tenth-rate music-hall comedian. Some—and not a few—use the most blackguardly expressions, but these are generally out-and-out cads. It is the use of inuendoes—*double entendre*, &c.—which is most frequent. I think the chief cause is thoughtlessness, and a desire to appear manly (save the mark!). I do not pretend to be any better than other fellows, and I am not at all goody-goody, but this kind of thing always seems to me more suited to hooligans than to decent chaps.

Now, I consider this a matter worthy of careful consideration, for there is no doubt that there *are* a great many boys belonging to the educated classes who talk in a manner unbefitting to their station. The subject is not one to be dealt with by masters—it must be left to the decent-mindedness of boys themselves. One fault leads to another. Vulgarity of language induces vulgarity of thought, and so affects the whole nature of the boy or man who indulges in it. I therefore advise those of you who are inclined to use objectionable expressions to lay this letter to heart. You may be all right in the main, and mean no ill, but it is a silly habit to form. There is no harm at all in ordinary school slang. Surely that should be sufficient for any fellow who sets a proper value on his self-respect.

Subjects for Debating Societies. The Committee of a School Debating Society ask me to suggest some interesting subjects for debates. They have already had:—

That England should adopt conscription.
(Lost, 42—8.)
That Cromwell was right to depose Charles I.
(Lost, 16—10.)
That England should adopt Protection.
(Lost, 18—10.)
That the Pen is mightier than the Sword.
(Carried, 26—25.)

The best way to procure subjects for debates is to have a competition on the subject. I will therefore present BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS to the CAPTAIN reader who submits the SIX BEST SUBJECTS FOR DEBATES. (See "Competitions for April.")

Such members of my crew as are interested in gardening should not fail to get a copy of the "One and All" Gardening Annual, edited by Edward O. Greening, and published by the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, 92 Long Acre, London, W.C.—whose premises, I trust, were not affected by the colossal fire which devastated a portion of that famous thoroughfare on February 22nd. The price of the Annual is the modest one of twopence, there are two hundred pages in it, and the contents throughout are most interesting. From the "Humours of Gardening," collected by the editor, I extract the following little lament by "V. C.":

MYSTERIES.

I often wonder why it is
That what the proper diet is
For weeds of all varieties
Should suit my crops so ill;
For, while the thistles grow away
(No matter how I hoe away,
To save themselves they know a way),
My peas are standing still.

It's positively sickening,
When grass on lawns needs thickening,
That all attempts at quickening
Its growth completely fail;
While, in the near vicinity,
'Tis hedged by some divinity,
And shows a weird affinity
For carrots, beet, and kale.

I wonder why the blight attacks
My roses, till it's quite a tax
To foil it by my night attacks
With syringe and with suds.
The briar 'scapes adversities—
A topsy-turvy mercy 'tis—
And knows not what a curse it is
To give the fly its buds.

Oh, I will gladly sing my best,
Of rich, round phrases string my best,
And of my verses bring my best,
For him who first succeeds
In earning all my gratitude
And ever-new beatitude
By turning round the attitude
Of insect pests to weeds.

A "Field Goal." In our January number Mr. Stuart Wishing told us how a Rugby match was won by the rare phenomenon known as a "field goal." Several readers have written to me on the subject, one of whom, an Edinburgh gentleman, sends the following account of how a match which he witnessed was actually won with a goal of this kind:—

It was in 1875 or '76 that I saw a field-goal kicked. I was at Fettes College at the time, and the match was the Sixth and Upper Fifth against the School. Soon after the match commenced, Ponsonby (captain of the fifteen, and always a forward) came upon the ball about twenty yards from the posts and straight in front, dead, and promptly ran at the ball and kicked a goal. The match ended in a win for the Sixth and Upper Fifth by 1 goal to 2 tries.

Curious Christian Names: With reference to our competition of this title, a correspondent sends me the following cutting from the *Standard*:—

Judge Greenhow had before him at Leeds County Court yesterday a case revealing the partiality for high titles which is sometimes to be found. The plaintiff, whose Christian names were Princess Beatrice, claimed from her husband £18 15s., arrears under a settlement. It transpired in court that the name of plaintiff's brother was Baron Rothschild, and it was explained that her father was a great sporting enthusiast, and named his children after prominent sportsmen. Judgment was given for the plaintiff for £8 and costs.

School Sports: I am indebted to "A Sedberghian," "A Pauline," and C. L. Parker, respectively, for the results of Sedbergh, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors' school sports, which I append below:—

SEDBERGH.

100 Yards.—O. Gwatkin, 11 2-5sec.
Mile.—A. M. Dawson, 5min. 5 4-5sec.
Half-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 2min. 18 2-5sec.
Quarter-mile.—O. Gwatkin, 58 3-5sec.
Hurdles.—R. S. Harrison, 17 1-5sec.
High Jump.—R. S. Harrison, 5ft. ¼in.
Long Jump.—W. Crowden, 18ft. 4¼in.
Cricket Ball.—C. Sturle, 84yd. 1ft. 6in.
Weight.—R. M. Peat, 30ft. 10in.

ST. PAUL'S.

100 Yards.—W. C. Birch, 10⅗sec.
Mile.—T. H. Just, 4min. 55⅕sec.
Half-mile.—T. H. Just, 2min. 7sec.
Quarter-mile.—T. H. Just, 54 4-5sec.
Hurdles.—R. P. Franklin, 18 1-5sec.
High Jump.—A. R. Toplis, 5ft. ¼in.
Long Jump.—R. P. Franklin, 19ft. 6¼in.
Cricket Ball.—R. P. Franklin, 89yd. 1ft. 7in.
Weight.—F. P. Winterbotham, 30ft. 4in.
In exhibition jumps Franklin covered 20ft. 7½in., and Toplis cleared 5ft. 3in.

MERCHANT TAYLORS'.

100 Yards.—M. E. Dellschaft, 10 4-5sec.
Mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 4min. 49 4-5sec.
Half-mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 2min. 8 3-5sec.
Quarter-mile.—M. E. Dellschaft, 56sec.
Hurdles (120 yards).—M. E. Dellschaft, 22 1-5sec.
High Jump.—G. F. Wolff, 5ft. 1in.
Long Jump.—J. D. Strachan, 17ft. 10½in.
Cricket Ball.—R. Meldrum, 90yd. 9½in.
Weight.—M. E. Dellschaft, 30ft. 8½in.
The time for the mile was the school record, and that for the half-mile tied with the record.

M. E. Dellschaft is to be heartily congratulated on winning six out of nine events at the Merchant Taylors' sports. His is the best Mile in the three tables as well as the school record. There is not an inch difference in the high jumping of the three schools, and they are peculiarly level in the Weight. Franklin and Just, of St. Paul's, and Gwatkin, of Sedbergh, are also to be commended for their performances.

"Captain" Prizes: If you read the competition conditions this month you will observe that I am allowing prize-winners to choose articles other than those nominated, should they wish to do so. You may be interested to hear of some of the things which have been chosen by prize-

winners in the past who have been granted an alternative choice. One competitor selected a punching-ball, another a set of handkerchiefs, another an umbrella, another a pair of cycling shoes, another a set of dominoes, another a pair of fencing foils, another (a clergyman, this) a tasteful edition of the "Song of Solomon"—all very good and practical selections. Very often girls prefer writing-cases to grip dumb-bells, and one lady asked for a watch instead of a graphophone. Only the other day a lady prize-winner wrote and said that she did not want a graphophone because she hated them, and so did her people, and that if we sent one to her she would have to give it away! We are now waiting to hear, with some anxiety, what this lady would like. Just think of the range of articles she has to choose from—anything from Tennyson's Poems to a tennis racquet, from the Works of William Shakespeare to a work-basket, from Chopin's Compositions to a pair of garden clippers. In fact, the intelligent and energetic young gentleman whose duty it is to see that the prizes are sent off to their winners, is wondering in what direction he will have to turn his steps—to Regent-street, the Strand, High Holborn, or Cheapside?—in order to satisfy the requirements of the lady who, if she received a graphophone, "would have to give it away." It has occurred to him once or twice as possible that he may have to go to Seven Dials and buy a canary for her, for, after all, there is many a young lady who, though she would hurl a braying graphophone out of the window, can write a dozen letters to her dearest friends with a canary warbling its hardest within a few yards of her writing-desk! The young gentleman in question hopes readers won't spare him. "Anything to oblige," is the motto that dominates his movements when he hies forth to purchase prizes for Captainites.

Proposed "Captain" Club at Malvern. A. W. Robinson, Fairfield, Malvern, would like to hear from any CAPTAIN readers who would co-operate with him in starting a CAPTAIN Club in that town.

A British "Hickson's." "I am very interested (writes 'A Fellow at School') in your series of stories called 'At Hickson's,' because our school happens to be something the same. I've heard chaps scoff at stories like 'At Hickson's' because they have never been at a school which both boys and girls attend. I am at one myself, and know that it can be, and is, a very nice arrangement. 'Hickson's' is American, but Dollar Academy is Scotch, and it is not at all a new school either, having been founded by a native of Dollar in 1818. I have not been here so very long myself, but quite long enough to learn to love the old place. In games Dollar comes second to none; it is well-known for its football, its team being one of the best in Scotland. The girls, too, have a hockey club which, although it has played numerous matches, has only once been beaten. We, of course, have exceptional advantages in living in the country, and get more practice than town boys and girls. We have a tobogganing-field and a large skating-pond, and in summer a place in the River Devon where we can bathe, so that we are well off in these things. The Dollar Academy cap, although a fine dark blue cap, is not much patronised by the fellows, as the majority—and I must confess that I am one of these—prefer to go without. Also, we are not with 'Hickson's' in the wearing of 'tight pigtails' by the girls. We prefer their beauty as it is, unassisted by a pigtail. They manage to keep neat and beautiful, which is what we fellows want. All the masters are splendid men, especially, if I may say so, the Head. Our cadet corps, which visited Barry Camp last summer, under Sergeant McGeachen, was voted one of the best there. We have plenty of work, and always have something to do out of school, and seldom feel that there is 'nothing to do.' I could tell you more, but I should bore you. Should I have the honour to see this in print I shall feel I have not wasted my time in trying to show fellows, who have never experienced it, the delight of a school for both sexes."

The King's Surname. Several correspondents have written to me to say that the King's surname is not Guelph. One of them sends me a paragraph from *Notes and Queries*, in which it is stated that the King's surname is Wettin. Queen Victoria married a Coburg—Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg—and Coburg is a branch of the House of Wettin. "Guelph," remarks *Notes and Queries*, "was the name of the

Hanoverian line, of which Queen Victoria was the last. Our King begins a new dynasty, which will probably be called by future historians the Saxe-Coburg (or perhaps the Gothic) dynasty, or by some such distinctive name, as the name of the Angevin dynasty was taken from the father of Henry II. Our rulers have always retained their paternal name, whether Plantagenets, Tudors, Stuarts, Guelphs, or Wettins."

"John Brindle." You will recollect that some little time ago Mr. Fry offered a Scottish terrier pup for competition. The pup was won by C. A. Wheeler, of Littlehampton, Sussex, who sends in the following report of the small doggie's progress:—

I am writing to inform you that "John Brindle" is getting on very well. I am sorry to say that I have not yet taught him to return a ball. It sounds easy, but is by no means so, when you come to try it. He is very fond of running after stones; in fact, after everything, including footballs and chickens. His inclination for running after the latter I have found necessary to stop, however. He is not the sweetest-tempered dog in the world, nor is he inclined to make friends with everybody; but I do not think him any the worse for that—on the other hand, possibly the better. He always has a walk before breakfast, and if he does not get quite enough exercise, which I think he does, I shall be able to better remedy that in the holidays. It is needless to add that I am very fond of him, and he returns the affection. To me, at any rate, he has no equal.

It will be remembered that John is the son of Jane Brindle, who is an expert fieldswoman. John evidently displays the same proclivities, in that he chases footballs and chickens. I wish him long life, and many merry days in the cricket-field.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. V. S.—You will, no doubt, obtain great benefit from following Mr. Eustace Miles's advice and course of training. It seems to me that you are very oscillating with regard to a profession. You seem to have the makings of a journalist in you, so why not devote all your spare time to writing for the magazines and papers of your country? Cultivate acquaintance with journalists, and, as you know English so well, it is possible that one of the Belgian papers, or one of the French papers, might in time appoint you as their London correspondent. Anyhow, it is high time that you settled on something definite to make the work of your life. If you want to enter journalism, as I have already told other correspondents, you must be always busy doing something in a small way for this and that paper. Make your work known to editors, and, if you have luck, some day one of them may offer you a post. Your languages will, of course, be highly useful. There, that is all I can tell you, but if I may add one more word of advice, I should say: endeavour to cultivate the habit of decision, and get out of the way of asking other people to decide things for you. You will never succeed so long as you shilly-shally about and shift the responsibility of making up your mind on to other folks

C. H. gives way to the vice of lying. He has tried to break himself of this habit, but in vain. Can I help him? Well, as in the case of all vices, C. H. must rely on himself for a cure. Surely C. H. must see that the path to pursue is one of undeviating honesty in all things. Should he tell a lie, let him confess it, and endure the punishment that follows like a man. Lying is a most pernicious vice, because when one finds out that a man or boy is a liar, one never trusts him thereafter. To break himself of lying C. H. must exercise pluck. People tell lies because they hope to gain some advantage or escape reprimand or punishment. An advantage so gained is valueless, and the liar is a loser by avoiding rightful punishment. Absolute truthfulness is a golden virtue that every boy and man should cultivate. Next time C. H. writes to me I hope he will be able to say that he has learned to tell the truth always, at all hazards.

R. H. S. sends a cheery letter from Zurich, where he is at school. Several nationalities are represented at this school, the Spanish boys alone numbering 50, but the English only 6. "Despite this inequality in numbers," says my correspondent, "we find that if it comes to the point—as it has done twice this term in the snow—we can stand up against 150 foreigners." Referring to O.C.'s letter *re* the Channel Swim (November issue), R. H. S. points out that it is a mistake to think that Captain Webb dispensed with an oily coating. Captain Webb wrote an article for the first number of the *Boy's Own Paper*, entitled, "How I Swam the Channel," and in this article he stated that he was covered, prior to the start, with porpoise grease. In fact, soon after he had started he was surrounded by a shoal of porpoises, attracted by the smell of the fat.

Stonehenge.—Mr. David M. S. Watson writes:—"In a paragraph on Stonehenge in your February number it is said that this structure is attributed to Ambrosius. It is, however, generally known now that he had nothing whatever to do with its building. It was a temple—probably a 'Sun' temple—erected at one or two distinct times during the Bronze Age, which extended from about 1500 to 400 B.C. It differs in no important particulars from the numerous other stone circles in England, except in being better preserved, and, as is general, is surrounded by about 300 tumuli, or graves of the Bronze Age. This view of Stonehenge is that held by my friend and master, Professor W. Boyd Dawkin, F.R.S., who is, of course, one of the most famous archæologists in England."

R. D.—I fear your "unpretending lines" are not quite good enough to print, but they show promise. Your subject is a good one, though there are bad patches in your metre. Some of the lines are quaint—though I don't suppose you meant them to be so. The last line in this verse, for instance:—

All in the darkness of the night,
'Twas all so unexpected,
The startled Frenchmen, half asleep,
Were forcibly ejected.

Eight British seamen "ejecting" eighty Frenchmen, the latter rubbing their eyes and yawning, must indeed have been a merry and unusual sight!

E. A. S. Fox.—Nor are your verses, though meritorious in parts, quite up to our standard. It is not at all a bad picture that you give of a boy who is stamp-mad. I quote two verses. Don't we all know Jones?

He is seen in Preparations
Occupied with Perforations;
Out of school he's in a corner
"Swapping" duplicates with friends;
And his pocket money never
Goes to anything whatever
But to stamps. I won't endeavour
To say how much he spends!

When a rarity he's sighted,
He's elated and excited,
And could not be more delighted
If he'd found a Ten-Pound Note;
He will jaw for hours on "Fudges,"
And in spite of sundry nudges
He continues it, nor budges
Till you catch him by the throat.

L. B. R.—The publishing business is a good enough one to take up if you have plenty of capital and brains. You must be very smart indeed to make a good living out of it nowadays. Before starting on your own you would, of course, have to put in five or ten years with a really good firm in order to get the necessary experience. Your knowledge of French and German would, undoubtedly, be useful to you, but is of quite secondary importance. Your question *re* "field-goal" will be answered next month by Mr. Warner

Bul-bul.—There is little that is praiseworthy in your poem. It's no use being sarcastic about the weather. The old Clerk who looks after it goes on his way serenely and doesn't care a button what anyone says about him. Your metre, by the way, is not too regular, and I should say that you are more expert at making runs than rhymes. "Dies" and "lives," for example, don't really rhyme any more than, say, "haddock" and "Vesuvius" do.

Three Etonians.—I have made a note of your complaint, and thank you for expressing your views so candidly. You must understand, however, that in a magazine like THE CAPTAIN, every kind of schoolboy must be catered for, and I have made it my endeavour to produce a periodical that will appeal to all types. How do you like this April number? Surely the fiction is varied enough to suit all tastes!

W. B. Seymour-Ure.—Clubbed. Contributions must be *original*. Your writing is very neat and readable.

"A Would-Be Grey."—I think you had better write to the author direct for the information you require.

Baas.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope. **Blundellian.**—(1) Consult your school doctor; (2) Yes. **A. V. J.**—Get the prospectus of a bank or insurance company, and write to one of the directors for a nomination. **Norman Lockhart.**—Consult the advertisement columns of papers like *The Engineer*, *Engineering*, and *The Electrical Review*. The premiums are heavy in all good firms. **Reader C.C.**—The position of the goalkeeper on the January cover is not by any means impossible—for a goalkeeper. **Navahoe.**—Yes. **V. K. S.** and **P. A. H.** There are several shilling books on chess. **R. L. V.**—What would you like to be? **Fredericus.** Apply to the Egyptian Government. **R. S.**—Any local bookbinder will bind your numbers of THE CAPTAIN into our cover, which you can obtain from your newsagent for 1s. 6d. **Viato.**—Apply to the Secretary, Institute of Civil Engineers, London, S.W. **"Secretary."**—See reply to Frank Paull (October, 1904). **Tonbridge.**—"How to Enter the Civil Service" (Grant Richards, 2s. 6d.). **James Robinson.**—(1) From a director; (2) seventeen to twenty-five years; (3) usual English subjects, and a foreign language. **Clericus.**—Get the *Civil Service Year-book*, price 2s., for latest exam. papers. **Recruit, E. J. Soloman,** and **F. J. N.**—Purchase THE CAPTAIN regularly. You may then contribute to the Club pages, and consult our experts. **Linden.**—(1) See previous answer; (2) Percival Marshall and Co., who advertise in our pages.

THE OLD FAG.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Advertisers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Randolph L. Pawlby, 2 Maida Vale terrace, Mutley, Plymouth.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. Crossley, 62 Moorcliffe, Halifax; John Brown, 13 Argyle-street, Paisley.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Stephen Critten, T. R. Davis, Walter S Leeming, H J Gordon Wells Jack Loutet, V. R. Sewell, L. Braddock, Helen M Brougham, Mollie Marrow, W A. Oldfield, W. Watkins, Alfred G. Pearson.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Percy Walton, 146 Argyle-street, South Birkenhead, Cheshire.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Maude Brougham, Viewmount, Inverness, N.B.; H. C. C. Stanley, 18 Thurleigh road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J. S. Clarke Oliver A. Brown, Arthur Mittell, C. W. R. Take, F. C. Millington, E. Howham, Tom Curley, M. J. Hogan, S. Mather, B F. Lawrence, J. Wilson Campbell, R. E. Piper.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF COLUMBIA A. Q. GRAPHOPHONE: Frank Owen, 255 Marshall's Cross road, St. Helen's, Lancs.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: M. Greig, 62 Beaconsfield street, Bedford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: J A. Kürten, Alan Shreeve, Bernard H. Lodge, Arthur Foster, Kathleen Gibbings, Kenneth B Reid, W. F. Archer, Tom L. Christie, Phyllis Harding, Marjorie Gwynne, A. B. Hodge, W. N. Hodgson.

No. II.—"A February Event."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: William Kentish, Balmain Lodge, Trafalgar road, Moseley

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Stephen H Critten, 1 Livingstone-terrace, Franklin road, Gillingham, Kent; Benjamin Corbyn, 46 High street, Lowestoft.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ernest Wharrier-Soulsby, Alex. L. Ogilvy, G. B. Hindmarsh, Edith O. Walford, William A Oldfield, Helen Noon, W. H Manson, Bernard Weaver, Shirley Wilson, Francis Whittingham, H. M Ford, Winifred S. Kerr

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: Fritz Llewellyn Davies, St. Deiniols, Upper Bangor, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO Jas. McGregor, 47 Palermo street, Glasgow; Marguerite Schindhelm, 4 Maley-avenue, West Norwood.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. C. C. Stanley, L. A. Pavey, Kirby Busfield, H. C. Elliott, Henry Attewell, Percy W. Saddler, Lionel Lever, H. A. Haxeldine, W. M. Marshall, J. H. Hill, H. V. Sergeant.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF BENETFINK FOOTBALL: E. F. Gardiner, Trevordale, Wisbech, Cambs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: David Bardsley, H. A. Thompson, B. J. Evans, Donald F. Fergusson, Wilfrid Adams.

No. III.—"'Captain' Birthday Book."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF PICTURE BY LOUIS WAIN.: C. Maud Heddy, 46 Redcliffe gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: C. T. Down, Spearpoint, Ashford, Kent; May McOwen Hall, Penderel Lodge, Tenterden

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. J. Watt, Ursula M. Peck, Winifred Steele, Evelyn Hewitt, Fred Heath, Charles Reed, A. A. Kerridge, H. Foulstone, L. M. Strike, B. Hunter.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty one.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: F. A. Smyth, 34 Rue Pigalle, Paris.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Albert Albrow, 43 Hinton-road, Loughboro' Junction, S.E., Gladys von Stralendorff, 12 Lord street West, Southport, Lancs.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Percival Dacre, T. W. Spikin, Ethel M. Parsons, E. M. Gough, Arthur Walker, Joyce Hunter, R. S F. Cameron

CLASS III. (Age limit Sixteen.)

WINNER OF SANDOW GRIP DUMB-BELLS: Molly Norton, Honnington, Basingstoke, Hants.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Maude Brougham, Emmeline d'Auvergne, J. Wilson Campbell, Sylvia Simon, Nora Johnson, Percy E. Greville, George Torkington, E. A. Dodd, Hilda M. Nield

No. IV.—"Photographic Competition."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: John Richmond, Church-street, Backworth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: W. J. Watt, 16 Albert-terrace, Aberdeen, G. J. Sparkes Madge, 7 Bramshill road, Harlesden, N.W.; Reinhold Kuno Reits, 60 Aylmer road, Wendell Park, Shepherd's Bush, W., Mrs. J. Hill, 9 Morley terrace, Tiverton, Devon.; G. Widdowson, Bright Cottage, Penistone, near Sheffield; T. Pape, Rydal Mount School, Colwyn Bay.

HONOURABLE MENTION The Rev. E. B Smith, W H. Dodd, K Reeves, W R. Nutman, Ursula M Peck, Edgar Swallow, W. R. Bainbridge

CLASS II. (Age limit, Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: C. F. Martin, 156 Hagley road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: A. Mattinson, 5 Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, N.W.; M. Campbell, Northwood, Chislehurst, Kent; William Blaun Meff, Nautilus Villa, Fonthill road, Aberdeen, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION C. A. W. Duffield, J. Williams, W. L. Taylor, G. H. Webber, J. J. R. H. Oldham, L. E. Bastable, C. Swift, A. J. Langridge, J. A. Chesterton.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN: Vyvyan R Poole, 34 Mall, Waterford

A CONSOLATION PRIZE HAS BEEN AWARDED TO: John B. Dougal, Rockville, Linlithgow, N B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: C. Pratt, John Tyson, M. H. Vernon, E. H. Hasaan, A. R. Nicholson, H. J. Sanders, Gerard Heath, Harold Fox, W V. Boby, E. S. Foden, Mark Tynie, Theonie Burrell

No. V.—"Drawing of an Open Door."

CLASS I (No age limit)

WINNER OF GRADIDGE FOOTBALL.: J. Protheroe, 98 Furleigh road, London, N.

HONOURABLE MENTION. Hilda de la Salle, Constance H. Greaves, Charles A. Gibson, Alice M. Gough, K. Reeves.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE HOCKEY STICK. Friede E. Myers, Parkfield, Rhyl road, St. Asaph, North Wales.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO. H. A. Lingham, 491 Caledonian-road, Holloway, N.; Horace A. Rainbow, Flodden House, King's road, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Gordon Lambert, Matfield, Paddock Wood, Kent, W. F. Burr, 51 Wroughton-road, Broomwood Park, Balham, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION. A. H. Brett, Dorothy Collins, W. Walkley, Winifred Clapham, Frank Gunn, Albert Needham, C. M. Matsey, C. T. Payne, Mary Napier, W. B. Cook.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF CITY SALE AND EXCHANGE HOCKEY STICK: William C. Boswell, 106 Little Green-lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Leslie Collins, Woodside, Knockholt, near Sevenoaks, L. E. Horton, 195 Herbert road, Small Heath, Birmingham; Alfred W. Dobbin, Frankfort, Cork, Ireland, Francis C. Millington, 34 Mellart-street, Hanley, Staffs

HONOURABLE MENTION. — Malherbe, T. G. Petersen, Nesta Wells, Arthur E. Polley, Fred. C. Ford, Phyllis Dacre, H. K. C. Tobutt, E. W. Neskam, Harold Wildman.

No. VI.—"Derivations."

CLASS I. (No age limit.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS: Alfred Master, 59 St. John-street, Oxford.

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: H. McGregor, Sussex Lodge, Worthing; L. M. Slow, Camden Rise, Chislehurst, Kent

HONOURABLE MENTION Violet Rigby, Maud M. Lyne, F. L. Ghey, C. M. Le Measurier, F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, W. P. Thomas, S. Cooke, Olive C. Lupton, K. Douglas Smith, W. H. Smith, S. Sing, Alice Gill.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF BOOKS TO THE VALUE OF TEN SHILLINGS Colin Tremaine Wright, 57 Gladstone-avenue, Wood Green, N

CONSOLATION PRIZES HAVE BEEN AWARDED TO: Fred W. Bayliss, 3 Isons road, West Bromwich; John G. Pearson, 107 Mowbray-street, Heaton, Newcastle-on Tyne

HONOURABLE MENTION: Gwendolen Rouyell, Alice M. Mackenzie, D. M. Thompson, James McGregor, H. G. Coles, W. M. Marshall, B. L. Evans, W. J. Parkyn, W. B. Meff, B. W. Pepper, Andrew McFadyean.

Foreign and Colonial Readers.—January.

No I.—WINNER OF 5s.. F. N. Brierley, Port of Spain, Trinidad, B.W I.

HONOURABLE MENTION: H. Goodbrand (Durban), Walter J. Goodbrand, T. A. Fletcher (Cape Colony), Bertram Platnauer (Cape Town), D. C. Harris (India), Arthur Pearce (British Guiana).

No. II.—WINNER OF 5s.: Percy Herold van Blommestein, P O. Box 688, Cape Town, South Africa.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Iris Harris, W. J. Goodbrand, Joseph S. Martin (Jamaica), William Donnes (Trinidad), S. Westmore James (Trinidad), C. Stanley Hanson (Canada).

No. IV.—WINNER OF 5s.. Cecilia Duffy, 269 St. Denis street, Montreal, Canada.

HONOURABLE MENTION: A. C. Thornton (Cape of Good Hope), E. A. Watson (Cape Colony), Jack H. Chandler (Canada), Lealie H Burket (Canada), Ronald L. Fortt (Canada).

No. V.—WINNER OF 5s.: H. A. Lindo, Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Jamaica.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Eustace M. Shilstone (Barbardoes), H. W. McCowan (British Guiana), W. R. Gilbert (Cape Colony), Violet Barnjum (Canada), Robert Murray (Nova Scotia), R. D Mookerjea (India).

No. VI —WINNER OF 5s.: Digby Gordon Harris, Oak Cottage, Naini-Tal, Kumaon, India.

HONOURABLE MENTION. B. A. Harris.

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," "Technics," "C. B. Fry's Magazine," or one of the following books—"Jim Mortimer, Surgeon," "J. O. Jones," "Tales of Greyhouse," "Acton's Feud," "The Heart of the Prairie."

Comments on the February Competitions.

No 1 —A correct list will be found on an advertisement page. Nos. 5 and 6 proved the most difficult to solve. Neatness again counted considerably, there being a large number of correct solutions, some of them beautifully mounted and coloured.

No. II.—A large number of good essays were again submitted, the favourite subjects chosen being —The Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, The Massacre of Glencoe, The Battle of St. Vincent The Birth of Charles Dickens, The Loss of the Birkenhead, The Funeral of Queen Victoria.

No. III.—Some excellent attempts were submitted, certain of which were most artistic and ingenious in design, but several senders of otherwise excellent "Birthday Books" disregarded the injunction, "do not neglect THE CAPTAIN when making your choice," while others sent in quotations much too lengthy for this purpose. Let me remind you that the source of every quotation must be named.

No. IV.—The photographs showed an improvement in all Classes. The Photographic Editor will criticise the successful pictures next month.

No. V.—The best work was in Class II., which, with Class III., was heavily contested

No. VI.—A large number of interesting and fair the most part scientific answers were received, and the prize-winners are to be congratulated on their efforts. Competitors should bear in mind that it is not enough to copy a paragraph straight out of a dictionary. It is necessary to give the original derivation and logical reasons for the present meaning. The word "idiot," for example, which in the Greek originally meant "a private citizen," and then "a layman," as opposed to the man who took an intelligent interest in public affairs, came to mean "a stupid, unintelligent fellow," because the patriotic Athenian could not imagine a man of sense taking a greater interest in his own business than in the affairs of his country. A satisfactory answer would show this clearly.

THE COMPETITION EDITOR.

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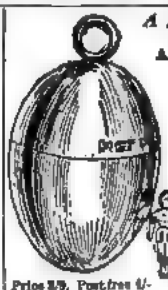

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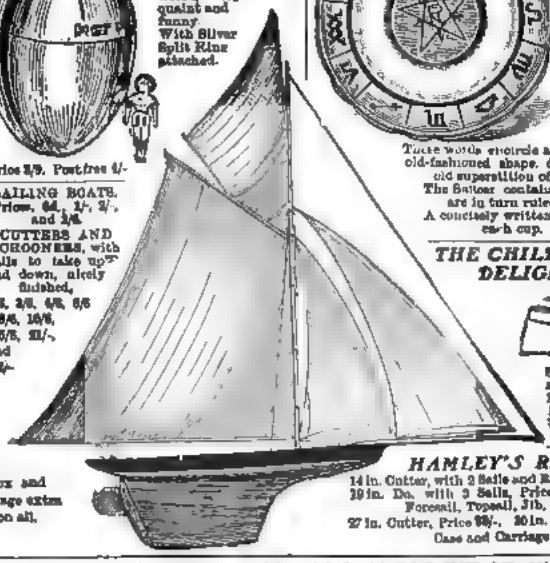

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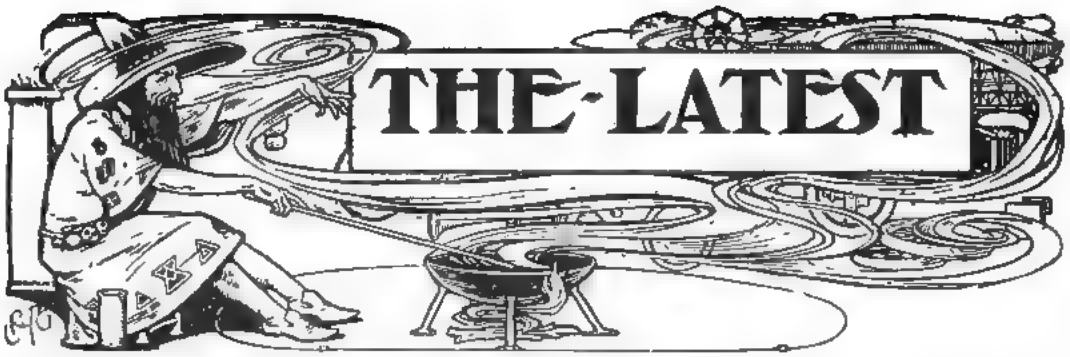
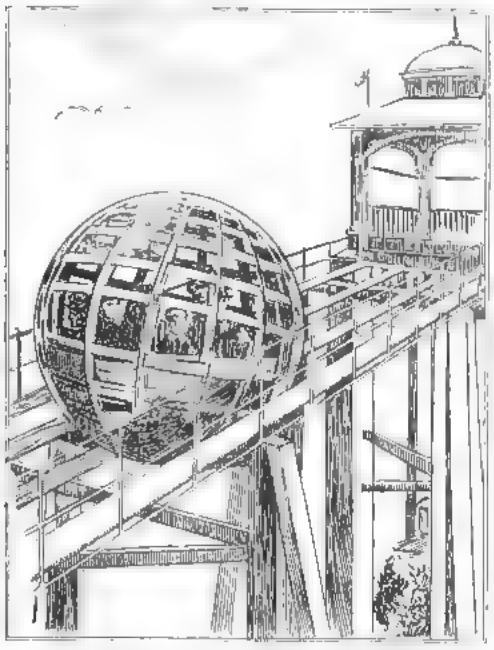


"A Ride on a Comet."

The latest open-air exhibition novelty is the ingenious contrivance shown on this page. It is to be seen at work on Coney Island, near New York. The interior of the revolving globe is studded with 170 ball bearings, comprising 17,000 balls. Upon these rests the bowl or car for the passengers, and as the spherical cage revolves in traversing the track, the ball bearings enable the bowl to preserve its own equilibrium with but little oscillation. The "comet," as it descends the track, runs a tortuous course through darkened sections and other devices which render the ride exciting. The scenery represents the planets of the solar system. These move in an opposite direction to that of the comet, and by the aid of coloured limelights the traveller is helped to realise "more or less accurately" what a race through the heavens would be like. Before long, very likely, this comet will make its appearance at Earl's Court or Blackpool.



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The Allen "Breathing Tube" is quite a modest looking little instrument which may be obtained at all chemists and drug stores at a cost of one shilling. By its use you may spend a few minutes every day in looking after your breathing, and thereby considerably increasing your chest measurement and developing your lungs. It is a most useful apparatus, and helps you to form the habit of deep breathing.

An Early Time-Keeper.

A perfect working model of the earliest time-measuring instrument has been recently put on the market by Messrs. C. Richford and Co., 153, Fleet-street, E.C. The accompanying illustration shows this model sundial. To enable you to tell the time by its aid, at twelve o'clock, mid-day, set the sundial on a perfectly level surface. Turn it until the shadow of the "style" falls upon the blank space intercepting twelve o'clock on the dial. This will give you the correct solar time. The difference between solar time and mean time (time mechanically divided by clocks and watches), is about one minute too fast in the morning and one minute too slow in the afternoon. This is owing to the magnitude of the sun, as its angular breadth is about half a degree. The shadows are given not by the centre of the sun, but by the forward limb in the morning and the backward one in the afternoon. The sun takes about one minute to advance through a space equal to its half breadth.

MODEL SUNDIAL.

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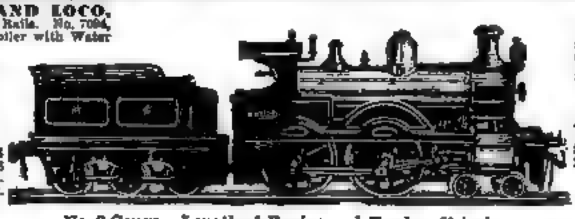

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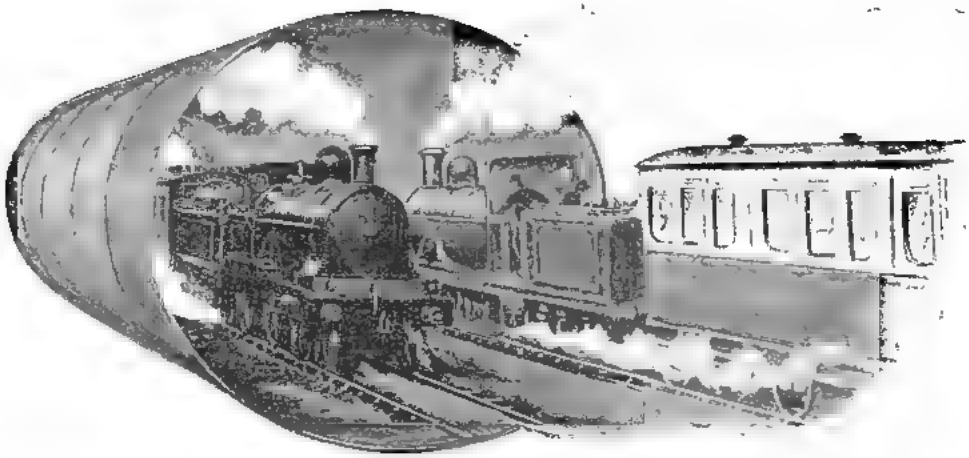


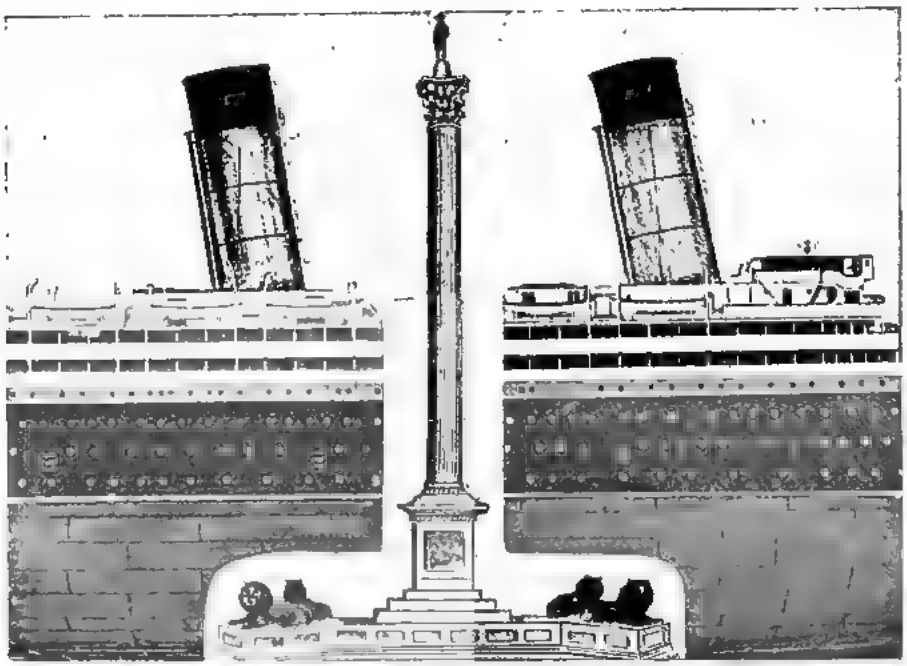
FUNNELS AS LARGE AS A RAILWAY TUNNEL. (Ss. Caronia.

The Cunarder "Caronia."

The two sketches on this page are more eloquent than words of the great size of the new Cunarder *Caronia*, which started on her first trip from Liverpool to New York on February 26th last. Her length is 675ft.; her breadth 72ft. 6in.; her depth to bridge 97ft.; her gross tonnage 21,000 tons, and her displacement 30,000 tons. Yet compared with the two turbine Cunarders now building, she seems a small boat!

The Biggest Diamond.

The Cullinan diamond, recently found in the Premier Mine in the Transvaal, is the biggest in the world. It is about eight times as big as the famous Koh-i-noor. The Cullinan weighs 3,032 carats, measures 4½in. by 2½in., and, moreover, is of excellent quality and practically flawless. Before being shipped to England the gem was insured for £500,000, but its actual value is probably rather under that sum.



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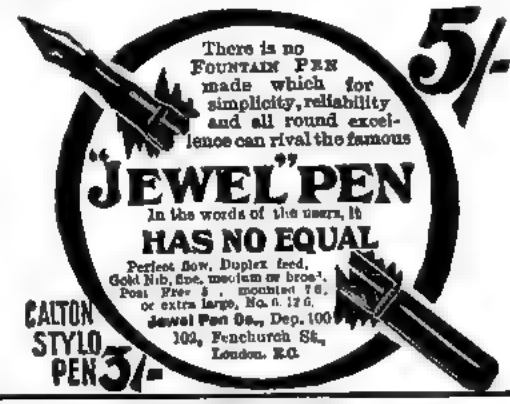

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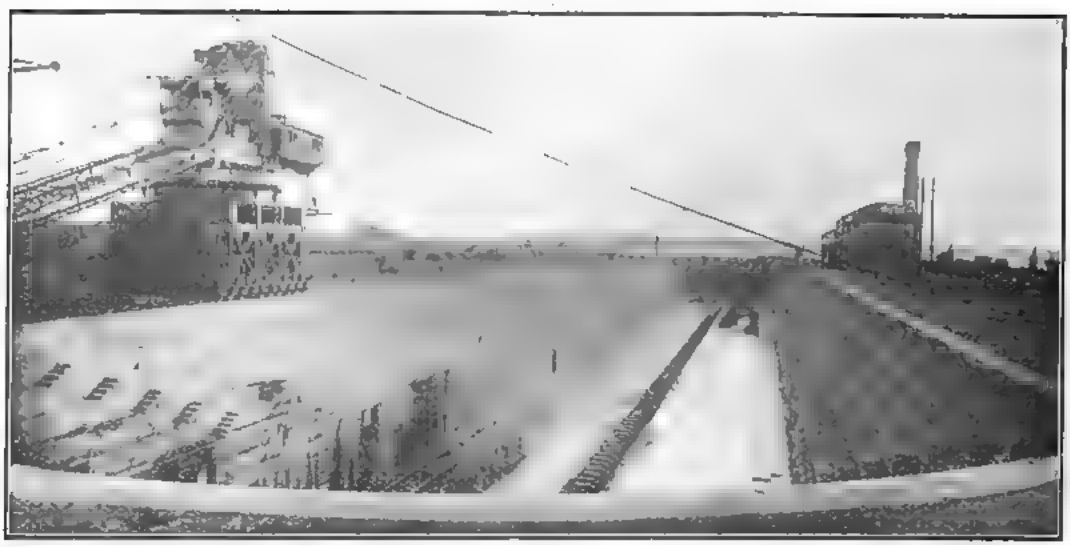


THE GREAT NEW GRAVING DOCK AT SOUTHAMPTON.

A Great Graving Dock.

The photograph reproduced herewith shows the great new graving dock which has just been completed at Southampton. It is 860ft. long, 90ft. wide at entrance, with the same bottom width inside, and 125ft. wide at cope level. The whole depth from cope to floor is 43ft., giving a flotation depth over keel blocks of from 29ft. 6in. neap tides to 33ft. spring tides at high water.

A Strange Find.

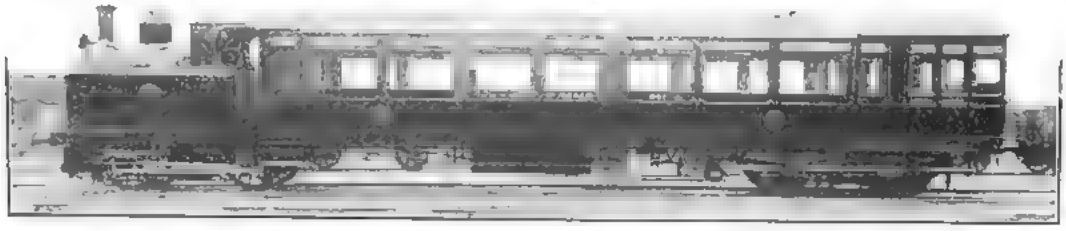
The latest strange haul by fishermen in the North Sea is a huge anchor of extremely antiquated pattern, probably dating back to the time of the Armada. This anchor was recently brought into Yarmouth by the mission ship *Cholmondeley*. Covered all over from stock to head with barnacles and live oysters, it presented a singularly fossilised appearance. It was some 14ft. long, with flukes 3ft. square; the shank was 13ft. long, and an immense wood stock that had formerly been fixed to it had completely disappeared. The weight was over two tons, and its salvage will be of the utmost benefit to the fishermen, as it caused enormous destruction to their trawling gear.

The Latest in Guns.

The War Office have lately been making experiments with the Rexer Automatic Machine Gun, which attracted the attention of the King when in Denmark last year. The Rexer automatic machine gun somewhat resembles a large rifle. It weighs only 17¼lbs., and thus can be easily carried by one man either on foot or on horseback. The lightest machine guns at present in general use weigh over 60lbs. each. The muzzle end of the Rexer gun is supported by two light legs. The cartridges are contained in magazines in the form of quadrants, each containing twenty-five cartridges, all of which can be discharged by one pull of the trigger in less than two seconds.

New Rail Motor-Car.

The photograph at the bottom of this page shows the new rail motor-car now at work on the Shoppey branch line of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway. British railway companies are now somewhat extensively using rail motors such as these, for working branch lines. Instead of a locomotive coupled to several carriages it has been found to be more economical to have carriage and engine all in one as shown below.



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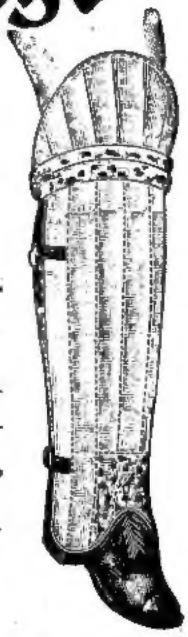

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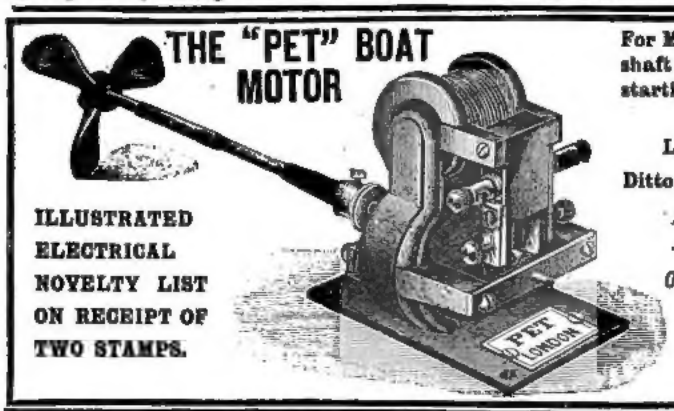

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LEAGUE NOTES FOR APRIL, 1905.

THIS page is open every month for the insertion of reports and announcements concerning the numerous branches of the Boys' Empire League. Club secretaries are requested to send such notices to the Organising Secretary, B.E.L., at 56 Ludgate-hill, E.C., by the 26th of every month. Forms for this purpose can be obtained on application to the Secretary.

The Secretary would be pleased to hear from CAPTAIN readers in all parts of the Empire on matters of general interest, and particularly on those affecting the doings and welfare of the League and its branches. Up to the present, the success of the Colonial Correspondence Section has exceeded our expectations, but there is still room for extension. Full particulars of this branch can be obtained by writing to headquarters, as above. Readers of THE CAPTAIN on becoming members of the B.E.L. can now be put into communication with members of the League in almost every part of the Empire.

KIDDERMINSTER.—I have received a splendid account of this new branch. Only recently the club has been presented with a splendid silver cup—the gift of Mr. Barnard, one of its Vice-Presidents—as a Draughts Trophy. It is called the "Barnard Draughts Cup." Mr. Peter Adam—the President—has also given the club a beautifully framed portrait of himself. Mr. Adam has also invited this branch to encamp in his grounds at Bewdley during the summer—an invitation which was promptly accepted. We heartily wish more of our branches had such kind and interested patrons as these two gentlemen.

YORK.—Stanley Whitehead, 25 Wigginton-road, hon. secretary. This club, which meets at Shaw's Dining Rooms, Parliament-street, has had a very successful season. It commenced in October last, and now has a membership of about twenty. All the usual indoor games are indulged in, and quite a number of papers and magazines are provided. In summer they intend to have a rowing and cycling club, which together with their cricket club will provide plenty of outdoor recreation.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.—I am pleased to announce the formation of a new club for this district. Mr. George Hunt and his friend, Mr. Walter Emmett, of the Grosvenor Crescent club, Hyde Park, S.W., are to be congratulated on their success. They began by giving an excellent entertainment in the Darlan Hall, Fulham. This branch is fortunate in possessing a variety of musical talent, if one may judge from the able manner in which the performers acquitted themselves at their inaugural concert.

GREENOCK.—This club continues its successful career. James MacAlister is now the Captain, and Neil Macphail, of 75 Holmscroft-street, becomes Secretary in his place. Recently they had their first round of a five-minute speech competition, and some excellent speeches were delivered.

HULL.—B.E.L. hon. secretary, Harry Nightscale, 64 Londesborough-street, Park-street. This club is doing well, and would be glad to see more members sharing in the benefits afforded.

NEW ZEALAND.—I have to thank some unknown friend (though I have my "suspicions") in the Wanganui district for a beautiful card decorated with native ferns, lichens, and mosses, and bearing the inscription, "New Zealand sends her Greetings." The card and its lovely specimens of antipodean flora repose in a suitable frame on my writing-table as a valued token of goodwill from friends far away.

BATTERSEA.—Mr. T. E. Dilnot, of 23 Elandroad, Lavender Hill, S.W., an old and enthusiastic member of the League, would be pleased to hear from members in all parts of the Empire with a view to exchanging notes and items of interest affecting the welfare of the League.

HOWARD H. SPICER.

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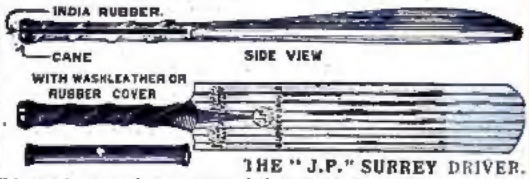

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